

FAIRY TALES
AND
STORIES

BY
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ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

THE SILVER SHILLING.

THERE was once a Shilling. He came out quite bright from the Mint, and sprang up, and rang out, "Hurrah! now I'm off into the wide world." And into the wide world he certainly went.

The child held him with soft warm hands; the miser clutched him in a cold avaricious palm; the old man turned him goodness knows how many times before parting with him, while careless youth rolled him lightly away. The Shilling was of silver, and had very little copper about him: he had been now a whole year in the world—that is to say, in the country in which he had been struck. But one day he started on his foreign travels: he was the last native coin in the purse borne by his travelling master. The gentleman himself was not aware that he still had this coin until he came across it by chance.

"Why, here's a shilling from home left to me," he said. "Well, he can make the journey with me."

And the Shilling rattled and jumped for joy as it was thrust back into the purse. So here it lay among strange companions, who came and went, each making room for a successor, but the Shilling from home always remained in the bag, which was a distinction for it.

Several weeks had gone by, and the Shilling had travelled far out into the world without exactly knowing where he was, though he learned from the other coins that they were French or Italian. One said they were in such and such a town, another that they had reached such and such a spot; but the Shilling could form no idea of all this. He who has his head in a bag sees nothing; and this was the case with the Shilling. But one day, as he lay there, he noticed that the purse was not shut, and so he crept

forward to the opening, to take a look around. He ought not to have done so; but he was inquisitive, and people often have to pay for that. He slipped out into the foh; and when the purse was taken out at night the Shilling remained behind, and was sent out into the passage with the clothes. There he fell upon the floor: no one heard it, no one saw it.

Next morning the clothes were carried back into the room; the gentleman put them on, and continued his journey, while the Shilling remained behind. The coin was found, and was required to go into service again, so he was sent out with three other coins.

"It is a pleasant thing to look about one in the world," thought the Shilling, "and to get to know strange people and foreign customs."

And now began the history of the Shilling, as told by himself.

"Away with him, he's bad—no use!" These words went through and through me," said the Shilling. "I knew I sounded well and had been properly coined. The people were certainly mistaken. They could not mean me; but, yes, they did mean me. I was the one of whom they said, He's bad—he's no good." "I must get rid of that fellow in the dark," said the man who had received me; and I was passed at night and abused in the day-time. 'Bad—no good,' was the cry: 'we must make haste and get rid of him.'

"And I trembled in the fingers of the holder each time I was to be passed on as a coin of the country.

"What a miserable shilling I am! Of what use is my silver to me my value, my coinage, if all these things are looked on as worthless? In the eyes of the world one has only the value the world chooses to put upon one. It must be terrible indeed to have a bad conscience, and to creep along on evil ways, if I, who am quite innocent, can feel so badly because I am only thought guilty.

"Each time I was brought out I shuddered at the thought of the eyes that would look at me, for I knew that I should be rejected and flung back upon the table, like an impostor and a cheat. Once I came into the hands of a poor old woman, to whom I was paid for a hard day's work, and she could not get rid of me at all. No one would accept me, and I was a perfect worry to the old dame.

"I shall certainly be forced to deceive some one with this shilling," she said, 'for, with the best will in the world, I can't throw up a false shilling. The rich baker shall have him; he will be able to bear the loss. But it's wrong in me to do it, after all.'

"And I must be heavy on that woman's conscience, too," sighed I. "Am I really so much changed in my old age?"

"And the woman went her way to the rich baker; but he knew



The old Woman hangs the Shilling round the Child's neck

too well what kind of shillings would pass to take me, and he threw me back at the woman, who got no bread for me. And I

felt miserably low to think that I should be the cause of distress to others—I who had been in my young days so proudly conscious of my value and of the correctness of my mintage. I became as miserable as a poor shilling can be whom no one will accept; but the woman took me home again, and looked at me with a friendly, hearty face, and said,

"No, I will not deceive any one with thee. I will bore a hole through thee, that every one may see thou art a false thing. And yet—it just occurs to me—perhaps this is a lucky shilling; and the thought comes so strongly upon me that I am sure it must be true! I will make a hole through the shilling, and pass a string through the hole, and hang the coin round the neck of my neighbour's little boy for a lucky shilling."

"So she bored a hole through me. It is certainly not agreeable to have a hole bored through one, but many things can be borne when the intention is good. A thread was passed through the hole, and I became a kind of medal, and was hung round the neck of the little child, and the child smiled at me, and kissed me, and I slept all night on its warm, innocent neck.

"When the morning came, the child's mother took me up in her fingers and looked at me, and she had her own thoughts about me, I could feel that very well. She brought out a pair of scissors, and cut the string through.

"A lucky shilling," she said. "Well, we shall soon see that."

"And she laid me in vinegar, so that I turned quite green. Then she plugged up the hole, and carried me, in the evening twilight, to the lottery collector, to buy a lottery ticket that should bring her luck.

"How miserably wretched I felt! There was a stinging feeling in me, as if I should crumble to bits. I knew that I should be called false and thrown down—and before a crowd of shillings and other coins, too, who lay there with an image and superscription of which they might be proud. But I escaped that disgrace, for there were many people in the collector's room—he had a great deal to do, and I went rattling down into the box among the other coins. Whether my ticket won anything or not I don't know; but this I do know, that the very next morning I was recognized as a bad shilling, and was sent out to deceive and deceive again. That is a very trying thing to bear when one knows one has a good character, and of that I *am* conscious.

"For a year and a day I thus wandered from house to house and from hand to hand, always abused, always unwelcome; no one trusted me; and I lost confidence in the world and in myself. It was a heavy time. At last, one day a traveller, a strange gentleman, arrived, and I was passed to him, and he was polite enough to accept me for current coin; but he wanted to pass me on, and again I heard the horrible cry, 'No use—false!'

"I received it as a good coin," said the man, and he looked

closely at me : suddenly he smiled all over his face ; and I had never seen that expression before on any face that looked at me. 'Why, whatever is that?' he said. 'That's one of our own country coins, a good honest shilling from my home, and they've bored a hole through him, and they call him false. Now, this is a curious circumstance. I must keep him and take him home with me.'

"A glow of joy thrilled through me when I heard myself called a good honest shilling ; and now I was to be taken home, where each and every one would know me, and be sure that I was real silver and properly coined. I could have thrown out sparks for very gladness ; but, after all, it's not in my nature to throw out sparks, for that's the property of steel, not of silver.

"I was wrapped up in clean white paper, so that I should not be confounded with the other coins, and spent, and on festive occasions, when fellow-countrymen met together, I was shown about, and they spoke very well of me. They said I was interesting—and it is wonderful how interesting one can be without saying a single word.

"And at last I got home again. All my troubles were ended, joy came back to me, for I was of good silver, and had the right stamp, and I had no more disagreeables to endure, though a hole had been bored through me, as through a false coin, but that does not matter if one is not really false. One must wait for the end, and one will be righted at last—that's my belief," said the Shilling.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

IN the German land of Wurtemberg, where the acacias bloom by the high road, and the apple trees and pear trees bend in autumn under their burden of ripe fruit, lies the little town of Marbach. Although this place can only be ranked among the smaller towns, it is charmingly situated on the Neckar stream, that flows on and on, lazing past villages and old castles and green vineyards, to pour its waters into the great Rhine.

It was late in autumn. The leaves still clung to the grape vine, but they were already tinged with red. Heavy gusts swept over the country, and the cold autumn winds increased in violence and roughness. It was no pleasant time for poor folk.

The days became shorter and gloomier, and if it was dark out in the open air, in the little old-fashioned houses it was darker still. One of these houses was built with its gable end towards the street, and stood there, with its small earrow windows, humble and poor enough in appearance. The family was

poor, too, that inhabited the little house, but good and industrious, and rich in a treasure of piety concealed in the depth of the heart. And they expected that God would soon give them another child. The hour had come, and the mother lay in pain and sorrow. Then from the church tower opposite the deep rich sound of the bell came to her. It was a solemn hour, and the ring of the bell filled the heart of the praying woman with trustfulness and faith, the thoughts of her inmost heart soared upward towards the Almighty, and in the same hour she gave birth to a son. Then she was filled with a great joy, and the bell of the tower opposite seemed to be ringing to spread the news of her happiness over town and country. The clear child-eyes looked at her, and the infant's hair gleamed like gold. Thus was the little one ushered into the world with the ringing of the church bell on the dark November day. The mother and father kissed it, and wrote in their Bible: "On the 10th of November, 1759, God gave us a son;" and soon afterwards the fact was added that the child had been baptized under the name of "Johann Christoph Friedrich."

And what became of the little fellow, the poor boy in the pretty town of Marbach? Ah, at that time no one knew what would become of him, not even the old church bell that had sung at his birth, hanging so high in the tower, over him who was one day himself to sing the beautiful "Lay of the Bell."

Well, the boy grew older, and the world grew older with him. His parents certainly removed to another town, but they had left dear friends in little Marbach; and thus it was that mother and son one day arose and drove over to Marbach on a visit. The lad was only six years old, but he already knew many things out of the Bible, and many a pious psalm; and many an evening he had sat on his little stool listening while his father read aloud from "*Gellert's Fables*," or from the lofty "*Messiah*" of Klopstock; and he and his sister, who was his senior by two years, had wept hot tears of pity for Him who died on the cross that we might live eternally.

At the time of this first visit to Marbach the little town had not greatly changed; and indeed they had not long left it. The houses stood as on the day of the family's departure, with their pointed gables, projecting walls, the higher storeys leaning over the lower, and their tiny windows, but there were new graves in the churchyard, and there, in the grass, hard by the wall, lay the old bell. It had fallen from its position, and had sustained such damage that it could sound no more, and accordingly a new bell had been put in its place.

Mother and son went into the churchyard. They stopped where the old bell lay, and the mother told the boy how for centuries this had been a very useful bell, and had rung at christenings, at weddings, and at burials; how it had spoken at one time



The old Bell of Mar'uck.

to tell of feasts and rejoicings, at another to spread the alarm of fire; and how it had, in fact, sung the whole life of man. And the boy never forgot what his mother told him that day. It resounded and echoed at intervals in his heart, until, when he was grown a man, he was compelled to sing it. The mother told him also how the bell had sung of faith and comfort to her in the time of her peril, that it had sung at the time when he, her little son, was born. And the boy gazed, almost with a feeling of devotion, at the great old bell; and he bent over it and kissed it, as it lay all rusty and broken among the long grass and nettles.

The old bell was held in kindly remembrance by the boy, who grew up in poverty, tall and thin, with reddish hair and freckled face;—yes, that's how he looked; but he had a pair of eyes, clear and deep as the deepest water. And what fortune had he? Why, good fortune, enviable fortune. We find him graciously received into the military school, and even in the department where sons of people in society were taught, and was that not honour and fortune enough? And they educated him to the words of command, "Halt! march! front!" and on such a system much might be expected.

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*The old bell of Alaska.*

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Meanwhile the old church bell had been almost completely forgotten. But it was to be presumed that the bell would find its way into the furnace, and what would become of it then? It was impossible to say, and equally impossible to tell what sounds would come forth from the bell that kept echoing through the young heart of the boy from Marbach; but that bell was of bronze, and kept sounding so loud that it must at last be heard out in the wide world; and the more cramped the space within the school walls, and the more deafening the dreary shout of "March! halt! front!" the louder did the sound ring through the youth's breast; and he sang what he felt in the circle of his companions, and the sound was heard beyond the boundaries of the principality. But it was not for this that they had given him a presentation to the military school, and board, and clothing. Had he not been already numbered and destined to be a certain wheel in the great watchwork to which we all belong as pieces of practical machinery? How imperfectly do we understand ourselves! and how, then, shall others, even the best men, understand us? But it is the pressure that forms the precious stone. There was pressure enough here; but would the world be able, some day, to recognise the jewel?

In the capital of the prince of the country, a great festival was being celebrated. Thousands of candles and lamps gleamed brightly, and rockets flew towards the heavens in streams of fire. The splendour of that day yet lives in the remembrance of men, but it lives through him, the young scholar of the military school, who was trying in sorrow and tears to escape unperceived from the land—he was compelled to leave all—mother, native country, those he loved—unless he could resign himself to sink into the stream of oblivion among his fellows.

The old bell was better off than he, for the bell would remain peacefully by the churchyard wall in Mirthnab, safe, and almost forgotten. The wind whistled over it, and it might have told a fine tale of him at whose birth the bell had sounded, and of the other whom the wind had but now blown cold in the forest of a neighbouring forest, where he had sunk down, exhausted by fatigue, with his whole wealth his only hope for the future, the written pages of his tragedy. But the wind would not have told of the youth's broken heart, which was all over, and was yet sinking away in the cold of the night, when the white burial was being read; the old man's heart was cold and barren, where the lusty boy had once lived, and the old man's heart was going on while he sang of the youth's life. The heart must suffer and wither for a while before it can sing.

But the heart must suffer and
be broken and old bells must be cast over the old bell. The
new bell is the bell within the heart of man
and it is fired with the young man's

low fired it with the old bell? The bell was carried far away, rather than its sound could have been heard from the lofty tower at which it had once rung. And the youth? The bell in his hand sounded further than his eye should ever see or his foot should ever wander; it is sounding and sounding on, over the seas, round the whole earth. But let us first speak of the belfry bell. It was carried away from Marbach, was sold for old metal, and destined for the melting furnace in Bavaria. But when and how did this happen? In the capital of Bavaria, many years after the bell had fallen from the tower, there was a talk of its being melted down, to be used in the manufacture of a memorial in honour of one of the great ones of the German land. And behold how suitable this was—how strangely and wonderfully things happened in the world! In Denmark, on one of those green islands where the beech woods rustle, and the many Huns' Graves are to be seen, quite a poor boy had been born. He had been accustomed to walk about in wooden shoes, and to carry a dinner wrapped in an old handkerchief to his father, who carved figureheads on the ship-builders' wharves; but this poor lad had become the pride of his country, for *Lortwaldsen* knew how to hew marble blocks into such glorious shapes as made the whole world wonder, and to him had been awarded the honourable commission that he should fashion of clay a noble form that was to be cast in bronze—a statue of him whose name the fathers in Marbach had inscribed in the old Bible as *Johann Christoph Friedrich*.

And the glowing metal flowed into the mould. The old belfry bell—of whose home and of whose vanished sounds no one thought—this very old bell flowed into the mould, and formed the head and bust of the figure that was soon to be unveiled, which now stands in Stuttgart, before the old palace—a representation of him who once walked to and fro there, striving and suffering, harassed by the world without—he, the boy of Marbach, the pupil of the “*Karlschule*,” the fugitive, Germany's great immortal poet, who sang of the liberator of Switzerland and of the Heaven-inspired Maid of Orleans.

It was a beautiful sunny day; flags were waving from roofs and steeples in the royal city of Stuttgart; the bells rang for joy and festivity; one bell alone was silent, but it gleamed in another form in the bright sunshine—it gleamed from the head and breast of the statue of honour. On that day, exactly one hundred years had elapsed since the day on which the bell at Marbach had sung comfort and peace to the suffering mother, when she had her son, in poverty, in the humble cottage,—him who was to become the rich man, whose treasures enriched the poet who sang of the noble virtues of woman, who that was great and glorious—*JOHANN CHRISTOPH*

SCHILLER.

those deep thoughtful characters, one of those highly gifted spirits, which will cause the world to marvel."

"I've no intention of doing anything of the kind," cried the Snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough of myself and in myself."

"But must we not all, here on earth, give to others the best that we have, and offer what lies in our power? Certainly I have only given roses. But you—you who have been so richly gifted—what have you given to the world? what do you intend to give?"

"What have I given—what do I intend to give? I spit at it. It's worth nothing. It's no business of mine. Continue to give your roses, if you like—you can't do anything better. Let the hazel bush bear nuts, and the cows and ewes give milk—they have their public; but I have mine within myself—I retire within myself, and there I remain, the world is nothing to me."

And so saying the Snail retired into his house, and closed up the entrance after him.

"That is very sad!" said the Rose Tree. "I cannot creep into myself, even if I wish it—I must continue to produce roses. They drop their leaves, and are blown away by the wind. But I saw how a rose was laid in the matron's hymn-book, and one of my roses had a place on the bosom of a fair young girl, and another was kissed by the lips of a child in the full joy of life. That did me good: it was a real blessing. That's my remembrance—my life!"

And the Rose Tree went on blooming in innocence, while the Snail lay and idled away his time in his house—the world did not concern him.

And years rolled by.

The Snail had become dust in the dust, and the Rose Tree was earth in the earth; the rose of remembrance in the hymn-book was faded, but in the garden bloomed fresh rose trees, and under the trees lay new snails; and these still crept into their houses, and spat at the world, for it did not concern them.

Suppose we begin the story again, and read it right through. It will never alter.



The Student telling little Ida the story of the Flowers.

"There is nobody who really knows about it," answered the student. "Sometimes, certainly, the old steward of the castle comes at night, and he has to watch there. He has a great bunch of keys with him; but as soon as the flowers hear the keys rattle they are quite quiet, hide behind the long curtains, and only poke their heads out. Then the old steward says, 'I smell that there are flowers here,' but he cannot see them."

"That is famous!" cried little Ida, clapping her hands. "But should I not be able to see the flowers?"

"Yes," said the student; "only remember, when you go out again, to peep through the window; then you will see them."

That is what I did to-day. There was a long yellow fly lying on the sofa and stretching herself. She was a Court lady."

"Can the flowers out of the Botanical Garden get there? Can they go the long distance?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the student. "if they like they can fly. Have you not seen the beautiful butterflies, red, yellow, and white? They almost look like flowers, and that is what they have been. They have flown off their stalks high into the air, and have beaten it with their leaves, as if these leaves were their wings, and thus they flew. And because they behaved themselves well, they got leave to fly about in the day-time too, and were not obliged to sit still upon their stalks at home; and at last the leaves became real wings. That you have seen yourself. It may be however that the flowers in the Botanical Garden have never been in the king's castle, or that they do not know of the merry proceedings there at night. Therefore I will tell you something. He will be very much surprised, the botanist professor, who lives close by here. You know him, do you not? When you come into his garden, you must tell one of the flowers that there is a great ball yonder at the castle. Then that flower will tell it to all the rest, and then they will fly away: when the professor comes out into the garden there will not be a single flower left, and he won't be able to make out where they have gone."

"But how can one flower tell it to another? For, you know, flowers cannot speak."

"That they cannot, certainly," replied the student; "but they make signs. Have you not noticed that when the wind blows a little the flowers nod at one another and move all their green leaves? They can understand that just as well as we can speak together."

"Can the professor understand these signs?" asked little Ida.

"Yes, certainly. He came one morning into his garden and saw a great stinging-nettle standing there, and making signs. It was a beautiful red carnation with its leaves. It was saying, 'I am so pretty, and I love you with all my heart.' But the professor does not like that kind of thing, and he directly slapped the stinging-nettle upon its leaves, for those are its fingers, and he stung himself, and since that time he has not dared to make signs."

"That is funny," cried little Ida, and she laughed.

"How can any one put such notions into a child's head?" said the tiresome privy councillor, who had come to pay a visit and was sitting on the sofa. He did not like the student, and always grumbled when he saw him cutting out the merry pictures—sometimes a man hanging on a gibbet and holding a heart in his hand, to show that he stole hearts; sometimes an old witch riding on a broom and carrying her husband

nose. The councillor could not bear this, and then he said, just as he did now, "How can any one put such notions into a child's head? Those are stupid fancies!"

But, to little Ida, what the student told about her flowers seemed very droll; and she thought much about it. The flowers hung their heads, for they were tired, because they had danced all night: they were certainly ill. Then she went with them to her other toys, which stood on a pretty little table, and the whole drawer was full of beautiful things. In the doll's bed lay her doll Sophy, asleep, but little Ida said to her,

"You must really get up, Sophy, and manage to lie in the drawer to-night. The poor flowers are ill, and they must lie in your bed, perhaps they will then get well again."

And she at once took the doll out; but the doll looked cross, and did not say a single word; for she was cross because she could not keep her own bed.

Then Ida laid the flowers in the doll's bed, pulled the little coverlet quite up over them, and said they were to lie still and be good, and she would make them some tea, so that they might get well again, and be able to get up to-morrow. And she drew the curtains closely round the little bed, so that the sun should not shine in their eyes. The whole evening through she could not help thinking of what the student had told her. And when she was going to bed herself, she was obliged first to look behind the curtain which hung before the windows where her mother's beautiful flowers stood,—hyacinths as well as tulips; then she whispered, "I know you're going to the ball to-night!" But the flowers made as if they did not understand a word, and did not stir a leaf; but still little Ida knew what she knew.

When she was in bed she lay for a long time thinking how pretty it must be to see the beautiful flowers dancing out in the King's castle. "I wonder if my flowers have really been there?" And then she fell asleep. In the night she woke again, she had dreamed of the flowers, and of the student with whom the councillor found fault. It was quite quiet in the bed-room where Ida lay; the night-lamp burned on the table, and father and mother were asleep.

"I wonder if my flowers are still lying in Sophy's bed?" she thought to herself. "How I should like to know it!" She raised herself a little, and looked at the door, which stood ajar; within lay the flowers and all her playthings. She listened, and then it seemed to her as if she heard some one playing on the piano in the next room, but quite softly and prettily, as she had never heard it before.

"Now all the flowers are certainly dancing in there!" thought she. "Oh, how glad I should be to see it!" But she dared not get up, for she would have disturbed her father and mother.

"If they would only come in!" thought she. *But the flowers*

over. At the same moment there was a loud knocking at the drawer, inside where Ida's doll, Sophy, lay with many other toys. The chimney sweep ran to the edge of the table, lay flat down on his stomach, and began to pull the drawer out a little. Then Sophy raised herself, and looked round quite astonished.

"There must be a ball here," said she, "why did nobody tell me?"

"Will you dance with me?" asked the chimney-sweep.

"You are a nice sort of fellow to dance!" she replied, and turned her back upon him.

Then she seated herself upon the drawer, and thought that one of the flowers would come and ask her, but not one of them came. Then she coughed, "Hem! hem! hem!" but for all that not one came. The chimney-sweep now danced all alone, and that was not at all so bad.

As none of the flowers seemed to notice Sophy, she let herself fall down from the drawer straight upon the floor, so that there was a great noise. The flowers now all came running up, to ask if she had not hurt herself; and they were all very polite to her, especially the flowers that had lain in her bed. But she had not hurt herself at all; and Ida's flowers all thanked her for the nice bed, and were kind to her, took her into the middle of the room, where the moon shone in, and danced with her; and all the other flowers formed a circle round her. Now Sophy was glad, and said they might keep her bed; she did not at all mind lying in the drawer.

But the flowers said, "We thank you heartily, but in any way we cannot live long. To-morrow we shall be quite dead. But tell little Ida she is to bury us out in the garden, where the canary lies; then we shall wake up again in summer, and be far more beautiful."

"No, you must not die," said Sophy, and she kissed the flowers.

Then the door opened, and a great number of splendid flowers came dancing in. Ida could not imagine whence they had come, these must certainly all be flowers from the King's castle yonder. First of all came two glorious roses, and they had little gold crowns on; they were a King and a Queen. Then came the prettiest stocks and carnations; and they bowed in all directions. They had music with them. Great poppies and peonies blew upon pea pods till they were quite red in the face. The blue hyacinths and the little white snowdrops rang just as if they had been bells. That was wonderful music! Then came many other flowers, and danced all together, the blue violets and the pink primroses, daisies and the lilies of the valley. And all the flowers kissed one another. It was beautiful to look at!

At last the flowers wished one another good night, then little Ida, too, crept to bed, where she dreamed of all she had seen.

When she rose next morning, she went quickly to the little table, to see if the little flowers were still there. She drew aside the curtains of the little bed—there were they all, but they were quite faded, far more than yesterday. Sophy was lying in the drawer where Ida had laid her, she looked very sleepy.

"Do you remember what you were to say to me?" asked little Ida.

But Sophy looked quite stupid, and did not say a single word. "You are not good at all!" said Ida. "And yet they all danced with you."

Then she took a little paper box, on which were painted beautiful birds, and opened it, and laid the dead flowers in it.

"That shall be your pretty coffin," said she, "and when my cousins come to visit me by-and-bye, they shall help me to bury you outside in the garden, so that you may grow again in summer, and become more beautiful than ever."

These cousins were two merry boys. Their names were Gustave and Adolphe; their father had given them two new crossbows, and they had brought these with them to show to Ida. She told them about the poor flowers which had died, and then they got leave to bury them. The two boys were first, with their crossbows on their shoulders, and little Ida followed with the dead flowers in the pretty box. Out in the garden a little grave was dug. Ida first kissed the flowers, and then laid them in the earth in the box, and Adolphe and Gustave shot with their crossbows over the grave, for they had neither guns nor cannons.

THE TINDER-BOX.

HERE came a soldier marching along the high road—
one, two, one, two! He had his knapsack on his back
 and a sabre by his side for he had been in the wars, and
 now he wanted to go home. And on the way he met with an old
 witch, she was very hideous, and her under lip hung down upon
 her breast. She said, "Good evening, soldier. What a fine
 sword you have and what a big knapsack! You're a proper
 soldier! Now you shall have as much money as you like to
 have."

"I thank you, you old witch!" said the soldier.

"Do you see that great tree?" quoth the witch; and she
 pointed to a tree which stood beside them. "It's quite hollow

inside. You must climb to the top, and then you'll see a hole, through which you can let yourself down and get deep into the tree. I'll tie a rope round your body, so that I can pull you up again when you call me."

"What am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," replied the witch. "Listen to me. When you come down to the earth under the tree, you will find yourself in a great hall - it is quite light, for above three hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors, these you can open, for the keys are hanging there. If you go into the first chamber, you'll see a great chest in the middle of the floor; on this chest sits a dog, and he's got a pair of eyes as big as two tea-cups. But you need not care for that. I'll give you my blue-checked apron, and you can spread it out upon the floor, then go up quickly and take the dog, and set him on my apron, then open the chest, and take as many shillings as you like. They are of copper: if you prefer silver, you must go into the second chamber. But there sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as mill-wheels. But do not you care for that. Set him upon my apron, and take some of the money. And if you want gold, you can have that too—in fact, as much as you can carry—if you go into the third chamber. But the dog that sits on the money chest there has two eyes as big as round towers. He is a fierce dog, you may be sure, but you needn't be afraid, for all that. Only set him on my apron, and he won't hurt you, and take out of the chest as much gold as you like."

"That's not so bad," said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, you old witch? for you will not do it for nothing, I fancy."

"No," replied the witch, "not a single shilling will I have. You shall only bring me an old under-box which my grandmother forgot when she was down there last."

"Then tie the rope round my body," cried the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here's my blue-checked apron."

Then the soldier climbed up into the tree, let himself slip down into the hole, and stood, as the witch had said, in the great hall where the three hundred lamps were burning.

Now he opened the first door. Ugh! there sat the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups, staring at him. "You're a nice fellow!" exclaimed the soldier, and he sat him on the witch's apron, and took as many copper shillings as his pockets would hold, and then locked the chest, set the dog on it again, and went into the second chamber. Aha! there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You should not stare so hard at me," said the soldier; "you might strain your eyes." And he set the dog upon the witch's apron. And when he saw the silver money in the chest, he threw



The With a side the Soldier to climb the Tree

away all the copper in the hole and filled his pocket
knapsack with silver or gold. Then he went into the thir
Oh, but that was hot it! The dog there really had e
as towers, and they turned round and round in his
wheels

"I could even go!" said the soldier, and he touched
for he had never seen such a dog as that before.
looked at him a little, and then he
and lifted him down
what a

all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the whole world. Yes, that was a quantity of money ! Now the soldier threw away all the silver coin with which he had filled his pockets and his knapsack, and took gold instead : yes, all his pockets, his knapsack, his boots, and his cap were filled, so that he could scarcely walk. Now indeed he had plenty of money. He put the dog on the chest, shut the door, and then called up through the tree, " Now pull me up, you old witch."

" Have you the tinder-box ? " asked the witch.

" Plague on it ! " exclaimed the soldier, " I had clean forgotten that." And he went and brought it.

The witch drew him up, and he stood on the high road again, with pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap full of gold.

" What are you going to do with the tinder-box ? " asked the soldier.

" That's nothing to you," retorted the witch. " You've had your money—just give me the tinder box."

" Nonsense ! " said the soldier. " Tell me directly what you're going to do with it, or I'll draw my sword and cut off your head."

" No ! " cried the witch.

So the soldier cut off her head. There she lay ! But he tied up all his money in her apron, took it on his back like a bundle, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and went straight off towards the town.

That was a splendid town ! And he put up at the very best inn, and asked for the finest rooms, and ordered his lav'rite dishes, for now he was rich, as he had so much money. The servant who had to clean his boots certainly thought them a remarkably old pair for such a rich gentleman, but he had not bought any new ones yet. The next day he procured proper boots and handsome clothes. Now our soldier had become a true gentleman ; and the people told him of all the splendid things which were in their city, and about the King, and what a pretty Princess the King's daughter was.

" Where can one get to see her ? " asked the soldier.

" She is not to be seen at all," said they, all together. " she lives in a great copper castle, with a great many walls and towers round about it, no one but the King may go in and out there, for it has been prophesied that she shall marry a common soldier, and the King can't bear that."

" I should like to see her," thought the soldier, but he could not get leave to do so. Now he lived merrily, went to the theatre, drove in the King's garden, and gave much money to the poor, and this was very kind of him, for he knew from old times how hard it is when one has not a shilling. Now he was rich, had fine clothes, and gained many friends, who all said he was a rare one, a true cavalier, and that pleased the soldier well. But as he spent money every day and never earned any, he had at last

The soldier had a great longing to see the lovely Princess again ; so the dog came in the night, took her away, and ran as fast as he could. But the old lady put on water-boots, and ran just as fast after him. When she saw that they both entered a great house, she thought "Now I know where it is ;" and with a bit of chalk she drew a great cross on the door. Then she went home and lay down, and the dog came up with the Princess, but when he saw that there was a cross drawn on the door where the soldier lived, he took a piece of chalk too, and drew crosses on all the doors in the town. And that was cleverly done, for now the lady could not find the right door, because all the doors had crosses upon them.

In the morning early came the King and the Queen, the old Court lady and all the officers, to see where it was the Princess had been. "Here it is !" said the King, when he saw the first door with a cross upon it. "No, my dear husband, it is there !" said the Queen, who descried another door which also showed a cross. "But there is one, and there is one !" said all, for wherever they looked there were crosses on the doors. So they saw that it would avail them nothing if they searched on.

But the Queen was an exceedingly clever woman, who could do more than ride in a coach. She took her great gold scissors, cut a piece of silk into pieces, and made a neat little bag. This bag she filled with fine wheat flour, and tied it on the Princess's back, and when that was done, she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the flour would be scattered along all the way which the Princess should take.

In the night the dog came again, took the Princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and would gladly have been a Prince, so that he might have her for his wife. The dog did not notice at all how the flour ran out in a stream from the castle to the windows of the soldier's house, where he ran up the wall with the Princess. In the morning the King and Queen saw well enough where their daughter had been, and they took the soldier and put him in prison.

There he sat. Oh, but it was dark and disagreeable there ! And they said to him, "To-morrow you shall be hanged." That was not amusing to hear, and he had left his tinder-box at the inn. In the morning he could see, through the iron grating of the little window, how the people were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums beat and saw the soldiers marching. All the people were running out, and among them was a shoemaker's boy with leather apron and slippers, and he galloped so fast that one of his slippers flew off, and came right against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"Halloo, you shoemaker's boy ! you needn't be in such a hurry," cried the soldier to him : "it will not begin till I come.

Now we shall hear what happened to each of them, for this is a true story.

The whole week through little Claus was obliged to plough for Great Claus, and to lend him his one horse; then Great Claus helped him out with all his four, but only once a week, and that on a holiday. Hurrah! how little Claus smacked his whip over all five horses, for they were as good as his own on that one day. The sun shone gaily, and all the bells in the steeples were ringing; the people were all dressed in their best, and were going to church with their hymn-books under their arms, to hear the clergyman preach, and they saw little Claus ploughing with five horses; but he was so merry that he smacked his whip again and again, and cried, "Gee up, all my five!"

"You must not talk so," said Great Claus, "for only the one horse is yours."

But when no one was passing Little Claus forgot that he was not to say this, and he cried, "Gee up, all my horses!"

"Now, I must beg of you to let that alone," cried Great Claus, "for if you say it again, I shall hit your horse on the head so that it will fall down dead, and then it will be all over with him."

"I will certainly not say it any more," said Little Claus.

But when people came by soon afterwards, and nodded "good day" to him, he became very glad, and thought it looked very well after all that he had five horses to plough his field, and so he smacked his whip again, and cried, "Gee up, all my horses!"

"I'll 'gee up' your horses!" said Great Claus. And he took the hatchet and hit the only horse of Little Claus on the head, so that it fell down and was dead immediately.

"Oh, now I haven't any horse at all!" said Little Claus, and began to cry.

Then he slayed the horse, and let the hide dry in the wind, and put it in a sack and hung it over his shoulder, and went to the town to sell his horse's skin.

He had a very long way to go, and was obliged to pass through a great dark wood, and the weather became dreadfully bad. He went quite astray, and before he got into the right way again it was evening, and it was too far to get home again or even to the town before nightfall.

Close by the road stood a large farm-house. The shutters were closed outside the windows, but the light could still be seen shining out over them.

"I may be able to get leave to stop here through the night," thought Little Claus; and he went and knocked.

The farmer's wife opened the door, but when she heard what he wanted she told him to go away, declaring that her husband was not at home, and she would not receive strangers.

"Then I shall have to lie outside," said Little Claus. And the farmer's wife shut the door in his face.



... deploring the Death of his Horse

Claus by stood a great haystack, and between this and the farm-house was a little outhouse thatched with straw. 'Up there I can be,' said Little Claus, when he looked up at the roof, 'that is a capital bed! I suppose the stork won't fly down and bite me in the legs.' For a living stork was standing on the roof, where he had his rest.

Now Little Claus climbed up to the roof of the shed, where he lay, and turned round to settle himself comfortably. The wooden shutters did not cover the windows at the top, and he could look straight into the room. There was a great table, with the cloth laid, and wine and roast meat and a glorious fish upon it. The

farmer's wife and the clerk were seated at table, and nobody besides. She was filling his glass, and he was digging his fork into the fish, for that was his favourite dish.

"If one could only get some too!" thought Little Claus, as he stretched out his head towards the window. Heavens! what a glorious cake he saw standing there! Yes, certainly, that *was* a feast.

Now he heard some one riding along the high road. It was the woman's husband, who was coming home. He was a good man enough, but he had the strange peculiarity that he could never bear to see a clerk. If a clerk appeared before his eyes he became quite wild. And that was the reason why the clerk had gone to the wife to wish her good day, because he knew that her husband was not at home, and the good woman therefore put the best fare she had before him. But when they heard the man coming they were frightened, and the woman begged the clerk to creep into a great empty chest which stood there; and he did so, for he knew the husband could not bear the sight of a clerk. The woman quickly had all the excellent meat and wine in her baking-oven; for if the man had seen that, he would have been certain to ask what it meant.

"Ah, yes!" sighed Little Claus, up in his shed, when he saw all the good fare put away.

"Is there any one up there?" asked the farmer, and he looked up at Little Claus. "Who are you lying there? Better come with me into the room."

And Little Claus told him how he had lost his way, and asked leave to stay there for the night.

"Yes, certainly," said the peasant; "but first we must have something to live on."

The woman received them both in a very friendly way, spread the cloth on a long table, and gave them a great dish of porridge. The farmer was hungry, and ate with a good appetite, but Little Claus could not help thinking of the capital roast meat, fish, and cake, which he knew were in the oven. Under the table, at his feet, he had laid the sack with the horse's hide in it; for we know what he had come out to sell it in the town. He did not relish the porridge, so he trod upon the sack, and the dry skin inside crackled quite loudly.

"Why, what have you in your sack?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, that's a magician," answered Little Claus. "He says we are not to eat porridge, for he has conjured the oven full of roast meat, fish, and cake."

"Wonderful!" cried the farmer; and he opened the oven in a hurry, and found all the dainty provisions which his wife had hidden there, but which, as he thought, the wizard had conjured forth. The woman dared not say anything, but put the things at once on the table: and so they both ate of the meat, the fish

and the cake. Now Little Claus again trod on his sack, and made the hide creak.

"What does he say now?" said the farmer.

"He says," replied Claus, "that he has conjured three bottles of wine for us too, and that they are standing there in the corner behind the oven."

Now the woman was obliged to bring out the wine which she had hidden, and the farmer drank it and became very merry. He would have been very glad to see such a conjuror as Little Claus had there in the sack.

"Can he conjure the demon forth?" asked the farmer. "I should like to see him, for now I am merry."

"Oh, yes," said little Claus, "my conjuror can do anything that I ask of him.—Can you not?" he added, and trod on the hide, so that it crackled. "He says 'Yes.' But the demon is very ugly to look at, we had better not see him."

"Oh, I'm not at all afraid. Pray, what will he look like?"

"Why, he'll look the very image of a clerk."

"Ha!" said the farmer, "that is ugly! You must know, I can't bear the sight of a clerk. But it doesn't matter now, for I know that he's a demon, so I shall easily stand it. Now I have courage, but he must not come too near me."

"Now I will ask my conjuror," said Little Claus; and he trod on the sack and held his ear down.

"What does he say?"

"He says you may go and open the chest that stands in the corner, and you will see the demon crouching in it; but you must hold the lid so that he doesn't slip out."

"Will you help me to hold him?" asked the farmer. And he went to the chest where the wife had hidden the real clerk, who sat in there and was very much afraid. The farmer opened the lid a little way and peeped in underneath it.

"Hu!" he cried, and sprang backward. "Yes, now I've seen him, and he looked exactly like our clerk. Oh, that was dreadful!"

Upon this they must drink. So they sat and drank until late into the night.

"You must sell me that conjuror," said the farmer. "Ask as much as you like for him. I'll give you a whole bushel of money directly."

"No, that I can't do," said Little Claus; "only think how much use I can make of this conjuror!"

"Oh, I should so much like to have him!" cried the farmer; and he went on begging.

"Well," said Little Claus, at last, "as you have been so kind as to give me shelter for the night, I will let it be so. You shall have the conjuror for a bushel of money; but I must have the bushel heaped up."

"That you shall have," replied the farmer. "But you must take the chest yonder away with you. I will not keep it in my house an hour. One cannot know,—perhaps he may be there still."

Little Claus gave the farmer his sack with the dry hide in it, and got in exchange a whole bushel of money, and that heaped up. The farmer also gave him a big truck, on which to carry off his money and chest.

"Farewell!" said Little Claus; and he went off with his money and the big chest, in which the clerk was still sitting.

On the other side of the wood was a great deep river. The water rushed along so rapidly that one could scarcely swim against the stream. A fine new bridge had been built over it. Little Claus stopped on the centre of the bridge, and said quite loud, so that the clerk could hear it,

"Ho, what shall I do with this stupid chest? It's as heavy as if stones were in it. I shall only get tired if I drag it any farther, so I'll throw it into the river—if it swims home to me, well and good; and if it does not, it will be no great matter."

And he took the chest with one hand, and lifted it up a little, as if he intended to throw it into the river.

"No! let be!" cried the clerk from within the chest; "let me out first!"

"Hu!" exclaimed Little Claus, pretending to be frightened, "he's in there still! I must make haste and throw him into the river, that he may be drowned."

"Oh, no, no!" screamed the clerk. "I'll give you a whole bushel-full of money if you'll let me go."

"Why, that's another thing!" said Little Claus, and he opened the chest.

The clerk crept quickly out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went to his house, where Little Claus received a whole bushel-full of money. He had already received one from the farmer, and so now he had his truck loaded with money.

"See, I've been well paid for the horse," he said to himself when he had got home to his own room, and was emptying all the money into a heap in the middle of the floor. "That will vex Great Claus when he hears how rich I have grown through my one horse; but I won't tell him about it outright."

So he sent a boy to Great Claus to ask for a bushel measure.

"What can he want with it?" thought Great Claus. And he smeared some tar underneath the measure, so that some part of whatever was measured should stick to it. And thus it happened; for when he received the measure back, there were three new eight-shilling pieces adhering thereto.

"What's this?" cried Great Claus; and he ran off at once to Little Claus. "Where did you get all that money from?"

"Oh, that's for my horse's skin. I sold it yesterday evening."

"That's really being well paid," said Great Claus. And he ran home in a hurry, took an axe, and killed all his four horses; then he flayed them, and carried off their skins to the town.

"Hides! hides! who'll buy any hides?" he cried through the streets.

All the shoemakers and tanners came running, and asked how much he wanted for them.

"A bushel of money for each!" said Great Claus.

"Are you mad?" said they. "Do you think we have money by the bushel?"

"Hides! hides!" he cried again; and to all who asked him what the hides would cost, he replied, "A bushel of money."

"He wants to make fools of us," they all exclaimed. And the shoemakers took their straps, and the tanners their aprons, and they began to beat Great Claus.

"Hides! hides!" they called after him, jeeringly. "Yes, we'll tan your hide for you till the red broth runs down. Out of the town with him!" And Great Claus made the best haste he could, for he had never yet been thrashed as he was thrashed now.

"Well," said he, when he got home, "Little Claus shall pay for this. I'll kill him for it."

Now, at Little Claus's the old grandmother had died. She had been very harsh and unkind to him, but yet he was very sorry, and took the dead woman and laid her in his warm bed, to see if she would not come to life again. There he intended she should remain all through the night, and he himself would sit in the corner and sleep on a chair, as he had often done before. As he sat there, in the night the door opened, and Great Claus came in with his axe. He knew where Little Claus's bed stood; and, going straight up to it, he hit the old grandmother on the head, thinking she was Little Claus.

"D'ye see," said he, "you shall not make a fool of me again." And then he went home.

"That's a bad fellow, that man," said Little Claus. "He wanted to kill me. It was a good thing for my old grandmother that she was dead already. He would have taken her life."

And he dressed his grandmother in her Sunday clothes, borrowed a horse from his neighbour, harnessed it to a car, and put the old lady on the back seat, so that she could not fall out when he drove. And so they trundled through the wood. When the sun rose they were in front of an inn, there Little Claus pulled up, and went in to have some refreshment.

The host had very, very much money, he was also a very good man, but exceedingly hot, as if he had pepper and tobacco in him.

"Good morning," said he to Little Claus. "You've put on your Sunday clothes early to-day."

"Yes," answered Little Claus; "I'm going to town with my

old grandmother: she's sitting there on the car without. I can't bring her into the room. Will you give her a glass of mead? But you must speak very loud, for she can't hear well."

"Yes, that I'll do," said the host. And he poured out a great glass of mead, and went out with it to the dead grandmother, who had been placed upright in the carriage.

"Here's a glass of mead from your son," quoth mine host. But the dead woman replied not a word, but sat quite still. "Don't you hear?" cried the host, as loud as he could, "here is a glass of mead from your son!"

Once more he called out the same thing, but as she persisted in not hearing him, he became angry at last, and threw the glass in her face, so that the mead ran down over her nose, and she tumbled backwards into the car, for she had only been put upright, and not bound fast.

"Hallo!" cried Little Claus, running out at the door, and seizing the host by the breast, "you've killed my grandmother now! See, there's a big hole in her forehead."

"Oh, here's a misfortune!" cried the host, wringing his hands. "That all comes of my hot temper. Dear Little Claus, I'll give you a bushel of money, and have your grandmother buried as if she were my own; only keep quiet, or I shall have my head cut off, and that would be so very disagreeable!"

So Little Claus again received a whole bushel of money, and the host buried the old grandmother as if she had been his own. And when Little Claus came home with all his money, he at once sent his boy to Great Claus to ask to borrow a bushel measure.

"What's that?" said Great Claus. "Have I not killed him? I must go myself and see to this." And so he went over himself with the bushel to Little Claus.

"Now, where did you get all that money from?" he asked; and he opened his eyes wide when he saw all that had been brought together.

"You killed my grandmother, and not me," replied Little Claus, "and I've been and sold her, and got a whole bushel of money for her."

"That's really being well paid," said Great Claus; and he hastened home, took an axe, and killed his own grandmother directly. Then he put her on a carriage, and drove off to the town with her, to where the apothecary lived, and asked him if he would buy a dead person.

"Who is it, and where did you get him from?" asked the apothecary.

"It's my grandmother," answered Great Claus. "I've killed her to get a bushel of money for her."

"Heaven save us!" cried the apothecary, "you're raving! Don't say such things, or you may lose your head!" And he told

him earnestly what a bad deed this was that he had done, and what a bad man he was, and that he must be punished. And Great Claus was so frightened that he jumped out of the surgery straight into his carriage, and whipped the horses, and drove home. But the apothecary and all the people thought him mad, and so they let him drive whither he would.

"You shall pay for this!" said Great Claus, when he was out upon the high road: "yes, yes, you shall pay me for this, Little Claus!" And directly he got home he took the biggest sack he could find, and went over to Little Claus, and said, "Now, you've tricked me again! First I killed my horses, and then my old grandmother! That's all your fault; but you shall never trick me any more." And he seized Little Claus round the body, and thrust him into the sack, and took him upon his back, and called out to him, "Now I shall go off with you and drown you."

It was a long way that he had to travel before he came to the river, and Little Claus was not too light to carry. The road led him close to a church the organ was playing, and the people were singing so beautifully! Then Great Claus put down his sack, with Little Claus in it, close to the church door, and thought it would be a very good thing to go in and hear a psalm before he went farther; for Little Claus could not get out, and all the people were in church, and so he went in.

"Ah, yes! yes!" sighed Little Claus in the sack. And he turned and twisted, but he found it impossible to loosen the cord. Then there came by an old drover with snow-white hair, and a great staff in his hand. he was driving a whole herd of cows and oxen before him, and they stumbled against the sack in which Little Claus was confined, so that it was overthrown.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Little Claus, "I'm so young yet, and am to go to heaven directly!"

"And I, poor fellow," said the drover, "am so old already, and can't get there yet!"

"Open the sack," cried Little Claus; "creep into it instead of me, and you will get to heaven directly!"

"With all my heart," replied the drover; and he untied the sack, out of which Little Claus crept forth immediately.

"But will you look after the cattle?" said the old man; and he crept into the sack at once, whereupon Little Claus tied it up, and went his way with all the cows and oxen.

Soon afterwards Great Claus came out of the church. He took the sack on his shoulders again, although it seemed to him as if the sack had become lighter; for the old drover was only half as heavy as Little Claus.

"How light he is to carry now! Yes, that is because I have heard a psalm."

So he went to the river, which was deep and broad, threw the sack with the old drover in it into the water, and called after him.

"See how they hurry!" cried Little Claus,
to get back to the bottom."

"Yes, but help me first!" said Great Claus, "or else you shall be beaten."

And so he crept into the great sack, which had been laid across the back of one of the oxen.

"Put a stone in, for I'm afraid I shan't sink else," said Great Claus.

"That can be done," replied Little Claus; and he put a big stone into the sack, tied the rope tightly, and pushed against it. *Plump!* There lay Great Claus in the river, and sank at once to the bottom.

"I'm afraid he won't find the cattle!" said Little Claus; and then he drove homeward with what he had.

THUMBELINA.

THERE was once a woman who wished for a very little child; but she did not know where she should procure one. So she went to an old witch and said,

"I do so very much wish for a little child! can you not tell me where I can get one?"

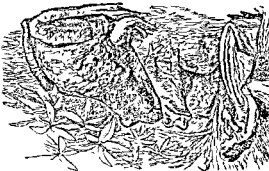
"Oh! that could easily be managed," said the witch. "There you have a barleycorn that is not of the kind which grows in the countryman's field, and which the chickens get to eat. Put that into a flower-pot, and you shall see what you shall see."

"Thank you," said the woman; and she gave the witch twelve shillings, for that is what it cost.

Then she went home and planted the barleycorn, and immediately there grew up a great handsome flower, which looked like a tulip; but the leaves were tightly closed, as though it were still a bud.

"That is a beautiful flower," said the woman; and she kissed its yellow and red leaves. But just as she kissed it the flower

of flowers around it, whose stalks stood in water; on the
 swam a great tulip-leaf, and on this the little maiden could
 d row from one side of the plate to the other, with two
 horse-hairs for ears. That looked pretty indeed! She
 also sang, and, indeed, so delicately and sweetly, that the
 id never been heard.
 ce as she lay at night in her pretty bed, there came an old
 creeping through the window, in which one pane was



The toad and the Toad

n. The Toad was very ugly, big and damp, it hopped
 it down upon the table, where Thumblina lay sleeping
 r the rose-leaf.
 That would be a handsome wife for my son," said the Toad,
 she took the walnut-shell in which Thumblina lay asleep,
 copped with it through the window down into the garden.
 ere ran a great broad croak; but the margin was swampy
 soft, and here the Toad dwelt with her son. Ugh! he was
 and looked just like his mother. "Croak; croak; croak;
 ker!" that was all he could say when he saw the graceful
 maiden in the walnut shell.

the old Toad swam out and laid the wainut-shell upon a Thumbelina. The little tiny Thumbelina woke early in the morn-
ing, and when she saw where she was she began to cry
bitterly; for there was water on every side of the great
leaf, and she could not get to land at all. The old Toad
lown in the marsh decking out her room with rushes and
green weed—it was to be made very pretty for the new daughter-
in-law; then she swam out, with her ugly son, to the leaf on
which Thumbelina was. They wanted to take her pretty bed,
but it was to be put in the bridal chamber before she went in
herself. The old Toad bowed low before her in the water,
and said,

"Here is my son; he will be your husband, and you will live
happily together in the marsh."

"Croak! croak! brek-kek-kex!" was all the son could say.
Then they took the delicate little bed, and swam away with
it, and Thumbelina sat all alone upon the green leaf and wept,
for she did not like to live at the nasty Toad's, and have her
ugly son for a husband. The little fishes swimming in the water
had both seen the Toad, and had also heard what she
said; therefore they stretched forth their heads, for they wanted
to see the little girl. So soon as they saw her they considered
it so pretty that they felt very sorry she should have to go down
to the ugly Toad. No, that must never be! They assembled
together in the water around the green stalk which held the leaf
on which the little maiden stood, and with their teeth they
bit away the stalk, and so the leaf swam down the stream;
away went Thumbelina far away, where the Toad could not
find her.

Thumbelina sailed by many cities, and the little birds which
were in the bushes saw her, and said, "What a lovely little girl!"
The leaf swam away with them, farther and farther; so Thumbelina
travelled out of the country.

A graceful little white butterfly always fluttered round her, and
it alighted on the leaf. Thumbelina pleased him, and she was
very glad of this, for now the Toad could not reach them;
it was so beautiful where she was floating along—the sun
shone upon the water, and the water glistened like the most

glimmered like fire in the dark; then he went first and lighted them through the long dark passage. When they came where the dead bird lay, the Mole thrust up his broad nose against the ceiling, so that a great hole was made, through which the daylight could shine down. In the middle of the floor lay a dead Swallow, his beautiful wings pressed close against his sides, and his head and feet drawn back under his feathers: the poor bird had certainly died of cold. Thumbelina was very sorry for this: she was very fond of all the little birds, who had sung and twittered so prettily before her through the summer; but the Mole gave him a push with his crooked legs, and said, "Now he doesn't pipe any more. It must be miserable to be born a little bird. I'm thankful that none of my children can be that, such a bird has nothing but his 'tweet-tweet,' and has to starve in the winter!"

"Yes, you may well say that, as a clever man," observed the Field Mouse. "Of what use is all this 'tweet-tweet' to a bird when the winter comes? He must starve and freeze. But they say that's very aristocratic."

Thumbelina said nothing; but when the two others turned their backs on the bird, she bent down, put the feathers aside which covered his head, and kissed him upon his closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was he who sang so prettily before me in the summer," she thought. "How much pleasure he gave me, the dear beautiful bird!"

The Mole now closed up the hole through which the daylight shone in, and accompanied the ladies home. But at night Thumbelina could not sleep at all; so she got up out of her bed, and wove a large beautiful carpet of hay, and carried it and spread it over the dead bird, and laid the thin stamens of flowers, soft as cotton, and which she had found in the Field Mouse's room, at the bird's sides, so that he might lie soft in the ground.

"Farewell, you pretty little bird!" said she. "Farewell! and thanks to you for your beautiful song in the summer, when all the trees were green, and the sun shone down warmly upon us." And then she laid the bird's head upon her heart. But the bird was not dead; he was only lying there torpid with cold, and now he had been warmed, and came to life again.

In autumn all the swallows fly away to warm countries, but if one happens to be belated, it becomes so cold that it falls down as if dead, and lies where it fell, and then the cold snow covers it.

Thumbelina fairly trembled, she was so startled; for the bird was large, very large, compared with her, who was only an inch in height. But she took courage, laid the cotton closer round the poor bird, and brought a leaf that she had used as her own coverlet, and laid it over the bird's head.

The next night she crept out to him again—and now he was alive, but quite weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment.

rose, and every evening when it went down, she crept out at the door; and when the wind blew the corn-ears apart, so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was out here, and wished heartily to see her dear Swallow again. But the Swallow did not come back; he had doubtless flown far away, in the fair green forest. When autumn came on, Thumbelina had all her outfit ready.

"In four weeks you shall celebrate your wedding," said the Field Mouse to her.

But Thumbelina wept, and declared she would not have the tiresome Mole.

"Nonsense!" said the Field Mouse; "don't be obstinate, or I will bite you with my white teeth. He is a very fine man whom you will marry. The Queen herself has not such a black velvet fur; and his kitchen and cellar are full. Be thankful for your good fortune."

Now the wedding was to be held. The Mole had already come to fetch Thumbelina; she was to live with him, deep under the earth, and never to come out into the warm sunshine, for that he did not like. The poor little thing was very sorrowful; she was now to say farewell to the glorious sun, which, after all, she had been allowed by the Field Mouse to see from the threshold of the door.

"Farewell, thou bright sun!" she said, and stretched out her arms towards it, and walked a little way forth from the house of the Field Mouse, for now the corn had been reaped, and only the dry stubble stood in the fields. Farewell!" she repeated, twining her arms round a little red flower which still bloomed there. "Greet the little Swallow from me, if you see him again."

"Tweet-tweet! tweet-tweet!" a voice suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up: it was the little Swallow, who was just flying by. When he saw Thumbelina he was very glad, and Thumbelina told him how loth she was to have the ugly Mole for her husband, and that she was to live deep under the earth, where the sun never shone. And she could not refrain from weeping.

"The cold winter is coming now," said the Swallow, "I am going to fly far away into the warm countries. Will you come with me? You can sit upon my back, then we shall fly from the ugly Mole and his dark room—away, far away, over the mountains, to the warm countries, where the sun shines warmer than here, where it is always summer, and there are lovely flowers. Only fly with me, you dear little Thumbelina, you who have saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark earthy passage."

"Yes, I will go with you!" said Thumbelina; and she seated herself on the bird's back, with her feet on his outspread wing, and bound her girdle fast to one of his strongest feathers, then the Swallow flew up into the air over forest and over sea, high up over the great mountains, where the snow always lies; and

Thumbelina felt cold in the bleak air, but then she hid under the bird's warm feathers, and only put out her little head to admire all the beauties beneath her.

At last they came to the warm countries. There the sun shone far brighter than here; the sky seemed twice as high; and tubers as d on the hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes; lemons and oranges hung in the woods; the air was fragrant with myrtles and balsams, and on the roads the loveliest children ran about, playing with the gay butterflies. But the Swallow flew still farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under the more glorious green trees by the blue lake stood a palace of dazzling white marble, from the olden time. Vines clustered around the lofty pillars; at the top were many swallows' nests and in one of these the Swallow lived who carried Thumbelina.

"That is my house," said the Swallow; "but it is not right that you should live there. It is not yet properly arranged by a great deal, and you will not be content with it. Select for yourself one of the splendid flowers which grow down yonder, then I will put you into it, and you shall have everything as nice as you can wish."

"That is capital," cried she, and clapped her little hands.

A great marble pillar lay there, which had fallen to the ground and had been broken into three pieces, but between these parts grew the most beautiful great white flowers. The Swallow flew down with Thumbelina, and set her upon one of the broad leaves. But what was the little maid's surprise? There sat a little man in the midst of the flower, as white and transparent as if he had been made of glass. He wore the neatest of gold crowns on his head, and the brightest wings on his shoulders; he himself was not bigger than Thumbelina. He was the Angel of the flower. In each of the flowers dwelt such a little man or woman, but this one was king over them all.

"Heaven's love, beautiful he is!" whispered Thumbelina.

sat above them in the nest, and was to sing the marriage song, which he accordingly did as well as he could; but yet in his heart he was sad, for he was so fond, oh! so fond of Thumbelina, and would have liked never to part from her.

"You shall not be called Thumbelina," said the Flower Angel to her; "that is an ugly name, and you are too fair for it—we will call you Maia."

THE GOLOSHES OF FORTUNE.

1.

A Beginning.

IN a house in Copenhagen, not far from the King's New Market, a company—a very large company—had assembled, having received invitations to an evening party there. One-half of the company already sat at the card-tables, the other half awaited the result of the hostess's question, "What shall we do now?" They had progressed so far, and the entertainment began to show some degree of animation. Among other subjects the conversation turned upon the Middle Ages. Some considered that period much more interesting than our own time—yes Councillor Knap defended this view so zealously that the lady of the house went over at once to his side; and both loudly exclaimed against Oersted's treatise in the Almanac on old and modern times, in which the chief advantage is given to our own day. The councillor considered the times of the Danish King Hans as the robblest and happiest age.

While the conversation takes this turn, only interrupted for a moment by the arrival of a newspaper, which contained nothing worth reading, we will betake ourselves to the antechamber, where the cloaks, sticks, and goloshes had found a place. Here sat two maids—an old one and a young one. One would have thought they had come to escort their mistresses home; but on looking at them more closely, the observer could see that they were not ordinary servants: their shapes were too graceful for that—their complexions too delicate, and the cut of their dresses too modern. They were two fairies. The younger was not; they asked lady's maid to one of her ladies of the bed-chamber did not know about the more trifling gifts of Fortune. The old one, Christiana, somewhat more gloomy—she was Care, who

11.

What happened to the Councillor.

It was late. Councillor Knap, lost in contemplation of the times of King Hans, wished to get home, and fate willed that instead of his own goloshes he should put on those of Fortune, and thus went out into East Street. But by the power of the goloshes he had been put back three hundred years—into the days of King Hans; and therefore he put his foot into mud and mire in the street, because in those days there was not any pavement.

"Why, this is horrible—how dirty it is here!" said the councillor. "The good pavement is gone, and all the lamps are put out."

The moon did not yet stand high enough to give much light, and the air was tolerably thick, so that all objects seemed to melt together in the darkness. At the next corner a lamp hung before a picture of the Madonna, but the light it gave was as good as none, he only noticed it when he stood just under it, and his eyes fell upon the painted figure.

"That is probably a museum of art," thought he, "where they have forgotten to take down the sign."

A couple of men in the costume of those past days went by him.

"How they look!" he said. "They must come from a masquerade."

Suddenly there was a sound of drums and fifes, and torches gleamed brightly. The councillor started. And now he saw a strange procession go past. First came a whole troop of drummers, beating their instruments very dexterously, they were followed by men-at-arms, with longbows and crossbows. The chief man in the procession was a clerical lord. The astonished councillor asked what was the meaning of this, and who the man might be.

"That is the Bishop of Zealand."

"What in the world has come to the bishop?" said the councillor, with a sigh, shaking his head. "This could not possibly be the bishop!"

Ruminating on this, and without looking to the right or to the left, the councillor went through the East Street, and over the Highbridge Place. The bridge which led to the Palace Square was not to be found; he perceived the shore of a shallow water, and at length encountered two people, who sat in a boat.

"Do you wish to be ferried over to the Holm, sir?" they asked.

"To the Holm!" repeated the councillor, who did not know you see, in what period he was. "I want to go to Christian's Haven and to Little Turf Street."

The men stared at him.



The Councillor is alarmed

"I beg pardon," said the councillor to the hostess, "but I feel very unwell, would you let them get me a fly to go to Christian's Haven?"

The woman looked at him and shook her head; then she spoke to him in German.

The councillor now supposed that she did not understand Danish, so he repeated his wish in the German language. This, and his costume, convinced the woman that he was a foreigner. She soon understood that he felt unwell, and therefore brought him a jug of water. It certainly tasted a little of sea-water, though it had been taken from the spring outside.

The councillor leaned his head upon his hand, drew a deep breath, and thought of all the strange things that were happening about him.

"Is that to-day's number of the 'Day'?" he said, quite mechanically, for he saw the woman was putting away a large sheet of paper.

She did not understand what he meant, but handed him the

leaf: it was a woodcut representing a strange appearance in the air which had been seen in the city of Cologne.

"That is very old," said the councillor, who became quite cheerful at sight of this antiquity. "How did you come by this strange leaf? This is very interesting, although the whole thing is a fable. Now a-days these appearances are explained to be northern lights that have been seen; probably they arise from electricity."

Those who sat nearest to him and heard his speech looked at him in surprise, and one of them rose, took off his hat respectfully, and said, with a very grave face,

"You must certainly be a very learned man, sir!"

"Oh, no!" replied the councillor; "I can only say a word or two about things one ought to understand."

"Modestia is a beautiful virtue," said the man. "Moreover, I must say to your speech, '*nisi secus videtur*;' yet I will gladly suspend my *judicium*."

"May I ask with whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" asked the councillor.

"I am a bachelor of theology," replied the man.

This answer sufficed for the councillor; the title corresponded with the garb.

"Certainly," he thought, "this must be an old village school-master, a queer character, such as one finds sometimes over in Jutland."

"This is certainly not a *locus docendi*," began the man; "but I beg you to take the trouble to speak. You are doubtless well read in the ancients?"

"Oh, yes," replied the councillor. "I am fond of reading useful old books; and am fond of the modern ones too, with the exception of the '*Every-day Stories*,' of which we have enough, in all conscience."

"*Every-day Stories*?" said the bachelor, inquiringly.

"Yes, I mean the new romances we have now."

"Oh!" said the man, with a smile, "they are very witty, and are much read at Court. The King is especially partial to the romance by Messieurs Ilsen and Graudian, which talks about King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. He has jested about it with his noble lords."

"That I certainly have not yet read," said the councillor; "that must be quite a new book published by Heisberg."

"No," retorted the man, "it is not published by Heisberg, but by Gislef von Gehmen."

"Indeed I is he the author?" asked the councillor. "That is a very old name—was not that the name of about the last saint?"

So far it had gone well. But now one of the men began to speak of a pestilence which he said had been raging a few years ago: he meant the plague of 1484. The councillor supposed he meant the cholera, and so the conversation went on tolerably. The Freebooters' War of 1490 was so recent that it could not escape mention. The English pirates had taken ships from the very wharves, said the man, and the councillor, who was well acquainted with the events of 1801, joined in manfully against the English. The rest of the talk, however, did not pass over so well; every moment there was a contradiction. The good bachelor was terribly ignorant, and the simplest assertion of the councillor seemed too bold or too fantastic. They looked at each other, and when it became too bad, the bachelor spoke Latin, in the hope that he would be better understood, but it was of no use.

"How are you now?" asked the hostess, and she plucked the councillor by the sleeve.

Now his recollection came back, in the course of the conversation he had forgotten everything that had happened.

"Good Heavens! where am I?" he said, and he felt dizzy when he thought of it.

"We'll drink claret, mead, and Bremen beer," cried one of the guests, "and you shall drink with us."

Two girls came in. One of them had on a cap of two colours. They poured out drink and bowed. The councillor felt a cold shudder running all down his back. "What's that? what's that?" he cried; but he was obliged to drink with them. They took possession of the good man quite politely. He was in despair, and when one said that he was tipsy he felt not the slightest doubt regarding the truth of the statement, and only begged them to procure him a droschky. Now they thought he was speaking Muscovite.

Never had he been in such rude vulgar company.

"One would think the country was falling back into heathenism," was his reflection. "This is the most terrible moment of my life."

But at the same time the idea occurred to him to bend down under the table, and then to creep to the door. He did so, but just as he had reached the entry, the others discovered his intention. They seized him by the feet, and now the goloshes, to his great good fortune, came off, and—the whole enchantment vanished.

The councillor saw quite plainly, in front of him a lamp burning, and behind it a great building; everything looked familiar and splendid. It was East Street, as we know it now. He lay with his legs turned towards a porch, and opposite to him sat the watchman asleep.

"Good Heavens! have I been lying here in the street dream-

ing?" he exclaimed. "Yes, this is East Street sure enough! how splendidly bright and gay! It is terrible what an effect that one glass of punch must have had on me!"

Two minutes afterwards he was sitting in a fly, which drove him out to Christian's Haven. He thought of the terror and anxiety he had undergone, and praised from his heart the happy present, our own time, which, with all its shortcomings, was far better than the period in which he had been placed a short time before.

III.

The Watchman's Adventures.

"On my word, yonder lies a pair of goloshes!" said the watchman. "They must certainly belong to the lieutenant who lives upstairs. They are lying close to the door."

The honest man would gladly have rung the bell and delivered them, for upstairs there was a light still burning; but he did not wish to disturb the other people in the house, and so he let it alone.

"It must be very warm to have a pair of such things on," said he. "How nice and soft the leather is!" They fitted his feet very well. "How droll it is in the world! Now, he might lie down in his warm bed, and yet he does not! There he is pacing up and down the room. *He is a happy man! He has neither wife nor children, and every evening he is at a party. Oh, I wish I were he, then I should be a happy man!*"

As he uttered this wish, the goloshes he had put on produced their effect, and the watchman was transported into the body and being of the lieutenant. Then he stood up in the room, and held a little pink paper in his fingers, on which was a poem, a poem written by the lieutenant himself. For who is there who has not once in his life had a poetic moment? and at such a moment, if one writes down one's thoughts, there is poetry.

Yes, people write poetry when they are in love; but a prudent man does not print such poems. The lieutenant was in love—and poor—that's a triangle, or, so to speak, the half of a broken square of happiness. The lieutenant felt that very keenly, and so he laid his head against the window-frame and sighed a deep sigh.

"The poor watchman in the street yonder is far happier than I. He does not know what I call want. He has a home, a wife, children, who weep at his sorrow and rejoice at his joy. Oh! I should be happier than I am, could I change my being for his, pass through life with his humble desires and hopes. Yes, he is happier than I!"

At that same moment the watchman became a watchman no more, for through the power of the goloshes of fortune he had

assumed the personality of the lieutenant; but then we know he felt far less content, and preferred to be just what he had despised a short time before. So the watchman became a watchman again.

"That was an ugly dream," said he, "but droll enough. It seemed to me that I was the lieutenant up yonder, and that it was not pleasant at all. I was without the wife and the boys, who are now ready to half stifle me with kisses."

He sat down again and nodded. The dream would not go quite out of his thoughts. He had the golosses still on his feet. A falling star glided down along the horizon.

"There went one," said he, "but for all that there are enough left. I should like to look at those things a little nearer, especially the moon, for that won't vanish under one's hands. The student for whom my wife washes says that when we die we fly from one star to another. That's not true, but it would be very nice. If I could only make a little spring up there, then my body might lie here on the stairs for all I care."

Now there are certain assertions we should be very cautious of making in this world, but doubly careful when we have golosses of Fortune on our feet. Just hear what happened to the watchman.

So far as we are concerned, we all understand the rapidity of dispatch by steam, we have tried it either in railways, or in steamers across the sea. But this speed is as the crawling of the sloth or the march of the snail in comparison with the swiftness with which light travels. That flies nineteen million times quicker. Death is an electric shock we receive in our hearts, and on the wings of electricity the liberated soul flies away. The sunlight requires eight minutes and a few seconds for a journey of more than ninety-five millions of miles; on the wings of electric power the soul requires only a few moments to accomplish the same flight. The space between the orbs of the universe is, for her, not greater than, for us, the distances between the houses of our friends dwelling in the same town, and even living close together. Yet this electric shock costs us the life of the body here below, unless, like the watchman, we have the magic golosses on.

In a few seconds the watchman had traversed the distance of two hundred and sixty thousand miles to the moon, which body, as we know, consists of a much lighter material than that of our earth, and is, as we should say, soft as new fallen snow. He found himself on one of the many ring mountains with which we are familiar with Dr. Mädler's great map of the moon. Within the ring a great bowl-shaped hollow went down to the depth of a couple of miles. At the base of the hollow lay a town, of whose appearance we can only form an idea by pouring the white of an egg into a glass of water: the substance here was just as soft as white of egg, and formed similar towers, and cupolas, and ter-

laces like sails, transparent and floating in the thin air. Our earth hung over his head like a great dark red ball.

He immediately became aware of a number of beings, who were certainly what we call "men," but their appearance was very different from ours. If they had been put up in a row and painted, one would have said, "That's a beautiful arabesque!" They had also a language; but no one could expect that the soul of the watchman should understand it. But the watchman's soul did understand it, for our souls have far greater abilities than we suppose. Does not its wonderful dramatic talents show itself in our dreams? Then every one of our acquaintances appears speaking in his own character and with his own voice, in a way that not one of us could imitate in our waking hours. How does our soul bring back to us people of whom we have not thought for many years? Suddenly they come into our souls with their smallest peculiarities about them. In fact, it is a fearful thing, that memory which our souls possess: it can reproduce every sin, every bad thought. And then, it may be asked, shall we be able to give an account of every idle word that has been in our hearts and on our lips?

Thus the watchman's soul understood the language of the people in the moon very well. They disputed about this earth, and doubted if it could be inhabited; the air, they asserted, must be too thick for a sensible moon-man to live there. They considered that the moon alone was peopled; for that, they said, was the real body in which the old-world people dwelt. They also talked of politics.

But let us go down to the East Street, and see how it fared with the body of the watchman.

He sat lifeless upon the stairs. His pike had fallen out of his hand, and his eyes stared up at the moon, which his honest body was wondering about.

"What's o'clock, watchman?" asked a passer-by. But the man who didn't answer was the watchman. Then the passengers weakened him quite gently by the nose, and then he lost his balance. There lay the body stretched out at full length—the man was dead. All his comrades were very much frightened: cold he was, and dead he remained. It was reported, and it was discussed, and in the morning the body was carried out to the hospital.

That would be a pretty jest for the soul if it should chance to come back, and probably seek its body in the East Street, and not find it! Most likely it would go first to the police and afterwards to the address office, that inquiries might be made from whence respecting the missing goods; and then it would wander out to the hospital. But we may console ourselves with the idea that the soul is most clever when it acts upon its own account: it is the body that makes it stupid.

As we have said, the watchman's body was taken to the hospital, and brought into the washing-room; and naturally enough the first thing they did there was to pull off the goloshes; and then the soul had to come back. It took its way directly towards the body, and in a few seconds there was life in the man. He declared that this had been the most terrible night of his life, he would not have such feelings again, not for a shilling; but now it was past and over.

The same day he was allowed to leave, but the goloshes remained at the hospital.

IV.

A Great Moment.—A very Unusual Journey.

Every one who belongs to Copenhagen knows the look of the entrance to the Frederick's Hospital in Copenhagen; but as, perhaps, a few will read this story who do not belong to Copenhagen, it becomes necessary to give a short description of it.

The hospital is separated from the street by a tolerably high railing, in which the thick iron rails stand so far apart, that certain very thin inmates are said to have squeezed between them, and thus paid their little visits outside the premises. The part of the body most difficult to get through was the head, and here, as it often happens in the world, small heads were the most fortunate. This will be sufficient as an introduction.

One of the young volunteers, of whom one could only say in one sense that he had a great head, had the watch that evening. The rain was pouring down, but in spite of this obstacle he wanted to go out, only for a quarter of an hour. It was needless, he thought, to tell the porter of his wish, especially if he could slip through between the rails. There lay the goloshes which the watchman had forgotten. It never occurred to him in the least that they were goloshes of Fortune. They would do him very good service in this rainy weather, and he pulled them on. Now the question was whether he could squeeze through the bars; till now he had never tried it. There he stood.

"I wish to goodness I had my head outside!" cried he. And immediately, though his head was very thick and big, it glided easily and quickly through. The goloshes must have understood it well; but now the body was to slip through also, and that could not be done. "I am too fat," said he. "I thought my head was the thickest. I shan't get through."

Now he wanted to pull his head back quickly, but he could not manage it: he could move his neck, but that was all. His first feeling was one of anger, and then his spirits sank down to zero. The goloshes of Fortune had placed him in this terrible condition, and, unfortunately, it never occurred to him to wish himself free. No: instead of wishing he only strove, and could

teer shrivelled up, and began to take a very remarkable journey through the hearts of the first row of spectators. The first heart through which he passed was that of a lady; but he immediately fancied himself in the Orthopædic Institute, in the room where the plaster casts of deformed limbs are kept hanging against the walls; the only difference was, that these casts were formed in the institute when the patients came in, but here in the heart they were formed and preserved after the good persons had gone away. For they were casts of female friends, whose bodily and mental faults were preserved here.

Quickly he had passed into another female heart. But this seemed to him like a great holy church; the white dove of innocence fluttered over the high altar. Gladly would he have sunk down on his knees; but he was obliged to go away into the next heart. Still, however, he heard the tones of the organ, and it seemed to him that he himself had become another and a better man. He felt himself not unworthy to enter into the next sanctuary, which showed itself in the form of a poor garret, containing a sick mother. But through the window the warm sun streamed in, and two sky-blue birds sang full of childlike joy, while the sick mother prayed for a blessing on her daughter.

Now he crept on his hands and knees through an over-filled butcher's shop. There was meat, and nothing but meat, wherever he went. It was the heart of a rich respectable man, whose name is certainly to be found in the address book.

Now he was in the heart of this man's wife; this heart was an old dilapidated pigeon-house. The husband's portrait was used as a mere weathercock—it stood in connection with the doors, and these doors opened and shut according as the husband turned.

Then he came into a cabinet of mirrors, such as we find in the Castle of Rosenberg; but the mirrors magnified in a great degree. In the middle of the floor sat, like a Grand Lama, the insignificant *I* of the proprietor, astonished in the contemplation of his own greatness.

Then he fancied himself transported into a narrow needle-case full of pointed needles, and he thought, "This must decidedly be the heart of an old maid!" But that was not the case. It was the heart of a young officer, wearing several orders, and of whom one said, "He's a man of intellect and heart."

Quite confused was the poor volunteer when he emerged from the heart of the last person in the first row. He could not arrange his thoughts, and fancied it must be his powerful imagination which had run away with him.

"Gracious powers!" he sighed, "I must certainly have a great tendency to go mad. It is also unconscionably hot in here—the blood is rising to my head!"

And now he remembered the great event of the last evening

walked like a vegetating creature, so the goloshes had no opportunity of displaying their magic power.

In the avenue he met an acquaintance, one of our younger poets, who told him he was going to start, next day, on a summer trip.

"Are you going away again already?" asked the copying clerk. "What a happy, free man you are! You can fly wherever you like; we others have a chain to our foot."

"But it is fastened to the bread tree!" replied the poet. "You need not be anxious for the morrow; and when you grow old you get a pension."

"But you are better off, after all," said the copying clerk. "It must be a pleasure to sit and write poetry. Everybody says agreeable things to you, and then you are your own master. Ah, you should just try it, poring over the frivolous affairs in the court."

The poet shook his head; the copying clerk shook his head also; each retained his own opinion, and thus they parted.

"They are a strange race, these poets!" thought the copying clerk. "I should like to try and enter into such a nature—to become a poet myself. I am certain I should not write such complaining verses as the rest. What a splendid spring day for a poet! The air is so remarkably clear, the clouds are so beautiful, and the green smells so sweet. For many years I have not felt as I feel at this moment."

We already notice that he has become a poet. To point this out would, in most cases, be what the German's call "mawkish." It is a foolish fancy to imagine a poet different from other people; for among the latter there may be natures more poetical than those of many an acknowledged poet. The difference is only that the poet has a better spiritual memory: his ears hold fast the feeling and the idea until they are embodied clearly and firmly in words, and the others cannot do that. But the transition from an every-day nature to that of a poet is always a transition, and as such it must be noticed in this copying clerk.

"What glorious fragrance!" he cried. "How it reminds me of the violets at aunt Laura's!" Yes, that was when I was a little boy. I have not thought of that for a long time. The good old lady! She lies yonder, by the canal. She always had a twig or a couple of green shoots in the water, let the winter be as severe as it might. The violets bloomed, while I had to put warm farthings against the frozen window-panes to make peep-holes. That was a pretty view. Out in the canal the ships were frozen in, and deserted by the whole crew, a screaming crow was the only living creature left. Then, when the spring breezes blew, it all became lively: the ice was sawn asunder amid shouting and cheers, the ships were tarred and rigged, and then they sailed away to strange lands. I remained here, and must always remain, and sit at the police office, and let others take passports for abroad. That's my fate. Oh, yes!" and he sighed deeply. Suddenly he

In the alley the boy met with two other boys, who belonged to the educated classes, socially speaking; but, according to abilities, they ranked in the lowest class in the school. These bought the bird for a few Danish shillings; and so the copying clerk was carried back to Copenhagen.

"It's a good thing that I am dreaming," he said, "or I should become really angry. First I was a poet, and now I'm a lark! Yes, it must have been the poetic nature which transformed me into that little creature. It is a miserable state of things, especially when one falls into the hands of boys. I should like to know what the end of it will be."

The boys carried him into a very elegant room. A stout and smiling lady received them. But she was not at all gratified to see the common field bird, as she called the lark, coming in too. Only for one day she would consent to it; but they must put the bird in the empty cage which stood by the window.

"Perhaps that will please Polly," she added, and laughed at a great Parrot swinging himself proudly in his ring in the handsome brass cage. "It's Polly's birthday," she said, simply, "so the little field bird shall congratulate him."

Polly did not answer a single word; he only swung proudly to and fro. But a pretty Canary bird, who had been brought here last summer out of his warm fragrant fatherland, began to sing loudly.

"Screamer!" said the lady; and she threw a white handkerchief over the cage.

"Piep! piep!" sighed he. "here's a terrible snow-storm." And thus sighing, he was silent.

The copying clerk, or, as the lady called him, the field bird, was placed in a little cage close to the Canary, and not far from the Parrot. The only human words which Polly could say, and which often sounded very comically, were "*Come, let's be men now!*" Everything else that he screamed out was just as unintelligible as the song of the Canary bird, except for the copying clerk, who was now also a bird, and who understood his comrades very well.

"I flew under the green palm tree and the blossoming almond tree," sang the Canary. "I flew with my brothers and sisters over the beautiful flowers and over the bright sea, where the waves waved in the depths. I also saw many beautiful parrots, and they told me the merriest stories."

"Those were wild birds," replied the Parrot. "They had no sense, and they can't be men now. Why don't you laugh? If the strangers could laugh at it, so can you. It is a shame to have no taste for what is pleasant. No, let us be

remember the pretty girls who danced under the

tents spread out beneath the blooming trees? Do you remember the sweet fruits and the cooling juice in the wild plants?"

"Ob, yes!" replied the Parrot; "but here I am far better off. I have good care and genteel treatment. I know I've a good head, and I don't ask for more. Let us be men now. You are what they call a poetic soul. I have thorough knowledge and wit. You have genius, but no prudence. You mount up into those high natural notes of yours, and then you get covered up. This is never done to me; no, no, for I cost them a little more. I make an impression with my beak, and can cast wit round me. Now let us be men!"

"O my poor blooming fatherland!" sang the Canary. "I will praise thy dark green trees and thy quiet bays, where the branches kiss the clear watery murmur; I'll sing of the joy of all my shining brothers and sisters, where the plants grow by the desert springs."

"Now, pray leave off these dismal tones," cried the parrot. "Sing something at which one can laugh! Laughter is the sign of the highest mental development. Look if a dog or a horse can laugh! No, they can cry, but laughter—that is given to men alone. Ho! ho! ho!" screamed Polly, and finished the jest with "Let us be men now."

"You little grey Northern bird," said the Canary "so you have also become a prisoner, with all its freedom, in your woods, but still liberty is yours. I am sure you could not forget to close your eyes at the sun, for I will be your hand, fly!"

He flew forth from his
door of the next
wing, the house
Canary fluttered in
Let us be
ad, and flew through
feet, at last he was
obliged to stop a large

The house appeared dark and empty, and the door stood open, but no light came from within. He stepped upon the porch.

* Let us be more careful of our words, and of the tone of our voice, and let us be more careful of the way we speak.

"Heaven preserve me here and back on earth too, that I need not be a monk."

"Perhaps 'Tis well gone to Fable," she added, and laughed at a great heart, swinging himself to and fro in his ring in the hand over his shoulder. "It is a fine old story," she said, simply, "so the old bird had about it, and it is a fine story."

They did not answer a single word. He only swung proudly to and fro. But a great, white, snowy bird, who had been brought here last summer out of the "Great North," and began to sing.

"A summer," said a bird he wore on his breast. Whenever he clutched over the cage, he had lost one or other of these pos-

"Peep! peep!" it would start up in a feverish way, and the first And thus a glint, his breast, to feel whether he still possessed

The copying clerk, his breast, hats, and walking sticks swung in the the lattice. The most took away the prospect, which was im-

which often sounded, glanced out at it, and his heart sang what now? "Everything, from we know, has sung in Switzerland, but

tellible as the son clerk, who was now very well.

"I flew under the tree!" sang the Ca over the beautiful dark was all nature around him. The pine

plants waved in the little mosses upon the high rocks, whose sum-

who told the merri- loudy mists; and then it began to snow, and

"Those were wil- Let us"; "if we were only on the other side of the

trade summer, and I should have got money on my anxiety about this prevents me from

"Oh, if I were only at the other side!" upon the other side, in the midst of Italy, be-

come. The Lake Thrasymene lay spread

spread out beneath the blooming trees? Do you remember sweet fruits and the cooling juice in the wild plants?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the Parrot; "but here I am far better off. I have good care and genteel treatment. I know I've a good job, and I don't ask for more. Let us be men now. You are at it they call a poetic soul. I have thorough knowledge and you have genius, but no prudence. You mount up into the high natural notes of yours, and then you get covered up. It is never done to me, no, no, for I cost them a little more. I make an impression with my beak, and can cast wit round me. Let us be men!"

"O my poor blooming fatherland!" sang the Canary. "I will use thy dark green trees and thy quiet bays, where the branches are the clear watery mirror; I'll sing of the joy of all my shining brothers and sisters, where the plants grow by the desert springs." "Now, pray leave off these dismal tones," cried the Parrot, "sing something at which one can laugh! Laughter is the sign of the highest mental development. Look if a dog or a horse can laugh! No, they can cry, but laughter—that is given to men only. Ho! ho! ho!" screamed Polly, and finished the jest with "Let us be men now."

"You little grey Northern bird," said the Canary; "so you are also become a prisoner with us in the stable in your woods of still liberty—the night; but how could I forget to close my eyes this evening, since all eyes were turned to me!"

He flew forth from his cage, and now led through an open door of the new building, he passed between knotty working eyes, the house here, by the solitary inn, a dozen crippled Canary flattered their positions the quickest among themselves. "Let us be men now," said the eldest son, and flew through the air, and came of age. The others were either feet; at last he was a man, so that they crept about on their hands,

arms with fingerless hands. This was one of the windows of the room: he perched on the sill. The hostess herself, in a blue blouse, received her guests. The Canary, imitating the hostess, the floor of the room was of wood to the form of a table, and was grubb'd up; bats flew about under the table.

"Yes, lay the table down in the stable," said the Canary. "There, at least, one knows what one is doing." "There, at least, one knows what one is doing."

The windows were opened, so that a little fresh air came in; but quicker than the fresh air came the continual whining, "Misera! Misera!" the walls were many inscriptions: half of the wall was covered with the words "La bella Italia!"

The supper was served. It was as the clerk was his neig-

as the clerk was his neig-

place that had been built. But the poor mother could not see it, for she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who went away with my little child?" she asked.

"He has not arrived here yet," said an old grey-haired woman, who was going about and watching the hot-house of Death.

"How have you found your way here, and who helped you?"

"The good God has helped me," she replied. "He is merciful, and you will be merciful too. Where—where shall I find my little child?"

"I do not know it," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers and trees have faded this night, and Death will soon come and transplant them. You know very well that every human being has his tree of life, or his flower of life, just as each is arranged. They look like other plants, but their hearts beat. Children's hearts can beat too. Think of this. Perhaps you may recognize the beating of your child's heart. But what will you give me if I tell you what more you must do?"

"I have nothing more to give," said the afflicted mother. "But I will go for you to the ends of the earth."

"I have nothing for you to do there," said the old woman, "but you can give me your long black hair. You must know

yourself that it is beautiful, and ~~use by the way~~ You can take my white hair for it, and ~~th~~ you yourself have certainly ~~opte~~

"Do you ask for a garden with flowers, and a paling which ~~ou~~ that gladly." ~~A~~ by it, by the catch, in the midst of the most ~~exhausted~~ green grass, grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the great splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves spreading like rays round the little yellow sun in the centre. It never thought that no man would notice it down in the grass, and that it was a poor despised floweret; no, it was very merry, and turned to the warm sun, looked up at it, and listened to the Lark carolling high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school, and while they sat on their benches learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is. And the Daisy was very glad that everything it silently felt was sung so loudly and charmingly by the Lark. And the Daisy looked up with a kind of respect to the happy bird who could sing and fly; but it was not at all sorrowful because it could not fly and sing also.

"I can see and hear," it thought: "the sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. Oh, how richly have I been gifted!"

Within the palings stood many stiff, aristocratic ~~flowers~~—the less scent they had the more they flaunt! ~~blew~~

Hen wept, and went on: "I have also travelled. I rode in a coop about twelve miles; and there is no pleasure at all in travelling!"

"Yes, the Hen is a sensible woman!" said the doll Bertha. "I don't think anything of travelling among mountains, for you only have to go up, and then down again. No, we will go into the sand-pit beyond the gate, and walk about in the cabbage garden."

And so it was settled.

SATURDAY.

"Am I to hear some stories now?" asked little Hjalmar, as soon as Ole Luk-Oie had sent him to sleep.

"This evening we have no time for that," replied Ole Luk-Oie, and he spread his finest umbrella over the lad. "Only look at these Chinamen!"

And the whole umbrella looked like a great China dish, with blue trees and pointed bridges with little Chinamen upon them, who stood there nodding their heads.

"We must have the whole world prettily decked out for to-morrow morning," said Ole Luk-Oie, "for that will be a holiday—it will be Sunday. I will go to the church steeples to see that the little church goblins are polishing the bells, that they may sound sweetly. I will go out into the field, and see if the breezes are blowing the dust from the grass and leaves, and, what is the greatest work of all, I will bring down all the stars, to polish them. I take them in my apron; but first each one must be numbered, and the holes in which they are to be placed up there must be numbered likewise, so that they may be placed in the same grooves again; otherwise they would not sit fast, and we should have too many shooting stars, for one after another would fall down."

"Hark ye! Do you know, Mr Ole Luk Oie," remarked an old portrait which hung upon the wall where Hjalmar slept, "I am Hjalmar's great grandfather! I thank you for telling the boy stories, but you must not confuse his ideas. The stars cannot come down and be polished! The stars are world orbs, just like our own earth, and that is just the good thing about them."

"I thank you, old great grandfather," said Ole Luk Oie, "I thank you! You are the head of the family, you are the ancestral head. But I am older than you. I am an old heathen; the house-elves and trolls called me the Dream-trick. I have been in the thickest forests, and am admitted there still. I know how to sit with great people and with kings! Now you may tell your own story." And Ole Luk Oie took his umbrella, and went

SUNDAY.

"Good evening!" said Ole Luk-Oie; and Hjalmar nodded, and then ran and turned his great-grandfather's Portrait against the wall, that it might not interrupt them, as it had done yesterday.

"Now you must tell me stories—about the five green peas that lived in one shell, and about the cock's foot that paid court to the hen's foot, and of the darning-needle who gave herself such airs because she thought herself a working-needle."

"There may be too much of a good thing!" said Ole Luk-Oie. "You know that I prefer showing you something. I will show you my own brother. His name, like mine, is Ole Luk-Oie, but he never comes to any one more than once; and he takes him to whom he comes upon his horse, and tells him stories. He only knows two. One of these is so exceedingly beautiful that no one in the world can imagine it, and the other so horrible and dreadful that it cannot be described."

And then Ole Luk-Oie lifted little Hjalmar up to the window, and said,

"There you will see my brother, the other Ole Luk-Oie. They also call him Death! Do you see? he does not look so terrible as they make him in the picture books, where he is only a skeleton. No, that is silver embroidery that he has on his coat, that is a splendid hussar's uniform, a mantle of black velvet flies behind him over the horse. See how he gallops along!"

And Hjalmar saw how this Ole Luk-Oie rode away, and took young people as well as old upon his horse. Some of them he put before him, and some behind, but he always asked first—"How stands it with the mark book?" "Well," they all replied. "Yes, let me see it myself," he said. And then each one had to show him the book, and those who had "very well" and "remarkably well" written in their books were placed in front of his horse, and a lovely story was told to them, while those who had "muddling" or "tolerably well," had to sit up behind, and hear a very terrible story indeed. They trembled and wept, and wanted to jump off the horse, but thus they could not do, for they had all, as it were, grown fast to it.

"But Death is a most splendid Ole Luk-Oie," said Hjalmar. "I am not afraid of him!"

"Nor need you be," replied Ole Luk-Oie, "but see that you have a good mark book!"

"Yes, that is improving!" muttered the great grandfather's picture. "It is of some use giving one's opinion." And now he was satisfied.

You see, that is the story of Ole Luk-Oie, and now he may tell you more himself, this evening!

Hen wept and went on "I have also travelled. I rode in a coop about twelve miles; and there is no pleasure at all in travelling."

"Yes, the Hen is a sensible woman!" said the doll Bertha. "I do not think anything of traveling among mountains, for you only have to go up, and then down again. No, we will go into the sand pit beyond the gate, and walk about in the cabbage garden."

And so it was settled.

SATURDAY.

"Am I to hear some stories now?" asked Little Hjalmar, as soon as Ole Luk-Oie had sent him to sleep.

"This evening we have no time for that," replied Ole Luk-Oie; and he spread his honest umbrella over the lad. "Only look at these Chinamen!"

And the whole umbrella looked like a great China dish, with blue trees and pointed bridges with little Chinamen upon them, who stood there nodding their heads.

"We must have the whole world prettily decked out for to-morrow morning," said Ole Luk-Oie, "for that will be a holiday—it will be Sunday. I will go to the church steeples to see that the little church goblins are polishing the bells, that they may sound sweetly. I will go out into the field, and see if the breezes are blowing the dust from the grass and leaves; and, what is the greatest work of all, I will bring down all the stars, to polish them. I take them in my apron; but first each one must be numbered, and the holes in which they are to be placed up there must be numbered likewise, so that they may be placed in the same grooves again; otherwise they would not sit fast, and we should have too many shooting stars, for one after another would fall down."

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"I thank you, old great-grandfather," said Ole Luk-Oie, "I thank you! You are the head of the family, you are the ancestral head. But I am older than you! I am an old heathen: the Romans and Greeks called me the Dream God. I have been in the noblest houses, and am admitted there still! I know how to act with great people and with small! Now you may tell your own story!" And Ole Luk-Oie took his umbrella, and went away.

"Well, well! May one not even give an opinion now-a-days?" grumbled the old Portrait. And Hjalmar awoke.

SUNDAY.

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"Now you must tell me stories—about the five green peas that lived in one shell, and about the cock's foot that paid court to the hen's foot, and of the darning-needle who gave herself such airs because she thought herself a working-needle."

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is so warm, and everything so enjoyable! And when I go to sleep, and die, as they call it, I shall wake up as a butterfly, with beautiful wings to fly with."

"How contented you are!" exclaimed the Beetle. "I *ow* fly, about as a butterfly, indeed! I've come out of the stable of the Emperor, and no one there—not even the Emperor's favourite horse, that, by the way, wears my cast-off golden shoes—has any such idea. To have wings to fly! why, we can fly now!" And he spread his wings and flew away. "I don't want to be annoyed, and yet I am annoyed," he said, as he flew off.

Soon afterwards he fell down upon a great lawn. For awhile he lay there and feigned slumber, at last he really fell asleep in earnest.

Suddenly a heavy shower of rain came falling from the clouds. The Beetle woke up at the noise, and wanted to escape into the earth, but could not. He was tumbled over and over; sometimes he was swimming on his stomach, sometimes on his back, and as for flying, that was out of the question, he doubted whether he should escape from the place with his life. He therefore remained lying where he was.

When the weather had moderated a little, and the Beetle had rubbed the water out of his eyes, he saw something gleaming. It was linen that had been placed there to bleach. He managed to make his way up to it, and crept into a fold of the damp linen. Certainly the place was not so comfortable to lie in as the warm stable; but there was no better to be had, and therefore he remained lying there for a whole day and a whole night, and the rain kept on during all the time. Towards morning he crept forth. he was very much out of temper about the climate.

On the linen two Frogs were sitting. Their bright eyes absolutely gleamed with pleasure.

"Wonderful weather this!" one of them cried. "How refreshing! And the linen keeps the water together so beautifully. My hind legs seem to quiver as if I were going to swim."

"I should like to know," said the second, "if the swallow, who flies so far round, in her many journeys in foreign lands ever meets with a better climate than this. What delicious dampness! It is really as if one were lying in a wet ditch. Whoever does not rejoice in this, certainly does not love his fatherland."

"Have you been in the Emperor's stable?" asked the Beetle, "there the dampness is warm and refreshing. That's the climate for me; but I cannot take it with me on my journey. Is there never a muck-heap, here in the garden, where a person of rank, like myself, can feel himself at home, and take up his quarters?"

But the Frogs either did not or would not understand him.

"I never ask a question twice!" said the Beetle, after he had already asked this one three times without receiving any answer.

Then he went a little farther, and stumbled against a fragment

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of pottery, that certainly ought not to have been lying there; but as it was once there, it gave a good shelter against wind and weather. Here dwelt several families of Earwigs; and these did not require much, only sociality. The female members of the community were full of the purest maternal affection, and accordingly each one considered her own child the most beautiful and cleverest of all.

"Our son has engaged himself," said one mother. "Dear, innocent boy! His greatest hope is that he may creep one day into a clergyman's ear. It's very artless and lovable, that; and being engaged will keep him steady. What joy for a mother!"

"Our son," said another mother, "had scarcely crept out of the egg, when he was already off on his travels. He's all life and spirits; he'll run his horns off! What joy that is for a mother! Is it not so, Mr. Beetle?" for she knew the stranger by his horny coat.

"You are both quite right," said he; so they begged him to walk in; that is to say, to come as far as he could under the bit of pottery.

"Now you also see *my* little earwig," observed a third mother and a fourth; "they are lovely little things, and highly amusing. They are never ill behaved, except when they are uncomfortable in their inside; but, unfortunately, one is very subject to that at their age."

Thus each mother spoke of her baby, and the babies talked among themselves, and made use of the little nippers they have in their tails to nip the beard of the Beetle.

"Yes, they are always busy about something, the little rogues!" said the mothers, and they quite beamed with maternal pride, but the Beetle felt bored by that, and therefore he inquired how far it was to the nearest muck heap.

"That is quite out in the big world, on the other side of the ditch," answered an Earwig. "I hope none of my children will go so far, for it would be the death of me."

"But I shall try to get so far," said the Beetle, and he went off without taking formal leave, for that is considered the polite thing to do. And by the ditch he met several friends, beetles, all of them.

"Here we live," they said. "We are very comfortable here. Might we ask you to step down into this rich mud? You must be fat and good after your journey."

"Certainly," replied the Beetle. "I have been exposed to the rain, and have had to lie upon linen, and cleanliness is a thing that greatly exhausts me. I have also pins in one of my wings, from sticking in a draught under a fragment of pottery. It is really quite refreshing to be among one's companions once more."

"Perhaps you come from a muck heap?" observed the eldest of them.

"Indeed, I come from a much higher place," replied the Beetle. "I came from the Emperor's stable, where I was born with golder shoes on my feet. I am travelling on a secret embassy. You must not ask me any questions, for I can't betray my secret."

With this the Beetle stepped down into the rich mud? There sat three young maiden Beetles, and they tittered, because they did not know what to say.

"Not one of them is engaged yet," said their mother; and the Beetle maidens tittered again, this time from embarrassment.

"I have never seen greater beauties in the royal stables," exclaimed the Beetle, who was now resting himself.

"Don't spoil my guls," said the mother; "and don't talk to them, please, unless you have serious intentions. But of course your intentions are serious, and therefore I give you my blessing."

"Hurrah!" cried all the other Beetles together, and our friend was engaged. Immediately after the betrothal came the marriage, for there was no reason for delay.

The following day passed very pleasantly, and the next in tolerable comfort, but on the third it was time to think of food for the wife, and perhaps also for children.

"I have allowed myself to be taken in," said our Beetle to himself. "And now there's nothing for it but to take *them* in, in turn."

So said, so done. Away he went, and he stayed away all day, and stayed away all night, and his wife sat there, a forsaken widow.

"Oh," said the other Beetles, "this fellow whom we received into our family is nothing more than a thorough vagabond. He is gone away, and has left his wife a burden upon our hands."

"Well, then, she shall be unmarried again, and sit here among my daughters," said the mother. "Fie on the villain who forsook her!"

In the meantime the Beetle had been journeying on, and had sailed across the ditch on a cabbage-leaf. In the morning two persons came to the ditch. When they saw him, they took him up, and turned him over and over, and looked very learned, especially one of them—a boy.

"Allah sees the black beetle in the black stone and in the black rock. Is not that written in the Koran?" Then he translated the Beetle's name into Latin, and enlarged upon the creature's nature and history. The second person, an older scholar, voted for carrying him home. He said they wanted just such good specimens; and this seemed an uncivil speech to our Beetle, and in consequence he flew suddenly out of the speaker's hand. As he had now dry wings, he flew a tolerable distance, and reached a hotbed, where a sash of the glass roof was partly open, so he quietly slipped in and buried himself in the warm earth.

"Very comfortable it is here," said he.

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The Scholar and the Beetle

favourite horse had fallen, and had given him his golden shoes, with the promise that he should have two more.

That was all very charming. When the Beetle woke up, he crept forth and looked around him. What splendour was in the hothouse! In the background great palm trees growing up on high, the sun made them look transparent, and beneath them great a luxuriance of green, and of beaming flowers, red as fire, stamens as amber, or white as fresh fallen snow! quite as is an incomparable plenty of plants," cried the Beetle. "Perchance they will taste when they are decayed! A capital of them. this! There must certainly be relations of mine living

here. I will just see if I can find any one with whom I may associate. I'm proud, certainly, and I'm proud of being so."

And so he prowled about in the earth, and thought what a pleasant dream that was about the dying horse, and the golden shoes he had inherited.

Suddenly a hand seized the Beetle, and pressed him, and turned him round and round.

The gardener's little son and a companion had come to the hotbed, and espied the Beetle, and wanted to have their fun with him. First he was wrapped in a vine-leaf, and then put into warm trousers pocket. He cribbled and crabbled about there with all his might, but he got a good pressing from the boy's hand for this, which served as a hint to him to keep quiet. Then the boy went rapidly towards the great lake that lay at the end of the garden. Here the Beetle was put in an old broken wooden shoe, on which a little stick was placed upright for a mast, and to this mast the Beetle was bound with a woollen thread. Now he was a sailor, and had to sail away.

The lake was not very large, but to the Beetle it seemed an ocean; and he was so astonished at its extent, that he fell over on his back and kicked out with his legs.

The little ship sailed away. The current of the water seized it; but whenever he went too far from the shore, one of the boys turned up his trousers and went in after it, and brought it back to the land. But at length, just as it went merrily out again, the two boys were called away, and very harshly, so that they hurried to obey the summons, ran away from the lake, and left the little ship to its fate. Thus it drove away from the shore, farther and farther into the open sea. It was terrible work for the Beetle, for he could not get away in consequence of being bound to the mast.

Then a Fly came and paid him a visit.

"What beautiful weather!" said the Fly. "I'll rest here, and sun myself. You have an agreeable time of it."

"You speak without knowing the facts," replied the Beetle.

"Don't you see that I'm a prisoner?"

"Ah! but I'm not a prisoner," observed the Fly; and he flew away accordingly.

"Well, now I know the world," said the Beetle to himself. "It is an abominable world. I'm the only honest person in it. First, they refuse me my golden shoes, then I have to lie on wet linen, and to stand in the draught; and, to crown all, they fasten a wife upon me. Then, when I've taken a quick step out into the world, and found out how one can have it there, and how I wished to have it, one of those human boys comes and ties me up, and leaves me to the mercy of the wild waves, while the Emperor's horse prances about proudly in golden shoes. That is what annoys me more than all. But one must not look for sympathy in this world! My career has been very interesting; but

what's the use of that, if nobody knows it? The world does not deserve to be made acquainted with my history, for it ought to have given me golden shoes, when the Emperor's horse was shod, and I stretched out my feet to be shod too. If I had received golden shoes, I should have become an ornament to the stable. Now the stable has lost me, and the world has lost me. It is all over."

But all was not over yet. A boat, in which there were a few young girls, came rowing up.

"Look, yonder is an old wooden shoe sailing along," said one of the girls.

"There's a little creature bound fast to it," said another.

The boat came quite close to the Beetle's ship, and the young girls fishes him out of the water. One of them drew a small pair of scissors from her pocket, and cut the woollen thread, without hurting the Beetle; and when she stepped on shore, she put him down on the grass.

"Creep, creep—fly, fly—if thou canst," she said. "Liberty is a splendid thing."

And the Beetle flew up, and straight through the open window of a great building; there he sank down, tired and exhausted, exactly on the mane of the Emperor's favourite horse, who stood in the stable when he was at home, and the Beetle also. The Beetle clung fast to the mane, and sat there a short time to recover himself.

"Here I'm sitting on the Emperor's favourite horse—sitting on him just like the Emperor himself!" he cried. "But what was I saying? Yes, now I remember. That's a good thought, and quite correct. The smith asked me why the golden shoes were given to the horse. Now I'm quite clear about the answer. They were given to the horse on my account."

And now the Beetle was in a good temper again.

"Travelling expands the mind rarelv," said he.

WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

WILL tell you the story which was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I thought of the story, it seemed to me to become more and more charming; for it is with stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

I take it for granted that you have been in the country, and seen a very old farm-house with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable, for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a little fat body. The elder tree hangs over the paling, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard dog too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farm-house stood out in the country, and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was one article among it that they could do without—a horse, which made a living out of the grass it found by the side of the high road. The old peasant rode into the town on this horse; and often his neighbours borrowed it of him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchanged it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

"You'll know that best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day, so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange—whichever you do will be right to me. Ride off to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people who were all bound for the fair were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest, a man was trudging along, and driving a cow

to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said; "I tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," returned the man, and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it, and so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode sturdily on; and after a short time, he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So our peasant went on in the high road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one; and, if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange; I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection, and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became proprietor of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the high road became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the palings; and at the barrier they even walked into the toll-man's potato-field, where his own fowl was strutting about with a string to its legs, lest it should take fright at the crowd, and stray away, and so be lost. This fowl had short tail-feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl. What it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why, it's finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that

fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose.

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged—the toll-taker at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of brandy to drink, and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sack-full of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoiled. 'It was always property,' my old woman said—but here she could see a quantity of property—a whole sack-full. Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sack-full?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples, which he carried into the guest-room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot—he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse dealers, ox-herds, and two Englishmen—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst; and they could bet too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know—" said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had changed, for a cow, and all the rest of it down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What?—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'What the old man does is always right.'"

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager corned gold by the ton—a hundred pounds to the hundredweight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain—and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done—taken!"

108 *WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT.*

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"I've made exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman. And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he.

"Heaven be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk we shall now have, and butter and cheese upon the table! That was a most capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I change the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything—we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's-milk and cheese, and woollen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl," said the man.

"A fowl? That was a good exchange!" replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall soon have chickens—we shall have a whole poultry-yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

"What!—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband! Now I'll tell you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savoury herbs. I had eggs, and bacon too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's—they have herbs there, I know—but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she answered me, 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple. I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her twenty, or a whole sack-full. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishmen together.

"Always going down-hill, and always merry; that's worth the money!"

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right. •

You see, that is my story. I heard it when I was a child, and now you have heard it too, and know that "What the old man does is always right."

GOOD HUMOUR.

MY father left me the best inheritance, to wit—good humour. And who was my father? Why, that has nothing to do with the humour. He was lively and stout, round and fat; and his outer and inner man was in direct contradiction to his calling. And pray what was he by profession and calling in civil society? Yes, if this were to be written down and printed in the very beginning of a book, it is probable that many when they read it would lay the book aside, and say, "It looks so uncomfortable; I don't like anything of that sort." And yet my father was neither a horse slaughterer nor an executioner; on the contrary, his office placed him at the head of the most respectable gentry of the town; and he held his place by right, for it was his right place. He had to go first before the bishop even, and before the Princes of the Blood. He always went first—for he was the driver of the hearse!

There, now it's out! And I will confess that when people saw my father sitting perched up on the omnibus of death, dressed in his long, wide, black cloak, and with his black-bordered three-cornered hat on his head—and then his face, exactly as the sun is drawn, round and jovial—it was difficult for them to think of the grave and of sorrow. The face said, "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter—it will be better than one thinks."

You see, I have inherited my good humour from him, and also the habit of going often to the churchyard, which is a good thing to do if it be done in the right spirit; and then I take in the "Intelligencer," just as he used to do.

I am not quite young. I have neither wife, nor children, nor a library; but, as aforesaid, I take in the "Intelligencer," and that's my favourite newspaper, as it was also my father's. It is very useful, and contains everything that a man needs to know—such as who preaches in the church in the new books. And then what a lot of charity, and what a number of innocent, harmless

GOOD HUMOUR.

ettes are found in it. Advertisements for husbands and wives, and requests for interviews— all quite simple and natural. Certainly, one may live merrily and be contentedly buried if one takes in the "Intelligencer." And, as a concluding advantage, by the end of his life a man will have such a capital store of paper, that he may use it as a soft bed, unless he prefers to rest upon wood-shavings.

The newspaper and my walk to the churchyard were always my most exciting occupations—they were like bathing-places for my good humour.

The newspaper every one can read for himself. But please come with me to the churchyard, let us wander there where the sun shines and the trees grow green. Each of the narrow houses is like a closed book, with the back placed uppermost, so that one can only read the title and judge what the book contains, but can tell nothing about it, but I know something about them. I heard it from my father, or found it out myself. I have it all down in my record that I wrote out for my own use and pleasure: all that lie here, and a few more too, are chronicled in it.

Now we are in the churchyard, where once a rose tree grew— Here, behind the white railing, where once a rose tree grew— it is gone now, but a little evergreen from the next grave stretches out its green fingers to make a show— there rests a very unhappy man; and yet, when he lived, he was in what they call a good position. He had enough to live upon, and something over; but worldly cares, or, to speak more correctly, his great artistic taste weighed heavily upon him. If in the evening he sat in the theatre to enjoy himself thoroughly, he would be quite put out if the machinist had put too strong a light into one side of the moon, or if the sky-pieces hung down over the scenes when they ought to have hung behind them, or when a palm tree was introduced into a scene representing the Berlin Zoological Gardens, or a cactus in a view of the Tyrol, or a beech tree in the far north of Norway. As if that was of any consequence. It is not quite immaterial? Who would fidget about such a trifle? It's only make believe, after all, and every one is expected to be amused. Then sometimes the public applauded too much to suit his taste, and sometimes too little. "They're like wet wood this evening," he would say; "they won't kindle at all!" And then he would look round to see what kind of people they were; and sometimes he would find them laughing at the wrong time, when they ought not to have laughed, and that vexed him. And he fretted, and was an unhappy man, and at last fretted himself into his grave. Here rests a very happy man. That is to say, a very grand man. He was of high birth, and that was lucky for him, for otherwise he would never have been anything worth speaking of; and nature orders all that very wisely, so that it's quite charming.



The Churchyard narration

ing when we think of it. He used to go about in a coat embroidered back and front, and appeared in the saloons of society just like one of these costly, pearl-embroidered bell-pulls, which have always a good, thick, serviceable cord behind them to do the work. He likewise had a good stout cord behind him, in
 , and who still con-

that the name ended in "sen;" and therefore she said, as proudly as ever she could,

"But my papa can buy hundred dollars' worth of bon-bons, and throw them to the children! Can your papa do that?"

"Yes, but my papa," said an author's little daughter, "my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa into the newspaper. All people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for it is my father who rules in the paper."

And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as though she had been a real Princess, who is expected to look proud.

But outside at the door, which was ajar, stood a poor boy, peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such low station that he was not even allowed to enter the room. He had turned the spit for the cook, and she had allowed him to stand behind the door, and to look at the well-dressed children who were making a merry day within, and for him that was a great deal.

"Oh, to be one of them!" thought he; and then he heard what was said, which was certainly calculated to make him very unhappy. His parents at home had not a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write one; and what was worst of all, his father's name, and consequently his own, ended completely in "sen," and so he could not turn out well. That was terrible. But, after all, he had been born, and very well born as it seemed to him; that could not be otherwise.

And that is what was done on that evening.

Many years have elapsed since then, and in the course of years children became grown-up persons.

In the town stood a splendid house; it was filled with all kinds of beautiful objects and treasures, and all people wished to see it, even people who dwelt out of town came to see it. Which of the children of whom we have told might call this house his own? To know that is very easy. No, no, it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door, and he had become something great, although his name ended in "sen,"—THORWALDSEN.

And the three other children? the children of blood and of money, and of spiritual pride? Well, they had nothing where-with to reproach each other— they turned out well enough, but they had been well dowered by bountiful nature; and what they had thought and spoken on that evening long ago was more

William's prattle.

THE FLYING TRUNK.

THERE was once a merchant, who was so rich that he could pave the whole street with gold, and almost have enough left for a little lane. But he did not do that, he knew how to employ his money differently. When he spent a shilling he got back a crown, such a clever merchant was he; and this continued till he died.

His son now got all this money; and he lived merrily, going to the masquerade every evening, making kites out of dollar notes, and playing at ducks and drakes on the sea coast with gold pieces instead of pebbles. In this way the money might soon be spent, and indeed it was so. At last he had no more than four shillings left, and no clothes to wear but a pair of slippers and an old dressing gown. Now his friends did not trouble themselves any more about him, as they could not walk with him in the street, but one of them, who was good natured sent him an old trunk, with the remark, "Pack up!" Yes, that was all very well, but he had nothing to pack, therefore he seated himself in the trunk.

That was a wonderful trunk. So soon as any one pressed the lock, the trunk could fly. He pressed it, and *whizz!* away flew the trunk with him through the chimney and over the clouds, farther and farther away. But as often as the bottom of the trunk cracked a little he was in great fear lest it might go to pieces, and then he would have *flung* a fine somersault! In that way he came to the land of the Turks. He hid the trunk in a wood under some dry leaves, and then went into the town. He could do that very well, for among the Turks all the people were dressed like himself in dressing gown and slippers. Then he met a nurse with a little child.

"Here, you Turkish nurse," he began, "what kind of a great castle is that close by the town, in which the windows are so high up?"

"There dwells the Sultan's daughter," replied she. "It is prophesied that she will be very unhappy respecting a lover, and therefore nobody may go to her, unless the Sultan and Sultana are there too."

"Thank you!" said the merchant's son, and he went out into the forest, seated himself in his trunk, flew on the roof, and crept through the window into the Princess's room.

She was lying asleep on the sofa, and she was so beautiful that the merchant's son was compelled to kiss her. Then she awoke, and was very much startled; but he said he was a Turkish angel who had come down to her through the air, and that pleased her.

They sat down side by side, and he told her stories about her eyes; he told her they were the most glorious dark lakes, and

here in the house. My only pleasure is to sit in my place after dinner, very clean and neat, and to carry on a sensible conversation with my comrades. But except the Water-Pot, which sometimes is taken down into the courtyard, we always live within our four walls. Our only newsmonger is the Market Basket, but he speaks very uneasily about the government and the people. Yes, the other day there was an old pot that fell down from fright, and burst. He's liberal, I can tell you." "Now you're talking too much," the Tinder-Box interrupted, and the steel struck against the flint, so that sparks flew out. "Shall we not have a merry evening?"

"Yes, let us talk about who is the grandest," said the Matches.

"No, I don't like to talk about myself," retorted the Pot. "Let us get up an evening entertainment. I will begin. I will tell a story from real life, something that every one has experienced, so that we can easily imagine the situation, and take pleasure in it. On the Baltic, by the Danish shore."

"That's a pretty beginning," cried all the Plates. "That will be a story we shall like."

"Yes, it happened to me in my youth, when I lived in a quiet family where the furniture was polished, and the floors scoured, and new curtains were put up every fortnight."

"What an interesting way you have of telling a story," said the Carpet Broom. "One can tell directly that a man is speaking who has been in woman's society. There's something pure runs through it."

"And the Pot went on telling his story, and the end was as good as the beginning."

"All the Plates rattled with joy, and the Carpet Broom brought some green parsley out of the dust hole, and put it like a wreath on the Pot, for he knew that it would vex the others. 'If I crown him to-day,' it thought, 'he will crown me to-morrow'."

"Now I'll dance," said the Fire Tongue, and then danced. Prescribe us! how that implement could lift up one leg! The old Chair cushion burst to see it. "Shall I be crowned too?" thought the Tongue, and indeed a wreath was awarded.

"They're only common people, after all," thought the Matches.

Now the Tea-Urn was to sing, but she said she had taken cold, and could not sing unless she felt boiling within. But that was only affectation, she did not want to sing, except when she was in the parlour with the grand people.

"In the window sat an old Quill Pen, with which the maid generally wrote. There was nothing remarkable about this pen, except that it had been dipped too deep into the ink, but she was proud of that. 'If the Tea-Urn won't sing,' she said 'she may leave it alone. Outside hangs a nightingale in a cage, and he can sing. He hasn't had any education, but this evening we'll say nothing about that.'

that thoughts were swimming about in them like mermaids. And he told her about her forehead; that it was a snowy mountain with the most splendid halls and pictures. And he told her about the stork who brings the lovely little children.

Yes, those were fine histories! Then he asked the Princess if she would marry him, and she said "Yes," directly.

"But you must come here on Saturday," said she. "Then the Sultan and the Sultana will be here to tea. They will be so proud that I am to marry a Turkish angel. But take care: you know a very pretty story, for both my parents are very fond indeed of stories. My mother likes them high-flown and rare but my father likes them merry, so that one can laugh."

"Yes, I shall bring no marriage gift but a story," said he; and so they parted. But the Princess gave him a sabre, the scabbard embroidered with gold pieces and that was very useful to him. Now he flew away bought a new dressing-gown, and sat in the forest and made up a story, it was to be ready by Saturday and that was not an easy thing.

By the time he had finished it Saturday had come. The Sultan and his wife and all the Court were at the Princess's to tea. He was received very graciously.

"Will you relate us a story?" said the Sultana, one that is deep and edifying."

"Yes, but one that we can laugh at," said the Sultan.

"Certainly," he replied, and began. And now listen well.

"There was once a bundle of Matches, and these Matches were particularly proud of their high descent. Their genealogical tree that is to say, the great fir tree of which each of them was a fine splinter, had been a great old tree out in the forest. The Matches now lay between a Tinder-Box and an old iron Pot, and they were telling about the days of their youth. 'Yes, when we were upon the green boughs,' they said, 'then we really were upon the green boughs.' Every morning and evening there was diamond dew for us. 'meaning dew,' we had sunshine all day long whenever the sun shone, and all the little birds had to tell stories. We could see very well that we were rich, for the other trees were all dressed out in summer, while our family had the means to wear green dresses in the winter as well. But then the woodcutter came like a great revolution, and our family was broken up. The head of the family got in appointment as mainmast in a first rate ship which could sail round the world if necessary. The other branches went to other places, and now we have the office of kindling a light for the vulgar herd. That's how we grand people came to be in the kitchen."

"My fate was of a different kind," said the iron Pot which stood next to the Matches. "From the beginning, ever since I came into the world, there has been a great deal of scolding and crying done in me. I look after the practical part, and am the

here in the house. My only pleasure is to sit in my place after dinner, very clean and neat, and to carry on a sensible conversation with my comrades. But except the Water-Pot, which sometimes is taken down into the courtyard, we always live within our four walls. Our only newsmonger is the Market Basket; but he speaks very uneasily about the government and the people. Yes, the other day there was an old pot that fell down from fright, and burst. He's liberal, I can tell you.' 'Now you're talking too much,' the Tinder-Box interrupted, and the steel struck against the flint, so that sparks flew out. 'Shall we not have a merry evening?'

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THE FLYING TRUNK.

"I think it very wrong," said the Tea-Kettle—he was the kitchen-singer, and half-brother to the Tea-Urn—"that that rich and foreign bird should be listened to. Is that patriotic? Let the Market Basket decide."

"I am vexed," said the Market Basket. "No one can imagine how much I am secretly vexed. Is that a proper way of spending the evening? Would it not be more sensible to put the house in order? Let each one go to his own place, and I would arrange the whole game. That would be quite another thing."

"Yes, let us make a disturbance," cried they all. Then the door opened and the maid came in, and they all stood still; not one stirred. But there was not one pot among them who did not know what he could do, and how grand he was. "Yes, if I had liked, each one thought, 'it might have been a very merry evening.' The servant girl took the Matches and lighted the fire with them. Mercy! how they sputtered and burst out into flame! 'Now every one can see,' thought they, 'that we are the first. How we shine! what a light!'—and they burned out."

"That was a capital story," said the Sultana. "I feel myself quite carried away to the kitchen, to the Matches. Yes, now thou shalt marry our daughter."

"Yes, certainly," said the Sultan, "thou shalt marry our daughter on Monday."

And they called him *ihon* because he was to belong to the family. The wedding was decided on, and on the evening before it the whole city was illuminated. Biscuits and cakes were thrown among the people, the street boys stood upon their toes, called out "Hurrah!" and whistled on their fingers. It was uncommon splendid.

"Yes, I shall have to give something as a treat," thought the merchant's son. So he bought rockets and crackers, and every imaginable sort of firework, put them all into his trunk, and flew up into the air.

"Crack!" how they went, and how they went off! All the Turks hopped up with such a start that their slippers flew about their ears; such a meteor they had never yet seen. Now they could understand that it must be a Turkish angel who was going to marry the Princess.

What stories people tell! Every one whom he asked about it had seen it in a different way; but one and all thought it fine. "I saw the Turkish angel himself," said one. "He had eyes like glowing stars, and a beard like foaming water."

"He flew in a fiery mantle," said another; "the most lovely little cherub peeped forth from among the folds."

Yes, they were wonderful things that he heard, and on the following day he was to be married.

Now he went back to the forest to rest himself in his trunk.

But what had become of that? A spark from the fireworks had set fire to it, and the trunk was burned to ashes. He could not fly any more, and could not get to his bride.

She stood all day on the roof waiting; and most likely she is waiting still. But he wanders through the world telling fairy tales, but they are not so merry as that one he told about the Matchless.

THE LAST PEARL

WE are in a rich, a happy house; all are cheerful and full of joy, master, servants, and friends of the family; for on this day an heir, a son had been born, and mother and child were doing exceedingly well.

The burning lamp in the bed-chamber had been partly shaded, and the windows were guarded by heavy curtains of some costly silken fabric. The carpet was thick and soft as a mossy lawn, and everything invited to slumber—was charmingly suggestive of repose; and the nurse found that, for she slept; and here she might sleep, for everything was good and blessed. The guardian spirit of the house leaned against the head of the bed; over the child at the mother's breast there spread as it were a net of shining stars in endless number, and each star was a pearl of happiness. All the good stars of life had brought their gifts to the new born one; here sparkled health, wealth, fortune, and love—in short, everything that man can wish for on earth.

"Everything has been presented here," said the guardian spirit.

"No, not everything," said a voice near him, the voice of the child's *good angel*. "One fairy has not yet brought her gift; but she will do so some day; even if years should elapse first, she will bring her gift. The *last pearl* is yet wanting."

"Wanting! here nothing may be wanting; and if it should be the case, let me go and seek the powerful fairy; let us betake ourselves to her."

"She comes! she will come some day unto us! Her pearl may not be wanting; it must be there, so that the complete crown may be won."

"Where is she to be found? Where does she dwell? Tell it me, and I will procure the pearl."

"You will do that?" said the good angel of the child. "I will lead you to her directly, wherever she may be. She has no abiding place—sometimes she rules in the Emperor's palace."

sometimes you will find her in the peasant's humble cot; she goes by no person without leaving a trace; she brings two gifts to all, be it a word or a trifle. To this child also she must come. You think the time is equally long but not equally profitable. Come let us go for this pearl, the last pearl in all this wealth."

And hand in hand they floated towards the spot where the fairy was now lingering.

It was a great house, with dark windows and empty rooms, and a peculiar stillness reigned therein, a whole row of windows had been opened so that the rough air could penetrate at its



The Angels discoursing about the child

pleasure the long white hanging curtains moved to and fro in the current of wind.

In the middle of the room was placed an open coffin, and in this coffin lay the corpse of a woman still in the bloom of youth, and very beautiful. Fresh roses were scattered over her, so that only the delicate folded hands and the noble face, glorified in death by the solemn look of consecration and entrance to the better world, were visible.

Around the coffin stood the husband and the children, a whole

troop; the youngest child rested on the father's arm, and all bade their mother their last farewell; the husband kissed her hand, the hand which now was as a withered leaf, but which a short time ago had been working and striving in diligent love for them all. Tears of sorrow rolled over their cheeks, and fell in heavy drops to the floor; but not a word was spoken. The silence which reigned here expressed a world of grief. With silent footsteps and with many a sob they quitted the room.

A burning light stands in the room, and the long red wick peers out high above the flame that flickers in the current of air. Strange men come in, and lay the lid on the coffin over the dead one, and drive the nails firmly in, and the blows of the hammer resound through the house, and echo in the hearts that are bleeding.

"Whither art thou leading me?" asked the guardian spirit. "Here dwells no fairy whose pearl might be counted amongst the best gifts of life!"

"Here she lingers; here in this sacred hour," said the angel, and pointed to a corner of the room; and there, where in her lifetime the mother had taken her seat amid flowers and pictures; there from whence, like the beneficent fairy of the house, she had greeted husband, children, and friends, from whence, like the sunbeams, she had spread joy and cheerfulness, and been the centre and the heart of all—there sat a strange woman, clad in long garments. It was "the Chastened Heart," now mistress and mother here in the dead lady's place. A hot tear rolled down into her lap, and formed itself into a pearl glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. The angel seized it, and the pearl shone like a star of sevenfold radiance.

The pearl of Chastening, the last, which must not be wanting! it heightens the lustre and the meaning of the other pearls. Do you see the sheen of the rainbow—of the bow that unites heaven and earth? A bridge has been built between this world and the heaven beyond. Through the earthly night we gaze upward to the stars, looking for perfection. Contemplate it, the pearl of Chastening, for it hides within itself the wings that shall carry us to the better world.

THE STORKS.



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sometimes you will find her in the peasant's humble cot; she goes by no person without leaving a trace; she brings two gifts to all, be it a world or a trifle. To this child also she must come. You think the time is equally long, but not equally profitable. Come, let us go for this pearl, the last pearl in all this wealth."

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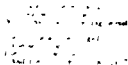


The Boys mocking the Storks

fly well, for that is highly important, for whoever cannot fly properly will be thrust dead by the general's beak; so take care and learn well when the exercising begins."

"But then we shall be killed, as the boy says—and only listen, now they're singing again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," replied the Mother-Stork. "After the great review we shall fly away to the warm countries, far away from here, over mountains and forests. We shall fly to Egypt, where there are three covered houses of stone, which curl in a point and tower above the clouds; they are called pyramids, and are older than a stork can imagine. There is a river in that



"Tell me what these boys are saying," said the little Stork-child. "They say we are to be hanged and killed."

"Do not be so afraid for that," said the Mother Stork. "Don't listen to it, and then it won't matter."

But the boys went on saying it. One pointed at the Storks mockingly with their fingers. Only one boy, whose name was Peter, declared that it was a sin to make a jest of animals, and he would not join in it at all.

The Mother Stork comforted her children. "Don't you mind it at all," she said, "see how quiet your father stands, though it is only on one leg."

"We are very much afraid," said the young Storks, and they drew their heads far back into the nest.

Now to-day, when the children came out again to play, and saw the Storks, they sang their song.*

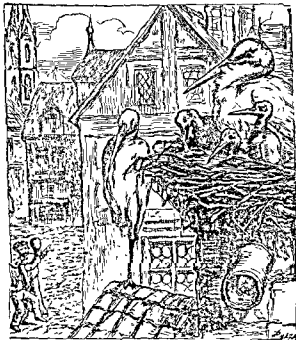
* The first he will be hanged.
The second will be hanged.

"Shall we be hanged and beaten?" asked the young Storks.

"No, certainly not," replied the mother. "You shall learn to fly; I'll exercise you; then we shall fly out into the meadows and pay a visit to the frogs, they will bow before us in the water, and sing 'Coax! coax!' and then we shall eat them up. That will be a real pleasure."

"And what then?" asked the young Storks.

"Then all the Storks will assemble, all that are here in the hole country, and the autumn exercises begin: then one must



The Boys making the Storks

fly well, for that is highly important, for whoever cannot fly properly will be thrust dead by the general's beak; so take care and learn well when the exercising begins."

"But then we shall be killed, as the boy says —and only listen, now they're singing again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," replied the Mother-Stork. "After the great review we shall fly away to the warm countries, far away from here, over mountains and forests. We shall fly to Egypt, where there are three covered houses of stone, which curl in a point and tower above the clouds; they are called pyramids, and are older than a stork can imagine. There is a river in that

THE STORKS

which runs out of its bed, and then all the land is turned mud. One walks about in the mud, and eats frogs." Oh-h!" cried the young ones. "It is glorious there! One does nothing all day long at, and while we are so comfortable over there, here there is a green leaf on the trees; here it is so cold that the clouds to pieces, and fall down in little white rags!" as the snow that she meant, but she could not explain it in any way.

"Do the naughty boys freeze to pieces?" asked the young ones. "they do not freeze to pieces; but they are not far from it just sit in the dark room and cower. You, on the other hand, fly about in foreign lands, where there are flowers, and times warm."

Some time had elapsed, and the nestlings had grown so that they could stand upright in the nest and look far and wide. The Father-Stork came every day with delicious snakes, and all kinds of stork-dainties as he found them. "It looked funny when he performed feats before I laid his head quite back upon his tail, and clapped his wings, all about the marshes."

"Now you must learn to fly," said the Mother-Stork, "all the four young ones had to go out on the roof. Oh, how they tottered! how they balanced on their wings, and yet they were nearly falling."

"It me," said the mother. "Thus you must hold thus you must pitch your feet! One, two! one, that will help you on in the world." "A little way, and the young ones made a little hop!—there they lay, for their bodies were too heavy."

"I said one of the young Storks, and crept back on't care about getting to the warm countries? freeze to death here when the winter comes? and hang you, and singe you, and roast them."

The young Stork, and hopped out on to the street. They could actually fly a little, and then they to soar and hover in the air. They tried it, they tumbled, and they had to shoot their wings. Now the boys came into the street.

"Look, Stork, fly away!"

"Shall we fly down and pick their eyes out?" asked the young Storks.

"No," replied the mother, "let them alone. Only listen to me that's far more important. One, two, three'—now we fly round to the right. One, two, three'—now to the left round the chimney. See, that was very good! the last kick with the feet was so neat and correct that you shall have permission to-morrow to fly with me to the marsh! Several nice stork families go there with their young: show them that mine are the nicest and that you can start proudly; that looks well, and will get you consideration."

"But are we not to take revenge on the rude boys?" asked the young Storks.

"Let them scream as much as they like. You will fly up to the clouds, and get to the land of the pyramids, when they will have to shiver, and not have a green leaf or a sweet apple."

"Yes, but we will revenge ourselves," they whispered to one another; and then the exercising went on.

Among all the boys down in the street, the one most bent upon singing the teasing song was he who had begun it, and he was quite a little boy. He could hardly be more than six years old. The young Storks certainly thought he was a hundred, for he was much bigger than their mother and father, and how should they know how old children and grown up people can be? Their revenge was to come upon this boy, for it was he who had begun and he always kept on. The young Storks were very angry, and as they grew bigger they were less inclined to bear it, at last their mother had to promise them that they should be revenged but not till the last day of their stay.

"We must first see how you behave at the grand review. If you get through badly, so that the general stabs you through the chest with his beak, the boys will be right, at least, in one way. Let us see."

"Yes, you shall see," cried the young Storks, and then they took all imaginable pains. They practised every day, and flew so neatly and so lightly that it was a pleasure to see them.

Now the autumn came on, all the Storks began to assemble, to fly away to the warm countries while it is winter here. That was a review. They had to fly over forests and villages to show how well they could soar, for it was a long journey they had before them. The young Storks did their part so well that they set as a mark, "Remarkably well, with frogs and snakes." That was the highest mark, and they might eat the frogs and snakes. And that is what they did.

"Now we will be revenged," they said.

"Yes, certainly," said the Mother Stork. "What I have thought of will be the best. I know the pond in which all the little mortals lie till the stork comes and brings them to their vents. The pretty little babies lie there and dream so sweetly



Grandmother looking at the withered flower

and she smiles; Grandmother cannot smile thus now!—yes, now she smiles! But now he has passed away, and many thoughts and many forms of the past; and the handsome young man is gone, and the rose lies in the hymn-book, and Grandmother sits there again, an old woman, and glances down at the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now Grandmother is dead. She had been sitting in her arm-chair, and telling a long, long, capital tale, and she said the tale was told now, and she was tired, and she leaned her head back to sleep awhile. One could hear her breathing as she slept; but it became quieter and quieter, and her countenance was

GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER is a very old, she has many wrinkles, and her hair is all white, but her eyes, which are her treasure, and which make her so dear, look at you kindly and pleasantly, and it looks just as if she were at you. And then she is full of the most wonderful stories, and she has a gown with great flowers on each side, and it is of a heavy silk, and it has a train, which she wears a great deal, for she was very young before father and mother. She is a very old woman. Grandmother has a hymn-book with great many songs, and she often reads a little book; on the inside of the book lies a rose, quite flat and dry. It is not so pretty as the roses she has standing in the glass, and yet she loves it as much as if it were of silk, and tears even come into her eyes. I wonder why grandmother looks at the withered flower in the old book in that way? Do you know? Why, each time that grandmother's tears fall upon the rose, its colours become fresh again, the rose smells and fills the whole room with its fragrance; the walls look as if they were but mist, and all around her is the glorious green wood, where in summer the sunlight streams through the leaves of the trees, and grandmother—why, she is young again, a charming maid with light curls and full blooming cheeks, pretty and graceful, fresh as any rose, but the eyes, the mild blessed eyes, they have been left to Grandmother. At her side sits a young man, tall and strong, he gives the rose to her.



Grandmother looking at the withered finger

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THE UGLY DUCKLING.

filled happiness and peace. It seemed as if a sunbeam spread over her features, and she smiled again, and then the people said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin, and there she lay shrouded in the white linen folds. Looking down at it and musing, though her eyes were closed, but every wrinkle had van-ished, and there was a smile around her mouth. Her hair was silver white and venerable, and we did not feel at all afraid to look at the corpse of her who had been the dear good grandmother. And the hymn-book was placed under her head, for she had wished it so, and the rose was still in the old book, and then they buried Grandmother.

In the grave, close by the churchyard wall, they planted a rose tree, and it was filled with roses, and the nightingale flew singing over the dowers and over the grave. In the church the fine psalms were read from the organ, the psalms that were written in the old book under the dead one's head. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead one was not there. Every child could go safely, even at night, and pick a rose there by the churchyard wall. A dead person knows more than all we living ones. The dead know what a terror would come upon us, if the strange thing were to happen that they appeared among us; the dead are better than we all, the dead return no more. The earth has been heaped over the coffin, and it is earth that lies in the coffin, and the leaves of the hymn book are dust, and the rose, with all its recollections, has returned to dust likewise. But above there bloom fresh roses, the nightingale sings and the organ sounds, and the remembrance lives of the old Grandmother with the mild eyes that always looked young. *Eyes can never die!* Ours will once behold Grandmother again, young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that is now dust in the grave.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

IT was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the corn-fields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was

really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock, and cackle with her.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open. "Piep! piep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap! rap!" they said, and they all came rapping out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father - the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck, and she went away. At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that: can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find it out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

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She was laid in the black coffin; and there she lay shrouded in the white linen folds, looking beautiful and mild, though eyes were closed; but every wrinkle had vanished, and there was a smile around her mouth; her hair was silver-white and venerable, and we did not feel at all afraid to look at the corpse of her who had been the dear good Grandmother. And the hymn-book was placed under her head, for she had wished it so, the rose was still in the old book; and then they buried Grandmother.

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THE UGLY DUCKLING.

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and
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 had been put up in stacks in the green meadow.
 The duck went about on his long red legs, and chatter-
 ed his was the language he had learned from his go-
 round the fields and meadows were great forests
 midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was



The Duckling being fed by the Mother

and so on. I think he will be very strong. He makes his way already." "The mother duck is grateful enough," said the old Duck. "Max, yourself at home, and if you find an old's head, you may say, 'It is too big!'"

And so they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept out of the egg and looked so ugly, was beaten and pushed and pressed, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey cock, who had been long with a wife and therefore thought himself an Emperor, he too used up his ship in food and laid straight down upon it, then he gulped, and grew quite red in the face. The

poor Duckling did not know where it should stand, or was quite melancholy because it looked ugly, and was scoffed by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" An mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the duck it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; it shut its eyes, but flew on farther, thus it came out into great moor, where the Wild Ducks lived. Here it lay the night long, and it was weary and downcast.

Towards morning the Wild Ducks flew up, and looked at new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is indifferent to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! it certainly did not think of marrying, and hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds, and drink some the swamp-water.

Thus it lay two whole days, then came thither two Wild Geese, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long, each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage. Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Puff! puff!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Puff! puff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all round in moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up in clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came—splash, splash! into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head, and hid it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog came close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly, he thrust out his nose

close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and— splash, splash!—on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly, that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored, but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up, it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Towards evening the Duck came to a little miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side it should fall, and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it, and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room, and it did so.

Here lived a woman, with her Tom Cat and her Hen. And the Tom Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks, but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little short legs, and therefore she was called Chuckabiddy-shortshanks, she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Tom Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round, but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks, but no eggs came. And the Tom Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and always said "We and the world!" for she thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue!"

And the Tom Cat said, "Can you curve your back and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy, then

[illegible]

$\frac{d}{dt} \log \left(\frac{\|x\|^2}{\|y\|^2} \right) = \frac{2}{\|x\|^2} \operatorname{Re} \langle x, \dot{x} \rangle - \frac{2}{\|y\|^2} \operatorname{Re} \langle y, \dot{y} \rangle$

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

1000. The small, more slender phylum, *Phyllanthus*, is a small, slender, upright, branching, herbaceous plant, with small, opposite, ovate, leaves, and small, axillary, flowers. The fruit is a small, globose, capsule, which is often enclosed in a persistent, fleshy, bract. The plant is often found in wet, shaded areas, and is a common weed in many parts of the tropics.

$$V = \{v \in V : v' \text{ has a left inverse and } t(v) \neq 4\} = \emptyset$$
[illegible]

"Yes, the go!" replied the Hen.

And the final "went away" it says in the water, and
 lived, but it was shunned by every creature because of its
 ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown, the wind caught them so that they danced about, and put the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snow flakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold, yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had not a good time. One evening the sun was just setting in his beauty—there came a whole flock of great handsome birds out of the bushes, they were dazzlingly white, with long flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly little Duckling felt quite strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and uttered such a strange

loud cry as frightened itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds, and so soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whether they were flying, but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company—the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the ice covering crackled again, and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it, but the Duckling thought they would do it an injury, and in its terror huddled up into the milk-pail, so that the milk spouted down into the room. The woman clasped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter tub, and then into the meal barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the tye tongs, the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling, and they laughed and screamed loudly! Happily the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly fallen snow, and there it lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too melancholy if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing, it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings, they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it strongly away. And before it well knew how all this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelt sweet, and bent the long green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans. They rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But it is of no consequence! Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the

girl who takes care of the poultry-yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans—these looked at it, and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It beheld its own image—and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark-grey bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but—a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.


It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendour that surrounded it. And the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water, the youngest cried, "There is the new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother, and bread and cake were thrown into the water, and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" and the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart,

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

THE LOVELIEST ROSE IN THE WORLD.

 In a certain country there reigned a Queen, in whose garden were found the most glorious flowers at all seasons, and from all the lands in the world—but especially she loved roses, and therefore she possessed the most various kinds of this flower, from the wild dog rose with the apple scented green leaves, to the most splendid Provence rose. They grew against the castle walls, and wound themselves round pillars and with their fragrant

the passages, and all along the ceiling in all the halls. And the roses were various in fragrance, form, and colour.

But care and sorrow dwelt in these halls: the Queen lay upon a sick-bed, and the doctors declared that she must die.

"There is still one thing that can serve her," said the wisest of them. "Bring her the loveliest rose in the world, the one which is the expression of the brightest and purest love; for if that is brought before her eyes ere they close, she will not die."

And the young and old came from every side with roses, the loveliest that bloomed in each garden; but they were not the



The Wise Man visits the Sick Queen.

right sort. The flower was to be brought out of the garden of Love, but what rose was it there that expressed the highest and purest love?

And the poets sang of the loveliest rose in the world, and each one named his own, and intelligence was sent far round the land to every heart that beat with love, to every class and condition, and to every age.

"No one has till now named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has yet pointed out the place where it bloomed in its splendour. They are not the roses from the coffin of Romeo and Juliet, or from the Walburg's grave, though these roses will be ever fragrant in song. They are not the roses that sprouted from Winkelried's blood-stained lances, from the blood that flows

in a sacred cause from the breast of the hero who dies for his country; though no death is sweeter than this, and no rose redder than the blood that flows then. Nor is it that wondrous flower, to cherish which man devotes, in a quiet chamber, many a sleepless night, and much of his fresh life—the magic flower of science.”

“I know where it blooms,” said a happy mother, who came with her pretty child to the bed-side of the Queen. “I know where the loveliest rose of the world is found! The rose that is the expression of the highest and purest love springs from the blooming cheeks of my sweet child when, strengthened by sleep, it opens its eyes and smiles at me with all its affection.”

“Lovely is this rose; but there is still a lovelier,” said the wise man.

“Yes, a far lovelier one,” said one of the women. “I have seen it, and a loftier, purer rose does not bloom. I saw it on the cheeks of the Queen. She had taken off her golden crown, and in the long dreary night she was carrying her sick child in her arms. she wept, kissed it, and prayed for her child as a mother prays in the hour of her anguish.”

“Holy and wonderful in its might is the white rose of Grief; but it is not the one we seek.”

“No, the loveliest rose of the world I saw at the altar of the Lord,” said the good old Bishop. “I saw it shine as if an angel’s face had appeared. The young maidens went to the Lord’s Table, and renewed the promise made at their baptism, and roses were blushing and pale roses shining on their fresh cheeks. A young girl stood there; she looked with all the purity and love of her young spirit up to heaven. that was the expression of the highest and the purest love.”

“May she be blessed!” said the wise man; “but not one of you has yet named to me the loveliest rose of the world.”

Then there came into the room a child, the Queen’s little son. Tears stood in his eyes and glistened on his cheeks: he carried a great open book, and the binding was of velvet, with great silver clasps.

“Mother!” cried the little boy, only hear what I have read.”

And the child sat by the bed-side, and read from the book of Him who suffered death on the Cross to save men, and even those who were not yet born.

“Greater love there is not——”

And a roseate hue spread over the cheeks of the Queen, and her eyes gleamed, for she saw that from the leaves of the book there bloomed the loveliest rose, that sprang from the blood of CHRIST shed on the Cross.

“I see it!” she said. “he who beholds this, the loveliest rose on earth, shall never die.”

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Then there came into the room a child, the Queen's little boy. Tears stood in his eyes and glistened on his cheeks—he carried a great open book, and the binding was of velvet, with great letters of gold.

"Mother," cried the little boy, "only hear what I have read. And then I sat by the bed-side, and read from the book of life—a man suffered death on the Cross to save men, and for him we were not yet born."

"Where is there is not."

And a crimson hue spread over the cheeks of the Queen, her eyes gleamed, for she saw that from the leaves of the book she had read the sweet story, that sprang from the blood of the Cross.

"I see it," she said. "The white lily of the Cross, the loveliest rose of the world."

HOLGER DANISH.



Holger Danske

word and deed the flame was a star on his breast, another heart in the Danish arms.

And the spirit of the old grandfather flew on before the waving flames, for his spirit knew whither the flames desired to go. In the humble room of the peasant woman stood Frederick VI, writing his name with chalk on the beam.* The flame trembled

* On a journey on the west coast of Jutland the King visited an old woman. When he had already quitted her house the woman ran after him and begged him, as a remembrance, to write his name upon a beam; the King turned back and complied. During his whole life she felt and worked for the peasant class; therefore the Danish peasants begged to be allowed to carry his coffin to the royal vault at Roskilde, four Danish miles from Copenhagen.

of heaven. And then *he* whose father belonged to thy calling, the son of the old figure-head carver, he whom we have ourselves seen with his silver hairs and his broad shoulders, he whose name is spoken of in all lands! Yes, *he* was a sculptor, I am only a carver. Yes, Holger Danske may come in many forms, so that one hears in every country in the world of Denmark's strength. Shall we now drink the health of Bertel?"*

But the little lad in the bed saw plainly the old Kronenburg with the Oer Sound, the real Holger Danske, who sat deep below, with his beard grown through the marble table, dreaming of all that happens up here. Holger Danske also dreamed of the little humble room where the carver sat; he heard all that passed, and nodded in his sleep, and said,

"Yes, remember me, ye Danish folk; remember me. I shall come in the hour of need."

And without by the Kronenburg shone the bright day, and the wind carried the notes of the hunting-horn over from the neighbouring land; the ships sailed past, and saluted, "Boom! boom!" and from the Kronenburg came the reply, "Boom! boom!" But Holger Danske did not awake, however loudly they shot, for it was only "Good day" and "Thank you!" There must be another kind of shooting before he awakes; but he will awake, for there is faith in Holger Danske.

THE PUPPET SHOWMAN.

ON board the steamer was an elderly man with such a merry face that, if it did not belie him, he must have been the happiest fellow in creation. And, indeed, he declared he was the happiest man; I heard it out of his own mouth. He was a Dane, a travelling theatre director. He had all his company with him in a large box, for he was proprietor of a puppet-show. His inborn cheerfulness he said, had been *purified* by a Polytechnic candidate, and the experiment had made him completely happy. I did not at first understand all this, but afterwards he explained the whole story to me, and here it is. He told me

"It was in the little town of Slagelse I gave a representation in the hall of the posting-house, and had a brilliant audience, entirely a juvenile one, with the exception of two respectable matrons. All at once a person in black, of student-like appearance, came into the room and sat down; he laughed aloud at the telling parts,

* Bertel Thorvaldsen

have life breathed into your puppets, so that they might be real actors, and you their director, and would you then be quite happy?" He did not believe it, but I believed it, and we talked it over all manner of ways without coming any nearer to an agreement, but we clanked our glasses together, and the wine was excellent. There was some magic in it, or I certainly should have become tipsy. But that did not happen; I retained my clear view of things, and somehow there was sunshine in the room, and sunshine beamed out of the eyes of the Polytechnic candidate. It made me think of the old stories of the gods, in their eternal youth, when they still wandered upon earth and paid visits to the mortals, and I said so to him, and he smiled, and I could have sworn he was one of the ancient gods in disguise, or that, at any rate, he belonged to the family, and certainly he must have been something of the kind, for my highest wish was to have been fulfilled, the puppets were to be gifted with life, and I was to be director of a real company. We drank to my success and clanked our glasses. He packed all my dolls into a box, bound the box on my back, and then let me fall through a spiral. I heard myself tumbling, and then I was lying on the floor—I know that quite well—and the whole company sprang out of the box. The spirit had come upon all of us—all the puppets had become distinguished artists, so they said themselves, and I was the director. All was ready for the first representation; the whole company wanted to speak to me, and the public also. The dancing lady said the house would fall down if she did not keep it up by standing on one leg; for she was the great genius, and begged to be treated as such. The lady who acted the Queen wished to be treated off the stage as a Queen, or else she should get out of practice. The man who was only employed to deliver a letter gave himself just as many airs as the first lover, for he declared the little ones were just as important as the great ones, and all were of equal consequence, considered as an artistic whole. The hero would only play parts composed of nothing but points; for those brought him down the applause. The prima donna would only play in a red light; for she declared that a blue one did not suit her complexion. It was like a company of flies in a bottle; and I was in the bottle with them, for I was the director. My breath stopped and my head whirled round, I was as miserable as a man can be. It was quite a novel kind of men among whom I now found myself. I only wished I had them all in the box again, and that I had never been a director at all, so I told them roundly that after all they were nothing but puppets; and then they killed me. I found myself lying on my bed in my room, and how I got there, and how I got away at all from the Polytechnic candidate, he may perhaps know, for I don't. The moon shone upon the floor where the box lay open, and the dolls all in a confusion together—great and small, all scattered about, but I was not idle. Out of bed I jumped,

have life breathed into your puppets, so that they might be real actors, and you their director, and would you then be quite happy?" He did not believe it; but I believed it, and we talked over all manner of ways without coming any nearer to an agreement. At last we clanked our glasses together, and the wine was excellent. There was some magic in it, or I certainly should have become a pup. But that did not happen. I retained my clear view of things, as I somehow there was sunshine in the room, and sunshine beamed out of the eyes of the Polyestrous andwate. It made me think of the old stories of the gods, in their eternal youth, when they still wandered upon earth and paid visits to the mortals, and I said so to him, and he smiled, and I could have sworn he was one of the ancient gods. I argued, or that, at any rate, he belonged to the family, and certainly he must have been acquainted of the kind, for my highest wish was to have been full of the puppets were to be a lived with life, and I was to be directed by a real company. We drank to our success and I clanked my glasses. He packed all my dolls into a box, brought the box on my hands, and then let me fall through a spiral. I heard music from below, and then I was lying on the floor. I know that quite well, and the whole company sprang out of the box. The new stage was upon all of us, all the puppets had become things we had seen, so they said themselves, and I was the director. A woman was for the first representation, the whole company watched, as was I myself, and the public also. The director's lady said the house would fall down if she did not keep it up by standing on one leg, for she was the great actress, and he had to be there.

[illegible]

*The Prisoner*

on his neck and breast ; and the bad chained man looks at him : a milder expression comes into the criminal's hard face . in his breast there swells up a thought—a thought he himself cannot rightly analyse ; but the thought has to do with the sunbeam, with the scent of violets which grow luxuriantly in spring at the foot of the wall . Now the horns of the chasseur soldiers sound merry and full . The little bird starts, and flies away , the sunbeam gradually vanishes, and again it is dark in the room, and dark in the heart of the bad man ; but still the sun has shone into that heart, and the twittering of the bird has touched it !

Sound on, ye glorious strains of the hunting horns! Continue to sound, for the evening is mild, and the surface of the sea, smooth as a mirror, heaves slowly and gently



IN THE DUCK-YARD



DUCK arrived from Portugal. Some said she came from Spain, but that's all the same . At any rate, she was called the Portuguese, and laid eggs and was killed and cooked.

A PICTURE FROM THE FORTRESS WALL.

IT is autumn. we stand on the fortress wall, and look out over the sea. we look at the numerous ships, and at the Swedish coast on the other side of the Sound, which rises far above the mirror of waters in the evening glow, behind us the woods stand sharply out. mighty trees surround us, the yellow leaves flutter down from the branches. Below, at the foot of the wall, stand gloomy houses fenced in with palisades; in these it is very narrow and dismal, but still more dismal is it behind the grated loopholes in the wall for there sit the prisoners, the worst criminals.

A ray of the sinking sun shoots into the bare cell of one of the captives. The sun shines upon the good and the evil. The dark stubborn criminal throws an impatient look at the cold ray. A little bird flies towards the grating. The bird twitters to the wicked as to the just. He only utters his short "tweet! tweet!" but he perches upon the grating, claps his wings, pecks a feather from one of them, puffs himself out, and sets his feathers on end.

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the yard can understand you, I may assert that I am that person."

"She's quite full of Portulak," said a little common Duck, who was witty, and all the other common Ducks considered the word *Portulak* quite a good joke, for it sounded like Portugal, and they nudged each other and said "Rapp!" It was too witty! And all the other Ducks now began to notice the little Singing Bird.

"The Portuguese has certainly a greater command of language," they said "For our part, we don't care to fill our beaks with such long words, but our sympathy is just as great. If we don't do anything for you, we march about with you everywhere; and we think that the best thing we can do."

"You have a lovely voice," said one of the oldest. "It must be a great satisfaction to be able to give so much pleasure as you are able to impart. I certainly am no great judge of your song, and consequently I keep my beak shut; and even that is better than talking nonsense to you, as others do."

"Don't plague him so," interposed the Portuguese Duck, "he requires rest and nursing. My little Singing Bird, do you wish me to prepare another bath for you?"

"Oh, no! pray let me be dry!" was the little Bird's petition.

"The water cure is the only remedy for me when I am unwell," quoth the Portuguese, "Amusement is beneficial too. The neighbouring fowls will soon come to pay their visit. There are two Cochon Chinese among them. They wear feathers on their legs, are well educated, and have been brought from afar, consequently they stand higher than the others in my regard."

And the Fowls came, and the Cock came; to-day he was polite enough to abstain from being rude.

"You are a true Singing Bird," he said, "and you do as much with your little voice as can possibly be done with it. But one requires a little more shrillness, that every hearer may hear that one is a male."

The two Chinese stood quite enchanted with the appearance of the Singing Bird. He looked very much ruffled after his bath, so that he seemed to them to have quite the appearance of a little Cochon China fowl.

"He's charming," they cried, and began a conversation with him, speaking in whispers, and using the most aristocratic Chinese dialect.

"We are of your race," they continued. "The Ducks, even the Portuguese, are swimming birds, as you cannot fail to have noticed. You do not know us yet, very few know us, or give themselves the trouble to make our acquaintance—not even any of the fowls, though we are born to occupy a higher grade on the ladder than most of the rest. But that does not disturb us—we quietly pursue our path amid the others, whose principles are

and threw herself over on the other side, pressing the little Singing Bird very hard as she did so.

"Piep!" he cried; "you trod very hard upon me, madam."

"Well, why do you lie in my way?" the Duck retorted. "You must not be so touchy. I have nerves of my own, but yet I never called out 'Piep!'"

"Don't be angry," said the little Bird, "the 'piep' came out of my beak unawares."

The Portuguese did not listen to him, but began eating as fast as she could, and made a good meal. When this was ended, and she lay down again, the little Bird came up, and wanted to be amiable, and sang.

"Tillie lily lee,
Of the good spring time
I'll sing so fine
As far away I see"

"Now I want to rest after my dinner," said the Portuguese. "You must conform to the rules of the house while you're here. I want to sleep now."

The little Singing Bird was quite taken aback, for he had meant it kindly. When Madam afterwards awoke, he stood before her again with a little corn that he had found, and laid it at her feet, but as she had not slept well, she was naturally in a very bad humour.

"Give that to a chicken!" she said, "and don't be always standing in my way."

"Why are you angry with me?" replied the little Singing Bird.

"What have I done?"

"Done!" repeated the Portuguese Duck "your mode of expression is not exactly genteel, a fact to which I must call your attention."

"Yesterday it was sunshine here," said the little Bird, "but to-day it's cloudy and the air is close"

"You don't know much about the weather, I fancy," retorted the Portuguese. "The day is not done yet. Don't stand there looking so stupid."

"But you are looking at me just as the wicked eyes looked when I fell into the yard yesterday"

"Impertinent creature!" exclaimed the Portuguese Duck, "would you compare me with the cat, that beast of prey? There's not a drop of malicious blood in me. I've taken your part, and will teach you good manners."

And so saying, she bit off the Singing Bird's head, and he lay dead on the ground.

"Now, what's the meaning of this?" she said, "could he not bear even that? Then certainly he was not made for this world. I've been like a mother to him, I know that, for I've a good heart."

bird, and at last the whole forest seemed to join in. I heard children's voices, the sound of bells, and the song of birds, the most glorious melodies—and all came from the elves' maypole, namely, my sausage-peg. I should never have believed that so much could come out of it; but that depends very much upon the hands into which it falls. I was quite touched. I wept, as a little mouse may weep, with pure pleasure.

"The night was far too short; but it is not longer up yonder at that season. In the morning dawn the breeze began to blow, the murmur of the forest lake was covered with ripples, and all the delicate veils and flags fluttered away in the air. The waving garlands of spider's web, the hanging bridges and balustrades, and whatever else they are called, flew away as if they were nothing at all. Six elves brought me back my sausage-peg, and asked me at the same time if I had any wish that they could gratify, so I asked them if they could tell me how soup was made on a sausage-peg.

"How we do it?" asked the chief of the elves, with a smile. "Why, you have just seen it. I fancy you hardly know your sausage-peg again?"

"You only mean that as a joke," I replied. And then I told them in so many words why I had undertaken a journey, and what great hopes were founded on the operation at home. "What advantage," I asked, "can accrue to our Mouse King, and to our whole powerful state, from the fact of my having witnessed all this festivity?" I cannot shake it out of the sausage-peg, and say, "Look, here is the peg, now the soup will come." That would be a dish that could only be put on the table when the guests had dined."

"Then the elf dipped his little finger into the cup of a blue violet, and said to me,

"See here! I will anoint your pilgrim's staff, and when you go back to your country, and come to the castle of the Mouse King, you have but to touch him with the staff, and violets will spring forth and cover its whole surface, even in the coldest winter-time. And so I think I've given you something to carry home, and a little more than something!"

But before the little Mouse said what this "something more" was, she stretched her staff out towards the King, and in very truth the most beautiful bunch of violets burst forth; and the scent was so powerful that the Mouse King incontinently ordered the mice who stood nearest the chimney to thrust their tails into the fire and create a smell of burning, for the odour of the violets was not to be borne, and was not of the kind he liked.

"But what was the 'something more,' of which you spoke?" asked the Mouse King.

"Why," the little Mouse answered, "I think it is what they call effect!" and herewith she turned the staff round, and lo! there was not a single flower to be seen upon it; she only held the

bird, and at last the whole forest seemed to join in. I heard children's voices, the sound of bells, and the song of birds; the most glorious melodies—and all came from the elves' maypole, namely, my sausage-peg. I should never have believed that so much could come out of it; but that depends very much upon the hands into which it falls. I was quite touched. I wept, as a little mouse may weep, with pure pleasure.

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three, you are a poet, and the sausage-peg affair will be quite easy to you."

"And I went forth, and marched towards the west, away into the wide world, to become a poet.

"Understanding is the most important thing in every affair. I knew that, for the two other things are not held in half such respect, and consequently I went out first to seek understanding. Yes, where does he dwell? 'Go to the ant and be wise,' said the great King of the Jews; I knew that from my library experience; and I never stopped till I came to the first great ant-hill, and there I placed myself on the watch, to become wise

"The ants are a respectable people. They are understanding itself. Everything with them is like a well-worked sum, that comes right. To work and to lay eggs, they say, is to live while you live, and to provide for posterity, and accordingly that is what they do. They were divided into the clean and the dirty ants. The rank of each is indicated by a number; and the Ant Queen is number ONE; and her view is the only correct one, she is the receptacle of all wisdom; and that was important for me to know. She spoke so much, and it was all so clever, that it sounded to me like nonsense. She declared her ant-hill was the lofliest thing in the world, though close by it grew a tree, which was certainly lofster, much lofster, that could not be denied, and therefore it was never mentioned. One evening an ant had lost herself upon the tree, she had crept up the stem—not up to the crown, but higher than any ant had climbed until then; and when she turned and came back home, she talked of something far higher than the ant-hill that she had found in her travels; but the other ants considered that an insult to the whole community, and consequently she was condemned to wear a muzzle, and to continual solitary confinement. But a short time afterwards another ant got on the tree, and made the same journey and the same discovery and this one spoke with emphasis, and distinctly, as they said; and as, moreover, she was one of the pure ants and very much respected, they believed her, and when she died they erected an egg-shell as a memorial of her, for they had a great respect for the sciences. I saw," continued the little Mouse, "that the ants are always running to and fro with their eggs on their backs. One of them once dropped her egg, she exerted herself greatly to pick it up again, but she could not succeed. Then two others came up, and helped her with all their might, insomuch that they nearly dropped their own eggs over it. But then they certainly at once relaxed their exertions for each should think of himself first—the Ant Queen had declared that by so doing they exhibited at once heart and understanding.

"These two qualities," she said, "place us ants on the highest step among all reasoning beings. Understanding is seen among us all in predominant measure, and I have the greatest share of

understanding.' And so saying, she raised herself on her hind legs, so that she was easily to be recognized. I could not be mistaken, and I ate her up. We were to go to the ants to learn wisdom—and I had got the Queen!

"I now proceeded nearer to the before-mentioned lofty tree. It was an oak, and had a great trunk and a far-spreading top, and was very old. I knew that a living being dwelt here, a Dryad as it is called, who is born with the tree, and dies with it. I had heard about it *in the library*; and now I saw an oak tree and an oak girl. She uttered a piercing cry when she saw me so near. Like all females, she was very much afraid of mice; and she had more ground for fear than others, for I might have gnawn through the stem of the tree on which her life depended. I accosted the maiden in a friendly and honest way, and bade her take courage. And she took me up in her delicate hand; and when I had told her my reason for coming out into the wide world, she promised me that perhaps on that very evening I should have one of the two treasures of which I was still in quest. She told me that Phantasus, the genius of imagination, was her very good friend, that he was beautiful as the god of love, and that he rested many an hour under the leafy boughs of the tree, which then rustled more strongly than ever over the pair of them. He called her his Dryad, she said, and the tree his tree, for the grand gnarled oak was just to his taste, with its root burrowing so deep in the earth, and the stem and crown rising so high out in the fresh air, and knowing the beating snow, and the sharp wind, and the warm sunshine as they deserve to be known. 'Yes,' the Dryad continued, 'the birds sing aloft there in the branches, and tell each other of strange countries they have visited; and on the only dead bough the stork has built a nest which is highly ornamental, and, moreover, one gets to hear something of the land of the pyramids. All that is very pleasing to Phantasus; but it is not enough for him. I myself must talk to him, and tell him of life in the woods, and must revert to my childhood, when I was little, and the tree such a delicate thing that a stinging-nettle overshadowed it—and I have to tell everything, till now that the tree is great and strong. Sit you down under the green thyme, and pay attention; and when Phantasus comes, I shall find an opportunity to pinch his wings, and to pull out a little feather. Take the pen—no better is given to any poet—and it will be enough for you!'

"And when Phantasus came the feather was plucked, and I seized it," said the little Mouse. "I put it in water, and held it there till it grew soft. It was very hard to digest, but I nibbled it up at last. It is very easy to gnaw oneself into being a poet, though there are many things one must do. Now I had these two things, imagination and understanding, and through these I knew that the third was to be found in the library; for a great man has

said and written that there are romances whose sole and single use is that they relieve people of their superfluous tears, and that they are, in fact, a sort of sponges sucking up human emotion. I remembered a few of these old books, which had always looked especially palatable, and were much thumbed and very greasy, having evidently absorbed a great deal of feeling into themselves.

"I betook myself back to the library, and so to speak, devoured a whole novel—that is, the essence of it, the interior part, for I left the crust or binding. When I had digested this, and a second one in addition, I felt a stirring within me, and I ate a bit of a third romance, and now I was a poet. I said so to myself, and told the others also. I had headache, and chestache, and I can't tell what aches besides. I began thinking what kind of stories could be made to refer to a sausage-peg, and many pegs, and sticks, and staves, and splinters came into my mind—the Ant Queen must have had a particular fine understanding. I remembered the man who took a white stick in his mouth, by which means he could render himself and the stick invisible, I thought of stick hobby-horses, of 'stock rhymes,' of 'breaking the staff' over an offender, and goodness knows how many phrases more concerning sticks, stocks, staves, and pegs. All my thoughts ran upon sticks, staves, and pegs; and when one is a poet (and I am a poet, for I have worked most terribly hard to become one) a person can make poetry on these subjects. I shall therefore be able to wait upon you every day with a poem or a history—and that's the soup I have to offer."

"Let us hear what the third has to say," was now the Mouse King's command.

"Peep! peep!" cried a small voice at the kitchen door, and a little Mouse—it was the fourth of the Mice who had contended for the prize, the one whom they looked upon as dead—shot in like an arrow. She toppled the sausage-peg with the crape covering over in a moment. She had been running day and night, and had travelled on the railway, in the goods train, having watched her opportunity, and yet she had almost come too late. She pressed forward, looking very much rumpled, and she had lost her sausage-peg, but not her voice, for she at once took up the word, as if they had been waiting for her, and wanted to hear none but her, and as if everything else in the world were of no consequence. She spoke at once, and spoke fully. She had appeared so suddenly that no one found time to object to her speech or to her, while she was speaking. And now let us hear what she said.



IV

What the fourth Mouse, who spoke before the third, had to tell.

"I betook myself immediately to the largest town," she said; "the name has escaped me—I have a bad memory for names. From the railway I was carried, with some confiscated goods, to the council house, and when I arrived there, I ran into the dwelling of the gaoler. The gaoler was talking of his prisoners, and especially of one, who had spoken unconsidered words. These words had given rise to others, and these latter had been written down and recorded.

"The whole thing is soup on a 'sausage-peg,' said the gaoler; 'but the soup may cost him his neck.'

"Now, this gave me an interest in the prisoner," continued the Mouse, "and I watched my opportunity and slipped into his prison—for there 's a mouse-hole to be found behind every locked door. The prisoner looked pale, and had a great beard and bright sparkling eyes. The lamp flickered and smoked, but the walls were so accustomed to that, that they grew none the blacker for it. The prisoner scratched pictures and verses in white upon the black ground, but I did not read them. I think he found it tedious, and I was a welcome guest. He lured me with bread-crumbs, with whistling, and with friendly words. He was glad to see me, and gradually I got to trust him, and we became good friends. He let me run over his hand, his arm, and into his sleeve; he let me creep about in his beard, and called me his little friend. I really got to love him, for these things are reciprocal. I forgot my mission in the wide world, forgot my sausage-peg, that I had placed in a crack in the floor—it 's lying there still. I wished to stay where I was, for if I went away the poor prisoner would have no one at all, and that 's having too little, in this world. I stayed, but he did not stay. He spoke to me very mournfully the last time, gave me twice as much bread and cheese as usual, and kissed his hand to me; then he went away, and never came back. I don't know his history.

"*'Soup on a sausage-peg'* said the gaoler, to whom I now went; but I should not have trusted him. He took me in his hand, *verily*, but he popped me into a cage, a treadmill. That 's a burrowing engine, in which you go round and round without getting any farther; and people laugh at you into the bargain.

"The gaoler's granddaughter was a charming little thing, with a cross. I carry her that about as gold, and such merry eyes, and such a smiling mouth.

"You poor little mouse," she said, as she peeped into my little cage—and she drew out the door-rod, and forth I jumped like a white cat, and I was there at the roof-joint 'tree' tree' tree' 't' being 's only of that, and out of the goal of my journey.



The teacher's granddaughter takes pity on the little Mouse

"It was dark, and night was coming on. I took up my quarters in an old tower, where dwelt a watchman and an owl. That is a creature like a cat, who has the great failing that she eats mice. But one may be mistaken, and so was I, for this was a very respectable, well-educated old owl—she knew more than the watchman, and as much as I. The young owls were always making a racket, but 'Go and make soup on a sausage-peg' were the hardest words she could prevail on herself to utter, she was so fondly attached to her family. Her conduct inspired me with so much confidence that from the crack in which I was crouching I called out 'peep' to her. This confidence of mine pleased her hugely, and she assured me I should be under her protection, and that no creature should be allowed to do me wrong; she would reserve me for herself, for the winter, when there would be short commons.

"She was in every respect a clever woman, and explained to me

how the watchman could only 'whoop' with the horn that hung at his side, adding, 'He is terribly conceited about it, and imagines he's an owl in the tower. Wants to do great things, but is very small—soup on a sausage-peg!'

"I begged the owl to give me a recipe for this soup, and then she explained the matter to me."

"*'Soup on a sausage-peg,'* she said, '*was only a human proverb, and was to be understood thus: Each thinks his own way best, but the whole signifies nothing.*'"

"*'Nothing!'*" I exclaimed. I was quite struck. Truth is not always agreeable, but truth is above everything; and that's what the old owl said. I now thought about it, and readily perceived that if I brought what was *above everything* I brought something far beyond soup on a sausage-peg. So I hastened away, that I might get home in time, and bring the highest and best, that is *above everything*—namely, *the truth*. The mice are an enlightened people, and the King is above them all. He is capable of making me Queen, for the sake of truth."

"Your truth is a falsehood," said the Mouse who had not yet spoken. "I can prepare the soup, and I mean to prepare it."

V.

How it was prepared.

"I did not travel," the third Mouse said. "I remained in my country—that's the right thing to do. There's no necessity for travelling; one can get everything as good here. I stayed at home. I've not learned what I know from supernatural beings; or gobbled it up, or held converse with owls. I have what I know through my own reflections. Will you make haste and put that kettle upon the fire? So—now water must be poured in—quite full—up to the brim! So—now more fuel—make up the fire, that the water may boil—it must boil over and over! So—I now throw the peg in. Will the King now be pleased to dip his tail in the boiling water, and to stir it round with the said tail? The longer the King stirs it, the more powerful will the soup become. It costs nothing at all—no further materials are necessary, only stir it round!"

"Cannot any one else do that?" asked the Mouse King.

"No," replied the Mouse. "The power is contained only in the tail of the Mouse King."

And the water boiled and bubbled, and the Mouse King stood close beside the kettle—there was almost danger in it—and he put forth his tail, as the mice do in the dairy when they skim the cream from a pan of milk, afterwards licking their creamy tails; but his tail only penetrated into the hot stream, and then

"Of course—certainly you are my Queen," he said. "We'll adjourn the soup question till our golden wedding in fifty years' time, so that the poor of my subjects, who will then be fed, may have something to which they can look forward with pleasure for a long time."

And soon the wedding was held. But many of the mice said, as they were returning home, that it could not be really called soup on a sausage peg, but rather soup on a mouse's tail. They said that some of the stories had been very cleverly told, but the whole thing might have been different. "I should have told it so—and so—and so!"

Thus said the critics, who are always wise—after the fact.

And this story went out into the wide world, everywhere; and opinions varied concerning it, but the story remained as it was. And that is the best in great things and in small, so also with regard to soup on a sausage-peg—not to expect any thanks for it.

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

HAVE you ever seen a very old wooden cupboard, quite black with age, and ornamented with carved foliage and arabesques? Just such a cupboard stood in a parlour—it had been a legacy from the great-grandmother, and was covered from top to bottom with carved roses and tulips. There were the quaintest flourishes upon it, and from among these peered forth little stags' heads with antlers. In the middle of the cupboard door an entire figure of a man had been cut out—he was certainly ridiculous to look at, and he grinned, for you could not call it laughing. He had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him the Billy-goat-legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General War-Commander-Sergeant; that was a difficult name to pronounce, and there are not many who obtain this title; but it was something to have cut him out. And there he was! He was always looking at the table under the mirror, for on this table stood a lovely little Shepherdess made of china. Her shoes were gilt, her dress was adorned with a red rose, and besides this she had a golden hat and a shepherd's crook—she was very lovely. Close by her stood a little Chimney-sweeper, black as a coal, and also made of porcelain—he was as clean and neat as any other man, for it was only make-believe



The old Chinaman and the Young Couple.

drawer of the window-seat. Here were three or four packs of cards which were not complete, and a little puppet-show, which had been built up as well as it could be done. There plays were acted, and all the ladies, diamonds, clubs, hearts, and spades, sat in the first row, fanning themselves; and behind them stood all the knaves, showing that they had a head above and below, as is usual in playing cards. The play was about two people who were not to be married to each other, and the Shepherdess wept, because it was just like her own history.

"I cannot possibly bear this!" said she "I must go out of the drawer"

But when they arrived on the floor, and looked up at the drawer, the old Chinaman was awake, and was shaking over his whole body—for below he was all one lump.

"Now the old Chinaman's coming!" cried the little Shepherdess; and she fell down upon her porcelain knee, so startled was she.

"I have an idea," said the Chimney-Sweeper. "Shall we creep into the great *pot-pourri* vase which stands in the corner? Then we can lie on roses and lavender, and throw salt in his eyes if he comes."

"That will be of no use," she replied. "Besides, I know that the old Chinaman and the *pot-pourri* vase were once engaged to each other, and a kind of liking always remains when people have stood in such a relation to each other. No, there's nothing left for us but to go out into the wide world."

"Have you really courage to go into the wide world with me?" asked the Chimney-Sweeper. "Have you considered how wide the world is, and that we can never come back here again?"

"I have," replied she.

And the Chimney-Sweeper looked fondly at her, and said,

"My way is through the chimney. If you have really courage to creep with me through the stove—through the iron fire-box as well as up the pipe, then we can get out into the chimney, and I know how to find my way through there. We'll mount so high that they can't catch us, and quite at the top there's a hole that leads out into the wide world."

And he led her to the door of the stove.

"It looks very black there," said she; but still she went with him, through the box and through the pipe, where it was pitch-dark night.

"Now we are in the chimney," said he; "and look, look! up yonder a beautiful star is shining."

And it was a real star in the sky, which shone straight down upon them, as if it would show them the way. And they clambered and crept—it was a frightful way, and terribly steep; but he supported her and helped her up; he held her, and showed her the best places where she could place her little porcelain feet; and thus they reached the edge of the chimney, and upon that they sat down, for they were desperately tired, as they well might be.

The sky with all its stars was high above, and all the roofs of the town deep below them. They looked far around—far, far out into the world. The poor Shepherdess had never thought of it as it really was. she leaned her little head against the Chimney-Sweeper, then she wept so bitterly that the gold ran down off her girdle.

"That is too much," she said. "I cannot bear that. The world is too large! If I were only back upon the table below the mirror! I shall never be happy until I am there again. Now I have ful-

lowed you out into the wide world, you may accompany me back again if you really love me."

And the Chimney-Sweeper spoke sensibly to her—spoke of the old Chinaman and the Billygoat-legs-Lieutenant-and-Major-General-War-Commander-Sergeant, but she sobbed bitterly and kissed her little Chimney-Sweeper, so that he could not help giving way to her, though it was foolish.

And so with much labour they climbed down the chimney again. And they crept through the pipe and the fire-box. That was not pleasant at all. And there they stood in the dark stove, there they listened behind the door, to find out what was going on in the room. Then it was quite quiet—they looked in—ah! there lay the old Chinaman in the middle of the floor! He had fallen down from the table as he was pursuing them, and now he lay broken into three pieces, his back had come off all in one piece, and his head had rolled into a corner. The Billygoat-legs-Lieutenant-and-Major-General-War-Commander-Sergeant stood where he had always stood, considering.

"That is terrible!" said the little Shepherdess. "The old grandfather has fallen to pieces, and it is our fault. I shall never survive it!" And then she wrung her little hands.

"He can be mended! he can be mended!" said the Chimney-Sweeper. "Don't be so violent. If they glue his back together and give him a good rivet in his neck, he will be as good as new, and may say many a disagreeable thing to us yet."

"Do you think so?" cried she.

So they climbed back upon the table where they used to stand.

"You see, we have come to this," said the Chimney-Sweeper: "we might have saved ourselves all the trouble we have had."

"If the old grandfather was only riveted!" said the Shepherdess. "I wonder if that is dear?"

And he was really riveted. The family had his back cemented, and a great rivet was passed through his neck. he was as good as new, only he could no longer nod.

"It seems you have become proud since you fell to pieces," said the Billygoat-legs-Lieutenant-and-Major-General-War-Commander-Sergeant. "I don't think you have any reason to give yourself such airs. Am I to have her, or am I not?"

And the Chimney-Sweeper and the little Shepherdess looked at the old Chinaman most piteously, for they were afraid he might nod. But he could not do that, and it was unkind to him to tell a stranger that he always had a rivet in his neck. And so the porcelain people remained together, and loved one another until they broke.

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

DID you ever hear the story of the old Street Lamp? It is not very remarkable, but it may be listened to for once in a way.

It was a very honest old Lamp, that had done its work for many, many years, but which was now to be pensioned off. It hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. It felt as an old dancer at the theatre, who is dancing for the last time, and who to-morrow will sit forgotten in her garret. The Lamp was in great fear about the morrow, for it knew that it was to appear in the council house, and to be inspected by the mayor and the council, to see if it were fit for further service or not.

And then it was to be decided whether it was to show its light in future for the inhabitants of some suburb, or in the country in some manufactory; perhaps it would have to go at once into an *iron foundry to be melted down*. In this last case anything might be made of it, but the question whether it would remember, in its new state, that it had been a Street Lamp, troubled it terribly. Whatever might happen, this much was certain, that it would be separated from the watchman and his wife, whom it had got to look upon as quite belonging to its family. When the Lamp had been hung up for the first time the watchman was a young sturdy man. *it happened to be the very evening on which he entered on his office*. Yes, that was certainly a long time ago, when it first became a Lamp and he a watchman. The wife was a little proud in those days. Only in the evening, when she went by, she deigned to glance at the Lamp, in the day-time never. But now, in these latter years, when all three, the watchman, his wife, and the Lamp, had grown old, the wife had also tended it, cleaned it, and provided it with oil. *The two old people were thoroughly honest, never had they cheated the Lamp of a single drop of the oil provided for it.*

It was the Lamp's last night in the street, and to-morrow it was to go to the council-house;—those were two dark thoughts! No wonder that it did not burn brightly. But many other thoughts passed through its brain. On what a number of events had it shone *how much it had seen*! Perhaps as much as the mayor and the whole council had beheld. But it did not give utterance to these thoughts, for it was a good honest old Lamp, that would not willingly hurt any one, and least of all those in authority. Many things passed through its mind, and at times its light flashed up. In such moments it had a feeling that it, too, would be remembered.

"There was that handsome young man—it is certainly a long

while ago—he had a letter on pink paper with a gilt edge. It was so prettily written, as if by a lady's hand. Twice he read it, and kissed it, and looked up to me with eyes which said plainly, 'I am the happiest of men!' Only he and I know what was written in this first letter from his true love. Yes, I remember another pair of eyes. It is wonderful how our thoughts fly about! There was a funeral procession in the street, the young beautiful lady lay in the decorated hearse, in a coffin adorned with flowers and wreaths; and a number of torches quite darkened my light. The people stood in crowds by the houses, and all followed the procession. But when the torches had passed from before my face, and I looked round, a single person stood leaning against my post, weeping. I shall never forget the mournful eyes that looked up to me!"

This and similar thoughts occupied the old Street Lantern which shone to-night for the last time.

The sentry relieved from his post, at least knows who is to succeed him, and may whisper a few words to him; but the Lamp did not know its successor, and yet it might have given a few useful hints with respect to rain and fog, and some information as to how far the rays of the moon lit up the pavement, from what direction the wind usually came, and much more of the same kind.

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to introduce themselves to the Lamp, for they thought the Lamp itself could appoint its successor. The first was a herring's head, that could gleam with light in the darkness. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him up on the post. Number Two was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. He conceived himself descended from an old stein, once the pride of the forest. The third person was a glow worm. Where this one had come from the Lamp could not imagine; but there it was, and it could give light. But the rotten wood and the herring's head swore by all that was good that it only gave light at certain times, and could not be brought into competition with themselves.

The old Lamp declared that not one of them gave sufficient light to fill the office of a street lamp, but not one of them would believe this. When they heard that the Lamp had not the office to give away, they were very glad of it, and declared that the Lamp was too decrepit to make a good choice.

At the same moment the Wind came careering from the corner of the street, and blew through the air holes of the old Lamp.

"What's this I hear?" he asked. "Are you to go away to-morrow? Do I see you for the last time? Then I must make you a present at parting. I will blow into your brain box in such a way that you shall be able in future not only to remember everything you have seen and heard, but that you shall have such

light within you as shall enable you to see all that is read of or spoken of in your presence."

"Yes, that is really much, very much!" said the old Lamp. "I thank you heartily. I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"That is not likely to happen at once," said the Wind. "Now I will blow a memory into you. if you receive several presents of this kind, you may pass your old days very agreeably."

"If I am only not melted down?" said the Lamp again. "Or should I retain my memory even in that case?"

"Be sensible, old Lamp," said the Wind. And he blew, and at that moment the Moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will you give the old Lamp?" asked the Wind.

"I'll give nothing," replied the Moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me; but, on the contrary, I've often given light for the lamps."

And with these words the Moon hid herself again behind the clouds, to be safe from further importunity.

A Drop now fell upon the Lamp, as if from the roof; but the Drop explained that it came from the clouds, and was a present—perhaps the best present possible.

"I shall penetrate you so completely that you shall receive the faculty, if you wish it, to turn into rust in one night, and to crumble into dust."

The Lamp considered this a bad present, and the Wind thought so too.

"Does no one give more? does no one give more?" it blew as loud as it could.

Then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long bright stripe.

"What was that?" cried the Herring's Head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the Lamp! Certainly if such high-born personages try for this office, we may say good night and betake ourselves home."

And so they did, all three. But the old Lamp shed a marvelous strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which I have always admired, and which shine as I could never shine though I shone with all my might, have noticed me, a poor old lamp, and have sent me a present, by giving me the faculty that all I remember and see as clearly as if it stood before me, shall also be seen by all whom I love. And in this lies the true pleasure; for joy that we cannot share with others is only half enjoyed."

"That sentiment does honour to your heart," said the Wind. "But for that wax lights are necessary. If these are not lit up in you, your rare faculties will be of no use to others. Look you, the stars did not think of that; they take you and every other light for wax. But I will go down." And he went down.



The old Street Lamp in good quarters

"Good heavens! waxlights!" exclaimed the Lamp. "I never had those till now, nor am I likely to get them!—If I am only not melted down!"

The next day—yes, it will be best that we pass over the next day. The next evening the Lamp was resting in a grandfather's chair. And guess where? In the watchman's dwelling. He had begged as a favour of the mayor and council that he might keep the Street Lamp, in consideration of his long and faithful service, for he himself had put up and lit the lantern for the first time on the first day of entering on his duties four and twenty years ago.

if one only knows it. Now, he was to take care of his little sister Gustava, who was much smaller than he, and at the same time he was to learn his lesson, but these two things would not suit well together. The poor boy sat there with his little sister on his lap, and sang her all kinds of songs that he knew, and every now and then he gave a glance at the geography-book that lay open before him. By to-morrow morning he was to know all the towns in Zealand by heart, and to know everything about them that one can well know.

Now his mother came home, for she had been out, and took little Gustava in her arms. Tuk ran quickly to the window, and read so zealously that he had almost read his eyes out, for it became darker and darker, but his mother had no money to buy candles.

"There goes the old washerwoman out of the lane yonder," said his mother, as she looked out of the window. "The poor woman can hardly drag herself along, and now she has to carry the pail of water from the well. Be a good boy, Tuk, and run across, and help the old woman. Won't you?"

And Tuk ran across quickly, and helped her, but when he came back into the room it had become quite dark. There was nothing said about a candle, and now he had to go to bed and his bed was an old seat. There he lay, and thought of his geography lesson and of Zealand, and of all the master had said. He ought certainly to have read it again, but he could not do that. So he put the geography-book under his pillow, because he had heard this is a very good way to learn one's lesson, but one cannot

depend upon it. There he lay, and thought and thought, and all the while he fancied some one kissed him upon his eyes and mouth. He slept, and yet he did not sleep, it was just as if the old washerwoman were looking at him with her kind eyes, and saying, "It would be a great pity if you did not know your lesson to-day. You have helped me, therefore now I will help you, and my good-nature will help us both."

At once the book began to crawl, crawl about under Tuk's

feet. "Put! put!" It was a hen that came crawling up, longing to be fed. "Put! put!" It was a hen that came from Kjoje. "I'm a Kjoje hen!" she said, very loudly.

Then she told him how many inhabitants were in the town, and how many were killed in the battle that had been fought there, though that was not worth mentioning.

"I know that," said Tuk. "Something fell down, it was a wooden

swallow's nest. The more I know, the more I know. He said that there were just as many inhabitants yonder as he had here. And the fact

feature in the story is that the book began to crawl, crawl about under Tuk's feet.

ut this is quite remarkable! I should never have known
how favourable fortune is to me! The Hedge-stake was
informed, truly, with its

“sup-snap-snooze,
huzzelurra!”

song is not done by any means. Now it's beginning in
est. That's quite remarkable! If I've suffered something,
been made into something! I'm the happiest of all! How
ng and fine I am, how white and long! That's something
great from being a mere plant even if one bears flowers, one
ot attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now
t attended to and cherished; the maid turns me over every
ning, and I get a shower bath from the watering-pot every
ning. Yes, the clergyman's wife has even made a speech about
; and says I'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be
ppier!”

Now the linen was taken into the house, and put under the
issors how they cut and tore it, and then pricked it with
edles! That was not pleasant; but twelve pieces of body
een of a kind not often mentioned by name, but indispensable
all people, were made of it—a whole dozen!

“Just look! Now something has really been made of me! So
hat was my destiny. That's a real blessing. Now I shall be of
ome use in the world, and that's right, that's a true pleasure!
We've been made into twelve things, but yet we're all one and
he same; we're just a dozen how remarkably charming that is!”

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.
“It must be over one day,” said each piece. “I would gladly
have held together a little longer, but one must not expect im-
possibilities.”

They were now torn into pieces and fragments. They thought
it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened
and boiled; yes, they themselves did not know all that was done
to them; and then they became beautiful white Paper.

“Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!” said the
Paper. “Now I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on:
that is remarkable good fortune.”

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written
upon it, and only once there came a blot; that was certainly
remarkable good fortune. And the people heard what was upon
it; it was sensible and good, and made people much more sensible
and better. there was a great blessing in the words that were on
this Paper.

“That is more than I ever imagined when I was a little blue
flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread
joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it my-
self, but it is really so. I have done nothing but what I was obliged

with my weak powers to do for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honour to another. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. That cannot be otherwise, it's the only probable thing. I've splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers in the old times. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the Paper was not sent on its travels, it was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many hundreds of books, for in this way a very far greater number could derive pleasure and profit from the book than if the one paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it had got half-way.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honour, just like an old grandfather, and I am really the grandfather of all these books. Now something can be effected. I could not have wandered about thus. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right into me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

"It's good resting after work," said the Paper. "It is very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know oneself is true progress. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again. I'm always going forward, I've found that out."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out and laid by on the hearth; it was to be burned, for it might not be sold to hucksters to be used for covering for butter and sugar, they said. And all the children in the house stood round about, for they wanted to see the Paper burn, that flamed up so prettily, and afterwards one could see many red sparks among the ashes, careering here and there. One after another faded out quick as the wind, and that they called "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the schoolmaster: one of them thought he had already gone, but at the next moment there came another spark. "There goes the schoolmaster!" they said. Yes, they all knew about it; they should have known who it was that went there: we shall get to know it, but they did not. All the old Paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and it was soon alight. "Ugh!" it said, and burst out into bright flame. Ugh! that was not very agreeable, but when the whole was wrapped in bright flames these mounted up higher than the Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and glittered as the white Linen had never been

and all the words and thoughts turned to flame. Now I'm mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in flame; and it was as if a thousand voices said this in unison; the flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the end, more delicate than the flames, invisible to human eyes, many beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms in the flax. They were lighter even than the flame from which they were born; and when the flame was extinguished, and nothing remained of the Paper but black ashes, they danced over the more, and where they touched the black mass the little marks appeared. The children came out of school, and the teacher was the last of all. That was fun! and the children danced over the dead ashes—

"Snap-snap-surre,
Passe-surre"
The song is done."

the little invisible beings all said, "The song is never done, that is the best of all. I know it, therefore I'm the happiest of all." The children could neither hear that nor understand it, but they, for children must not know everything.

THE GIRL WHO TROD ON THE LOAF.

THE story of the girl who trod on the loaf to avoid soiling her shoes, and of the misfortune that befell this girl, is well known. It has been written, and even printed. The girl's name was Ingé: she was a poor child, but proud and sumptuous; there was a bad foundation in her, as the saying is. When she was quite a little child, it was her delight to fling, and tear off their wings, so as to convert them into things. Grown older, she would take cockchafers and and spit them on pins. Then she pushed a green leaf or scrap of paper towards their feet, and the poor creatures, and held it fast, and turned it over and over struggling to free from the pin. "The cockchafer is reading," Ingé would say. "See how he turns the leaf round and round!" Years she grew worse rather than better; but she was



Just turn back at the sight of her poor Al there

pretty, and that was her misfortune, otherwise she would have been more sharply reproved than she was.

"Your headstrong will requires something strong to break it," her own mother often said. "As a little child, you used to trample on my apron, but I fear you will one day trample on my heart."

And that is what she really did.

She was sent into the country, in service in the house of rich people, who kept her as their own child, and dressed her in corresponding style. She looked well, and her presumption increased.

When she had been there about a year, her mistress said to her, "You ought once to visit your parents, Ingé."

And Ingé set out to visit her parents, but it was only to show herself in her native place, and that the people there might see how grand she had become; but when she came to the entrance of the village, and the young husbandmen and maids stood there chatting, and her own mother appeared among them, sitting on a stone to rest, and with a faggot of sticks before her that she had picked up in the wood, then Ingé turned back, for she felt ashamed that she, who was so finely dressed, should have for a mother a ragged woman who picked up wood in the forest. She did not turn back out of pity for her mother's poverty, she was only angry.

And another half-year went by, and her mistress said again, "You ought to go to your home, and visit your old parents, Ingé. I'll make you a present of a great wheaten loaf that you may give to them—they will certainly be glad to see you again."

And Ingé put on her best clothes, and her new shoes, and drew her skirts around her, and set out, stepping very carefully, that she might be clean and neat about the feet, and there was no harm in that. But when she came to the place where the footway led across the moor, and where there was mud and puddles, she threw the loaf into the mud, and trod upon it to pass over without wetting her feet. But as she stood there with one foot upon the loaf and the other uplifted to step further, the loaf sank with her, deeper and deeper, till she disappeared altogether, and only a great puddle, from which the bubbles rose, remained where she had been.

And that is the story.

But whither did Ingé go? She sank into the moor ground, and went down to the Moor Woman, who is always brewing there. The Moor Woman is cousin to the Elf Maidsens, who are well enough known, of whom songs are sung, and whose pictures are painted; but concerning the Moor Woman it is only known that when the meadows stand in summer time, it is because she is brewing. Into the Moor Woman's brewery did Ingé sink down—and no one can endure that place long. A box of mud is a palace compared with the Moor Woman's brewery. Every barrel there has an obol (an obolus takes away one's senses), and the barrels stand close together—and wherever there is a little opening among them, the night which one is, the path one is, the passage becomes speechless and dumb. The humbler of damp lands and fat moors and all the best things there. Among this company did Ingé fall, and all the brewing ceased, and every creeping thing was weary, and that was the end of her. And her body was found black and stink

She continued fastened to the loaf, and the loaf drew her down as an amber button draws a fragment of straw.

The Moor Woman was at home, and on that day there were visitors in the brewery. These visitors were Old Beggy and his grandmother, who came to inspect it, and Beggy's grandmother is a venomous old woman, who is never idle: she never rides out to pay a visit without taking her work with her, and accordingly she had brought it on the day in question. She sewed biting leather to be worked into men's shoes, and which makes them wander about, unable to settle anywhere. She wove webs of licks and strung together hastily spoken words that had fallen to the ground, and all this was done for the injury and ruin of mankind. Yes, she knew how to sew, to weave, and to string, this old grandmother.

Catching sight of Inge she put up her double eye-glass and took another look at the girl.

"That's a girl who has ability!" she observed "and I beg you will give me the little one as a memento of my visit here. She'll make a capital statue to stand in my grandmother's antechamber."

And Inge was given up to her, and this, of course, came into Beggy's domain. People don't always go there by the shortest path, but they can get there by roundabout routes if they have a tendency in that direction.

That was a never-ending antechamber. The visitor became giddy who looked forward, and dizzy who looked back, and saw a whole crowd of people, almost utterly exhausted, waiting till the gate of mercy should be open to them: they had to wait a long time. Great fat wailing spiders spun webs of thousand years over their feet, and these webs cut like wire and bound them like bronze fetters. And, moreover, there was an eternal unrest working in every heart, a miserable unrest. The miser stood there, and had forgotten the key of his strong box, and he knew the key was sticking in the lock. It was a terrible long to describe the various sorts of torture that were there, all together. Inge felt a terrible pain when she had to stand there as a statue, for she was tied fast to the loaf.

"That's the fruit of wishing to keep one's feet neat," she said to herself. "Just look how they're all staring at me!"

Yes, certainly, the eyes of all were fixed upon her, and she could think of nothing but how to get down from there, and then she saw one another, moving their legs from which no sound whatever came forth: they were very busy, but to be silent.

"It must be a great pleasure to look at me," thought Inge, "and indeed I have a pretty face and fine clothes." And she turned her eyes, for she could not turn her head, for she was too fast to that. But she had not considered how her clothes had been soiled in the Moor Woman's trunk case. Her garments were covered with mud: a teak had fastened in her hair and

ble," she observed to herself, and derived consolation from thought.

The worst of all was the terrible hunger that tormented her. Could she not stoop and break off a piece of the loaf on which stood? No, her back was too stiff, her hands and arms were cramped, and her whole body was like a pillar of stone; only she was able to turn her eyes in her head, to turn them quite round, so that she could see backwards: it was an ugly sight. And then the flies came up, and crept to and fro over her eyes, and she closed her eyes, but the flies would not go away, for they could not fly: their wings had been pulled out, so that they were converted into creeping insects. It was a horrible torment added to the rest, for she felt empty, quite, entirely empty.

"This lasts much longer," she said, "I shall not be able to bear it."

She had to bear it, and it lasted on and on.

At last a hot tear fell down upon her head, rolled over her face and neck, down on to the loaf on which she stood; and then another tear rolled down, followed by many more. Who might be crying for Ingé? Had she not still a mother in the world? Tears of sorrow which a mother weeps for her child always find their way to the child; but they do not relieve it, they only increase its torment. And now to bear this unendurable hunger, and not to be able to touch the loaf on which she stood! She thought if she had been feeding on herself, and had become like a willow reed that takes in every sound, for she heard everything that was said of her up in the world, and all that she heard of good and evil. Her mother, indeed, wept much and sorrowed; but for all that she said, "A haughty spirit goes before a fall: that was thy ruin, Ingé. Thou hast sorely grieved thy mother."

"My mother and all on earth knew of the sin she had committed; that she had trodden upon the loaf, and had sunk and disappeared; for the cowherd had seen it from the hill beside the moor. 'Ingé! how hast thou grieved thy mother, Ingé,'" said the mother, "as I thought it would be thus."

"That I never had been born!" thought Ingé; "it would have been better. But what use is my mother's weeping now?" "When she heard how her master and mistress, who had kept and treated her like kind parents, now said she was a sinful child, and did not value the gifts of God, but trampled them under her feet, and that the gates of mercy would only open slowly to her, she should have punished me," thought Ingé, "and have driven out the whims I had in my head."

She heard how a complete song was made about her, a song of

the proud girl who trod upon the loaf to keep her shoes clean, and she heard how the song was sung everywhere.

"That I should have to bear so much evil for that!" thought Ingé, "the others ought to be punished, too, for their sins. Yes, then there would be plenty of punishing to do. Ah, how I'm being tortured!"

And her heart became harder than her outward form.

"Herein this company one can't even become better," she said, "and I don't want to become better! Look how they're all staring at me!" And her heart was full of anger and malice against all men. "Now they've something to talk about at last up yonder. Ah, how I am being tortured!"

And then she heard how her story was told to the little children, and the little ones called her the godless Ingé, and said that she was so naughty and ugly that she must be well punished.

Thus, even the children's mouths spoke hard words of her.

But one day, while grief and hunger gnawed her hollow frame, and she heard her name mentioned and her story told to an innocent child, a little girl, she became aware that the little one burst into tears at the tale of the haughty, vain Ingé.

"But will Ingé never come up here again?" asked the little girl.

And the reply was, "She will never come up again."

"But if she were to say she was sorry, and to beg pardon, and say she would never do so again?"

"Yes, then she might come, but she will not beg pardon," was the reply.

"I should be so glad if she would," said the little girl, and she appeared to be quite inconsolable. "I'll give my doll and all my playthings if she may only come up. It's too dreadful—poor Ingé!"

And these words penetrated to Ingé's inmost heart, and seemed to do her good. It was the first time any one had said "Poor Ingé," without adding anything about her faults. A little innocent child was weeping and praying for mercy for her. It made her feel quite strangely, and she herself would gladly have wept, but she could not weep, and that was a torment in itself.

While years were passing above her, for where she was there was no change, she heard herself spoken of more and more seldom. At last one day a sigh struck on her ear. "Ingé, Ingé, how you have grieved me! I said how it would be!" It was the last sigh of her dying mother.

Occasionally she heard her name spoken by her former employers, and they were pleasant words when the woman said, "Shall I ever see thee again, Ingé? One knows not what may happen."

But Ingé knew right well that her good mistress would never come to the place where she was.

And again time went on—a long, bitter time. Then Ingé heard

to the top, that the birds of heaven might have a good meal, and rejoice in the happy, blessed time.

And on Christmas morning the sun arose and shone upon the ears of corn, which were surrounded by a number of twittering birds. Then out of the hole in the wall streamed forth the voice of another bird, and the bird soared forth from his hiding-place; and in heaven it was well known what bird this was.

It was a hard winter. The ponds were covered with ice, and the beasts of the field and the birds of the air were stinted for food. Our little bird soared away over the high road, and in the ruts of the sledges he found here and there a grain of corn, and at the halting-places some crumbs. Of these he ate only a few, but he called all the other hungry sparrows around him, that they, too, might have some food. He flew into the towns, and looked round about; and wherever a kind hand had strewn bread on the window-sill for the birds, he only ate a single crumb himself, and gave all the rest to the other birds.

In the course of the winter, the bird had collected so many bread crumbs, and given them to the other birds, that they equalled the weight of the loaf on which Ingé had trod to keep her shoes clean, and when the last bread-crumbs had been found and given, the grey wings of the bird became white, and spread far out.

"Yonder is a sea-swallow, flying away across the water," said the children, when they saw the white bird. Now it dived into the sea, and now it rose again into the clear sunlight. It gleamed white, but no one could tell whither it went, though some asserted that it flew straight into the sun.



THE MONEY-PIG

IN the nursery a number of toys lay strewn about high up, on the wardrobe, stood the money-box, made of clay and purchased of the potter, and it was in the shape of a little pig, of course the pig had a slit in his back, and this slit had been so enlarged with a knife that whole dollar pieces could slip through, and, indeed, two such had slipped into the box, besides a number of pence. The Money-Pig was stuffed so full that it could no longer rattle, and that is the highest point of perfection a money-pig can attain. There it stood upon the cupboard, high and lofty, looking down upon everything else in the room. It knew very well that what it had in its stomach would

have bought all the toys, and that is what we call having self-respect.

The others thought of that too, even if they did not exactly express it, for there were many other things to speak of. One of the drawers was half pulled out, and there lay a great handsome Doll though she was somewhat old, and her neck had been mended. She looked out and said,

"Now we'll play at men and women, for that is always something."

And now there was a general uproar, and even the framed prints on the walls turned round and showed that there was a wrong side to them, but they did not do it to protest against the proposal.

It was late at night, the moon shone through the window frames and afforded the cheapest light. The game was now to begin, and all, even the children's Go-Cart, which certainly belonged to the coarser playthings, were invited to take part in the sport.

"Each one has his own peculiar value," said the Go-Cart. "we cannot all be noblemen. There must be some who do the work, as the saying is."

The Money-Pig was the only one who received a written invitation, for he was of high standing, and they were afraid he would not accept a verbal message. Indeed, he did not answer to say whether he would come, nor did he come if he was to take a part, he must enjoy the sport from his own home; they were to arrange accordingly, and so they did.

The little toy theatre was now put up in such a way that the Money-Pig could look directly in. They wanted to begin with a comedy, and afterwards there was to be a tea party and a discussion for mental improvement, and with this latter part they began immediately. The Rocking-Horse spoke of training and race, the Go-Cart of railways and steam power, for all this belonged to their profession, and it was quite right they should talk of it. The Clock talked politics—ticks—ticks—and knew what was the time of day, though it was whispered he did not go correctly; the Bamboo Cane stood there, stiff and proud, for he was conceited about his brass ferule and his silver top, for being thus bound above and below; and on the sofa lay two worked Cushions, pretty and stupid, and now the play began.

All sat and looked on, and it was requested that the audience should applaud and crack and stamp according as they were gratified. But the Riding-Whip said he never cracked for old people, only for young ones who were not yet married.

"I crack for everything," said the Cracker.

All these were the thoughts they had while the play went on. The piece was worthless, but it was well played, all the characters turned their painted side to the audience, for they were so made that they should only be looked at from that side, and not from

the other; and all played wonderfully well, coming out quite beyond the lamps, because the wires were a little too long, but that only made them come out the more. The darned Doll was quite exhausted with excitement—so thoroughly exhausted that she burst at the darned place in her neck, and the Money-Pig was so enchanted in his way that he formed the resolution to do something for one of the players, and to remember him in his will as the one who should be buried with him in the family fault, when matters were so far advanced.

It was true enjoyment, such true enjoyment that they quite gave up the thoughts of tea, and only carried out the idea of mental recreation. That's what they called playing at men and women, and there was nothing wrong in it, for they were only playing, and each one thought of himself and of what the Money-Pig might think; and the Money-Pig thought farthest of all, for he thought of making his will and of his burial. And when might this come to pass? Certainly far sooner than was expected. Crack! it fell down from the cupboard—fell on the ground, and was broken to pieces; and the pennies hopped and danced in comical style the little ones turned round like tops, and the bigger ones rolled away, particularly the one great silver dollar who wanted to go out into the world. And he came out into the world, and they all succeeded in doing so. And the pieces of the Money-Pig were put into the dust-bin; but the next day a new Money-Pig was standing on the cupboard. it had not yet a farthing in its stomach, and therefore could not rattle, and in this it was like the other. And that was a beginning—and with that we will make an end



THE DARNING-NEEDLE

HERE was once a Darning-Needle, who thought herself so fine, she imagined she was an embroidering-needle.

"Take care, and mind you hold me tight!" she said to the Fingers which took her out. "Don't let me fall! If I fall on the ground I shall certainly never be found again, for I am so fine!"

"That's as it may be," said the Fingers; and they grasped her round the body.

"See, I'm coming with a train!" said the Darning-Needle, and she drew a long thread after her, but there was no knot in the thread.

The Fingers pointed the needle just at the cook's slipper, in



The Cook with the Darning Needle

And then each believed the other to be a very valuable thing, and they began speaking about the world and how very conceited it was.

"I have been in a lady's box," said the Darning Needle, "and this lady was a cook. She had five fingers on each hand, and I never saw anything so conceited as those five fingers. And yet they were only there that they might take me out of the box, and put me back into it."

"Were they of good birth?" asked the Bit of Bottle.

"No, indeed," replied the Darning-Needle, "but very haughty. There were five brothers, all of the finger family. They kept

THE FIR TREE.

QUT in the forest stood a pretty little Fir Tree. It had a good place, it could have sunlight, air there was in plenty, and all around grew many larger comrades—pines as well as firs. But the little Fir Tree wished ardently to become greater. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air; it took no notice of the peasant children, who went about talking together, when they had come out to look for strawberries and raspberries. Often they come with a whole pot-full, or had strung berries on a straw; then they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and small that one is!" and the Fir Tree did not like to hear that at all.

Next year he had grown a great joint, and the following year he was longer still, for in fir trees one can always tell by the number of rings they have how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the other!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches far around, and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds that went sailing over him morning and evening.

When it was winter, and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a hare would often come jumping along, and spring right over the little Fir Tree. Oh! this made him so angry. But two winters went by, and when the third came the little Tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it.

"Oh! to grow, to grow, and become old; that's the only fine thing in the world," thought the Tree.

In the autumn woodcutters always came and felled a few of the largest trees; that was done this year too, and the little Fir Tree, that was now quite well grown, shuddered with fear, for the great stately trees fell to the ground with a crash, and their branches were cut off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender—they could hardly be recognized. But then they were laid upon waggons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood. Where were they going? What destiny awaited them?

In the spring, when the Swallows and the Stork came, the Tree asked them, "Do you know where they were taken? Did you not meet them?"

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but the Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said,

"Yes, I think so. I met many new ships when I flew out of

time it was felled before any one of the others. The axe cut deep into its marrow, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh. it felt a pain, a sensation of faintness, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up. it knew that it should never again see the dear old companions, the little bushes and flowers all around—perhaps not even the birds. The parting was not at all agreeable.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard, with other trees, and heard a man say,

"This one is famous, we only want this one!"

Now two servants came in gay liveries, and carried the Fir Tree into a large beautiful saloon. All around the walls hung pictures, and by the great stove stood large Chinese vases with lions on the covers; there were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture-books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars, at least the children said so. And the Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand, but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a large many-coloured carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants, and the young ladies also, decked it out. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of coloured paper, every net was filled with sweetmeats; golden apples and walnuts hung down as if they grew there, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Dolls that looked exactly like real people—the Tree had never seen such before—swung among the foliage, and high on the summit of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, particularly splendid.

"This evening," said all, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "that it were evening already! Oh that the lights may be soon lit up! When may that be done? I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?"

Yes, he did not guess badly. But he had a complete backache from mere longing, and the backache is just as bad for a tree as the headache for a person.

At last the candles were lighted. What a brilliance, what splendour! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the young ladies, and they hastily ran the fire out.

Now the Tree might not even tremble. Oh, that was terrible! It was so afraid of setting fire to some of its ornaments, and it was quite bewildered with all the brilliance. And now the folding-doors were thrown open, and a number of children rushed in as if they would have overturned the whole Tree. the older people

they dragged him out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put him in a dark corner where no daylight shone.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought, and thought. And he had time enough, for days and nights went by, and nobody came up; and when at length some one came, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree stood quite hidden away, and the supposition is that it was quite forgotten.

"Now it's winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; therefore I suppose I'm to be sheltered here until spring comes. How considerate that is! How good people are! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly solitary!—not even a little hare! That was pretty out there in the wood, when the snow lay thick and the hare sprang past; yes, even when he jumped over me; but then I did not like it. It is terribly lonely up here!"

"Prep! prep!" said a little Mouse, and crept forward, and then came another little one. They smelt at the Fir Tree, and then slipped among the branches.

"It's horribly cold," said the two little Mice, "or else it would be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I'm not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice. "And what do you know?" They were dreadfully inquisitive. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the store-room, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and fairs hang from the ceiling, where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little Mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened and said,

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes, those were really quite happy times." But then he told of the Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice, "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And next night they came with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to relate; and the more it said the more



The Children and the Fir Tree

clearly did it remember everything, and thought, "Those were quite merry days! But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet he married the Princess. Perhaps I may marry a Princess too!" And then the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little birch tree that grew out in the forest for the Fir Tree, that birch was a real Princess.

"Who's Klumpey Dumpey?" asked the little Mice.

And then the Fir Tree told the whole story. It could remember every single word, and the little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the tree with pleasure. Next night a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats even appeared; but

these thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry for that, for now they also did not like it so much as before.

"Do you only know one story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That's a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles—a store-room story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice at last stayed away also, and then the Tree sighed and said,

"It was very nice when they sat round me, the merry little Mice, and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I shall remember to be pleased when they take me out."

But when did that happen? Why, it was one morning that people came and rummaged in the garret—the boxes were put away, and the Tree brought out; they certainly threw him rather roughly on the floor, but a servant dragged him away at once to the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams, and now it was out in the courtyard. Everything passed so quickly that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself, there was so much to look at all round. The courtyard was close to a garden, and here everything was blooming; the roses hung fresh and fragrant over the little paling, the linden trees were in blossom, and the swallows cried, "Quinze-wit! quinze-wit! my husband's come!" But it was not the fir Tree that they meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the Tree, rejoicingly, and spread its branches far out; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow; and it lay in the corner among nettles and weeds. The unselfish star was still upon it, and shone in the bright sunshine.

In the courtyard a couple of the merry children were playing, who had danced round the tree at Christmas-time, and had rejoiced over it. One of the youngest ran up and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree," said the child, and he trod upon the branches till they cracked again under his boots.

And the Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the splendour of the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret; it thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little Mice which had listened so pleasantly to the story of Klumpey-Dumpey.

"Past! past!" said the old Tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! past!"

And the servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces; a whole bundle lay there; it blazed brightly under the great brew-

ing copper, and it sighed deeply, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves at the fire, looked into it, and cried "puff! puff!" If it at each explosion, which was a deep sigh, the Tree thought of a summer day in the woods, or of a winter night there, when the stars beamed, he thought of Christmas Eve and of Klumpey-Dumpey, the only story he had ever heard or know how to tell; and then the Tree was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest had on his breast a golden star, which the Tree had worn on its happiest evening. Now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, as the story is past too—past! past!—and that's the way with a stories.

SOMETHING.

"**I** WANT to be something!" said the eldest of five brothers. "I want to do something in the world. I don't care how humble my position may be in society, if I only effect some good, for that will really be something. I'll make bricks, for they are quite indispensable things, and then I shall truly have done something."

"But that *something* will not be enough!" quoth the second brother. "What you intend doing is just as much as nothing at all. It is journeyman's work, and can be done by a machine. No, I would rather be a bricklayer at once, for that is something real; and that's what I will be. That brings rank: as a bricklayer one belongs to a guild, and is a citizen, and has one's own bag and one's own house of call. Yes, and if all goes well, I will keep journeymen. I shall become a master bricklayer, and my wife will be a master's wife—that is what I call something."

"That's nothing at all!" said the third. "That is beyond the pale of the guild, and there are many of those in a town that stand far above the mere master artizan. You may be an honest man; but as a 'master' you will after all only belong to those who are ranked among common men. I know something better than that. I will be an architect, and will thus enter into the history of art and speculation. I shall be reckoned among those who stand high in point of intellect. I shall certainly have to be up from the pickaxe, so to speak; so I must begin as a mason's apprentice, and must go about as an assistant, in a though I am accustomed to wear a silk hat. I shall have

to fetch beer and spirits for the common journeymen, and the will call me 'thou,' and that is insulting! But I shall imagine to myself that the whole thing is only acting, and a kind of masquerade. To-morrow—that is to say, when I have served my time—I shall go my own way, and the others will be nothing to me. I shall go to the academy, and get instructions in drawing and shall be called an architect. *That's something!* I may go to be called 'sir,' and even 'worshipful sir,' or even get a hand at the front or at the back of my name, and shall go on building and building, just as those before me have built. That will always be a thing to remember, and that's what I call something!"

"But I don't care at all for *that* something," said the fourth. "I won't sail in the wake of others, and be a copyist. I will be a genius, and will stand up greater than all the rest of you together. I shall be the creator of a new style, and will give the plan of a building suitable to the climate and material of the country, for the nationality of the people, for the development of the age—and an additional storey for my own genius."

"But supposing the climate and the material are bad," said the fifth, "that would be a disastrous circumstance, for these two exert a great influence. Nationality, moreover, may expand itself until it becomes affectation, and the development of the century may run wild with your work, as youth often runs wild. I quite realize the fact that none of you will be anything real, however much you may believe in yourselves. But, do what you like, will not resemble you: I shall keep on the outside of things, and criticise whatever you produce. To every work there is attached something that is not right—something that has gone wrong; and I will ferret that out and find fault with it—and *that* will be doing something!"

And he kept his word; and everybody said concerning this fifth brother, "There is certainly something in him; he has a good head, but he does nothing." And by that very means they thought *something* of him!

Now, you see, this is only a little story; but it will never end as long as the world lasts.

But what became of the five brothers? Why, this is *nothing*, and not *something*.

Listen, it is a capital story.

The eldest brother, he who manufactured bricks, soon became aware of the fact that every brick, however small it might be, produced for him a little coin, though this coin was only copper; and many copper pennies laid one upon the other can be changed into a shining dollar; and wherever one knocks with such a dollar in one's hand, whether at the baker's, or the butcher's, or the tailor's—wherever it may be, the door flies open, and the visitor is welcomed, and gets what he wants. You see, that is what comes of bricks. Some of these belonging to the eldest brother

certainly crumble away, or broke in two, but there was a use even for these.

On the high rampart, the wall that kept out the sea, Margaret, the poor woman, wished to build herself a little house. All the faulty bricks were given to her, and a few perfect ones into the bargain, for the eldest brother was a good-natured man, though he certainly did not achieve anything beyond the manufacture of bricks. The poor woman put together the house for herself. It was little and narrow, and the single window was quite crooked. The door was too low, and the thatched roof might have shown better workmanship. But after all it was a shelter; and from the little house you could look far across the sea, whose waves broke vainly against the protecting rampart on which it was built. The salt billows spouted their spray over the whole house, which was still standing when he who had given the bricks for its erection had long been dead and buried.

The second brother knew better how to build a wall, for he had served an apprenticeship to it. When he had served his time and passed his examination, he packed his knapsack and sang the journeyman's song.

"While I am young I'll wander, from place to place I'll roam,
And everywhere build houses, until I come back home;
And youth will give me courage, and my true love won't forget.
Hurrah, then, for a workman's life! I'll be a master yet!"

And he carried his idea into effect. When he had come home and become a master, he built one house after another in the town. He built a whole street; and when the street was finished and became an ornament to the place, the houses built a house for him in return, that was to be his own. But how can houses build a house? If you ask them they will not answer you, but people will understand what is meant by the expression, and say, "Certainly, it was the street that built his house for him." It was little, and the floor was covered with clay; but when he danced with his bride upon this clay floor, it seemed to become polished oak; and from every stone in the wall sprang forth a flower, and the room was gay, as if with the costliest paperhanger's work. It was a pretty house, and in it lived a happy pair. The flag of the guild fluttered before the house, and the journeymen and apprentices shouted hurrah! Yes, he certainly was something! And at last he died; and *that* was something too.

Now came the architect, the third brother, who had been at first a carpenter's apprentice, had worn a cap, and served as an errand boy, but had afterwards gone to the academy, and risen to become an architect, and to be called "honoured sir." Yes, if the houses of the street had built a house for the brother who had become a bricklayer, the street now received its name from the architect, and the handsomest house in it became his property. *That* was something, and he was something; and he had a long

title before and after his name. His children were called *gentest* children, and when he died his widow was "a widow of rank," and *that* is something!—and his name always remained at the corner of the street, and lived on in the mouth of every one as the street's name—and *that* was something!

Now came the genius of the family, the fourth brother, who wanted to invent something new and original, and an additional storey on the top of it for himself. But the top storey tumbled down, and he came tumbling down with it, and broke his neck. Nevertheless, he had a splendid funeral, with guild flags and music, poems in the papers, and flowers strewn on the paving-stones in the street; and three funeral orations were held over him, each one longer than the last, which would have rejoiced him greatly, for he always liked it when people talked about him, a monument also was erected over his grave. It was only one storey high, but still it was *something*.

Now he was dead, like the three other brothers, but the last, the one who was a critic, outlived them all, and that was quite right, for by this means he got the last word, and it was of great importance to him to have the last word. The people always said he had a good head of his own. At last his hour came, and he died, and came to the gates of Paradise. There souls always enter two and two, and he came up with another soul that wanted to get into Paradise too; and who should this be but old Dame Margaret from the house upon the sea-wall.

"I suppose this is done for the sake of contrast, that I and this wretched soul should arrive here at exactly the same time," said the critic. "Pray, who are you, my good woman?" he asked. "Do you want to get in here too?"

And the old woman courtesied as well as she could. she thought it must be St. Peter himself talking to her.

"I'm a poor old woman of a very humble family," she replied. "I'm old Margaret that lived in the house on the sea-wall."

"Well, and what have you done? What have you accomplished down there?"

"I have really accomplished nothing at all in the world. nothing that I can plead to have the doors here opened to me. It would be a real mercy to allow me to slip in through the gate."

"In what manner did you leave the world?" asked he, just for the sake of saying something; for it was wearisome work standing there and saying nothing.

"Why, I really don't know how I left it. I was sick and miserable during my last years, and could not well bear creeping out of bed, and going out suddenly into the frost and cold. It was a hard winter, but I have got out of it all now. For a few days the weather was quite calm, but very cold, as your honour must very well know. The sea was covered with ice as far as one could look. All the people from the town walked out upon the ice, and

I think they said there was a dance there, and skating. There was beautiful music, and a great feast there too; the sound came into my poor little room, where I lay ill. And it was towards the evening, the moon had risen beautifully, but was not yet in its full splendour. I looked from my bed out over the wide sea, and far off, just where the sea and sky join, a strange white cloud came up. I lay looking at the cloud, and I saw a little black spot in the middle of it, that grew larger and larger; and now I knew what it meant, for I am old and experienced, though this token is not often seen. I knew it, and a shuddering came upon me. Twice in my life I have seen the same thing; and I knew there



Dame Margery fires her Bed for a Beacon.

would be an awful tempest, and a spring flood, which would overwhelm the poor people who were drinking and dapping and rejoicing—young and old, the whole city had issued forth: who was to warn them, if no one saw what was coming yonder, or knew, as I did, what it meant? I was dreadfully alarmed, and felt more lively than I had done for a long time. I crept out of bed, and got to the window, but could not crawl any farther, I was so exhausted. But I managed to open the window. I saw the people outside running and jumping about on the ice; I could see the beautiful flags that waved in the wind. I heard the boys shouting 'hurrah!' and the servant men and maids singing. There were all kinds of merriment going on. But the white cloud with the

black spot' I tried as loud as I could, but no one heard me; I was too far from the people. Soon the storm would burst, and the ice would break, and all who were upon it would be lost without remedy. They could not hear me, and I could not come out to them. Oh, if I could only bring them ashore! Then kind Heaven inspired me with the thought of setting fire to my bed; and rather to let the house burn down, than that all those people should perish miserably. I succeeded in lighting up a beacon for them. The red flame blazed up on high, and I escaped out of the door, but fell down exhausted on the threshold, and could get no farther. The flames rushed out towards me, flickered through the window, and rose high above the roof. All the people on the ice yonder beheld it, and ran as fast as they could, to give aid to a poor old woman who, they thought, was being burned to death. Not one remained behind. I heard them coming, but I also became aware of a rushing sound in the air; I heard a rumbling like the sound of heavy artillery, the spring flood was lifting the covering of ice, which presently burst and cracked into a thousand fragments. But the people succeeded in reaching the sea-wall—I saved them all! But I fancy I could not bear the cold and the fright, and so I came up here to the gates of Paradise. I am told they are opened to poor creatures like me—and now I have no house left down upon the rampart. not that I think this will give me admission here."

Then the gates of heaven were opened, and the angel led the old woman in. She left a straw behind her, a straw that had been in her bed when she set it on fire to save the lives of many, and this straw had been changed into the purest gold—into gold that grew and grew, and spread out into beauteous leaves and flowers.

"Look, this is what the poor woman brought," said the angel to the critic. "What dost *thou* bring? I know that thou hast accomplished nothing—thou hast not made so much as a single brick. Ah, if thou couldst only return, and effect at least as much as that! Probably the brick, when thou hadst made it, would not be worth much; but if it were made with a good will, it would at least be *something*. But thou canst not go back, and I can do nothing for thee!"

Then the poor soul, the old dame who had lived on the dyke, put in a petition for him. She said,

"His brother gave me the bricks and the pieces out of which I built up my house, and that was a great deal for a poor woman like me. Could not all those bricks and pieces be counted as a single brick in his favour? It was an act of mercy. He wants it now; and is not this the very fountain of mercy?"

Then the angel said,

"Thy brother, him whom thou hast regarded as the least among you all, he whose honest industry seemed to thee as the

point & smile, hath given thee this heavenly gift. Thou shalt not be turned away. It shall be a consolation to thee to stand here within the gate, and to reflect, and report of thy life down yonder, but thou shalt not be admitted until thou hast in earnest accepted the Lord's offer."

"I will have said that in better words," thought the critic, but he did not find fault aloud, and for him, after all, that was a warning."

A LEAF FROM THE SKY.

Hold up yonder, in the thin clear air, flew an angel with a flower from the heavenly garden. As she was passing the flower, a very little leaf fell down into the soft soil in the midst of the wood, and immediately took root, and sprouted, and sent forth shoots among the other plants.

"A funny kind of slip that," said the plants.

And neither Thistle or Stinging-Nettle would recognize the stranger.

"That must be a kind of garden-plant," said they.

And they sneered, and the plant was despised by them as being a thing out of the garden.

"Where are you coming?" cried the lofty Thistles, whose leaves are all armed with thorns. "You give yourself a good deal of space. That's all nonsense—we are not here to support you," they grumbled.

And winter came, and snow covered the plant; but the plant imparted to the snowy covering a lustre as if the sun was shining upon it from below as from above. When spring came, the plant appeared as a blooming object, more beautiful than any production of the forest.

And now appeared on the scene the botanical professor, who could show what he was in black and white. He inspected the plant and tested it, but found it was not included in his botanical system; and he could not possibly find out to what class it belonged.

"That must be some subordinate species," he said. "I don't know it. It's not included in any system."

"Not included in any system!" repeated the Thistles and the Nettles.

The great trees that stood round about saw and heard it; but they said not a word, good or bad, which is the wisest thing to do for people who are stupid.

There came through the forest a poor innocent girl. Her heart was pure, and her understanding was enlarged by faith. Her whole inheritance was an old Bible; but out of its pages a voice said to her, "If people wish to do us evil, remember how it was said of Joseph. They imagined evil in their hearts, but God turned it to good. If we suffer wrong—if we are misunderstood and despised—then we may recall the words of Him who was purity and goodness itself, and who forgave and prayed for those who buffeted and nailed Him to the cross."

The girl stood still in front of the wonderful plant, whose great leaves exhaled a sweet and refreshing fragrance, and whose flowers glittered like a coloured flame in the sun; and from each flower there came a sound as though it concealed within itself a deep fount of melody that thousands of years could not exhaust. With pious gratitude the girl looked upon this beautiful work of the Creator, and bent down one of the branches towards itself to breathe in its sweetness, and a light arose in her soul. It seemed to do her heart good; and gladly would she have plucked a flower, but she could not make up her mind to break one off, for it would soon fade if she did so. Therefore the girl only took a single leaf, and laid it in her Bible at home; and it lay there quite fresh, always green, and never fading.

Among the pages of the Bible it was kept; and with the Bible it was laid under the young girl's head, when, a few weeks afterwards, she lay in her coffin, with the solemn calm of death on her gentle face, as if the earthly remains bore the impress of the truth that she now stood before her Creator.

But the wonderful plant still bloomed without in the forest. It was almost like a tree to look upon; and all the birds of passage bowed before it.

"That's giving itself foreign airs now," said the Thistles and the Burdocks; "we never behave like that here."

And the black snails actually spat at the flower.

Then came the swineherd. He was collecting thistles and shrubs, to burn them for the ashes. The wonderful plant was placed bodily in his bundle.

"It shall be made useful," he said, and so said, so done.

But soon afterwards, the King of the country was troubled with a terrible depression of spirits. He was busy and industrious, but that did him no good. They read him deep and learned books, and then they read from the lightest and most superficial that they could find; but it was of no use. Then one of the wise men of the world, to whom they had applied, sent a messenger to tell the King that there was one remedy to give him relief and to cure him. He said:

"In the King's own country there grows in a forest a plant of heavenly origin. Its appearance is thus and thus. It cannot be mistaken."

"I fancy it *was* taken up in my bundle, and burned to ash long ago," said the swineherd; "but I did not know any better."

"You did not know any better! Ignorance of ignorances! And those words the swineherd might well take to himself for they were meant for him, and for no one else."

Not another leaf was to be found; the only one lay in the coat of the dead girl, and no one knew anything about that.

And the King himself, in his melancholy, wandered out to the spot in the wood.

"Here is where the plant stood," he said; "it is a sacred place. And the place was surrounded with a golden railing, and sentry was posted there."

The botanical professor wrote a long treatise upon the heaven plant. For this he was gilded all over, and this gilding suited him and his family very well. And indeed that was the most agreeable part of the whole story. But the King remained low spirited as before, but that he had always been, at least, the sentry said.

THE JEWISH GIRL

AMONG the children in a charity school sat a little Jewish girl. She was a good, intelligent child, the quickest of all the school; but she had to be excluded from the lesson, for she was not allowed to take part in the Scripture lesson, for it was a Christian school.

In that hour the girl was allowed to open the geography-book or to do her sum for the next day, but that was soon done; and when she had mastered her lesson in geography, the book indeed remained open before her, but the little one read no more in it; she listened silently to the words of the Christian teacher, who soon became aware that she was listening more intently than almost any of the other children.

"Read your book, Sara," the teacher said, in mild reproof; but her dark beaming eye remained fixed upon him; and once when he addressed a question to her, she knew how to answer better than any of the others could have done. She had heard and understood, and had kept his words in her heart.

When her father, a poor honest man, first brought the girl to the school, he had stipulated that she should be excluded from the lessons on the Christian faith. But it would have caused disturbance, and perhaps might have awakened discontent in the minds of the others, if she had been sent from the room during

the her question, and consequently she stayed ; but this could not go on any longer.

The teacher betook himself to her father, and exhorted him either to remove his daughter from the school, or to consent that Sara should become a Christian.

"I can no longer be a silent spectator of the gleaming eyes of the child, and of her deep and earnest longing for the words of the Gospel," said the teacher.

Then the father burst into tears.

"I know but little of the commandment given to my fathers," he said, "but Sara's mother was steadfast in the faith, a true daughter of Israel, and I vowed to her as she lay dying that our child should never be baptized. I must keep my vow, for it is even as a covenant with God Himself."

And accordingly the little Jewish maiden quitted the Christian school.

Years have rolled on

In one of the smallest provincial towns there dwelt, as a servant in a humble household, a maiden who held the Mosaic faith. Her hair was black as ebony, her eye dark as night, and yet full of splendour and light, as is usual with the daughters of Israel. It was Sara. The expression in the countenance of the now grown-up maiden was still that of the child sitting on the school-room bench, and listening with thoughtful eyes to the words of the Christian teacher.

Every Sunday there pealed from the church the sounds of the organ and the song of the congregation. The strains penetrated into the house where the Jewish girl, industrious and faithful in all things, stood at her work.

"Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath-day," said a voice within her, the voice of the Law ; but her Sabbath-day was a working day among the Christians, and that seemed unfortunate to her. But then the thought arose in her soul. "Doth God reckon by days and hours?" And when this thought grew strong within her, it seemed a comfort that on the Sunday of the Christians the hour of prayer remained undisturbed ; and when the sound of the organ and the songs of the congregation sounded across to her as she stood in the kitchen at her work, and even that place seemed to become a sacred one to her. Then she would read in the Old Testament, the treasure and comfort of her people, and it was only in this one she could read ; for she kept faithfully in the depths of her heart the words the teacher had spoken when she left the school, and the promise her father had given to her dying mother, that she should never receive Christian baptism, or deny the faith of her ancestors. The New Testament was to be a sealed book to her ; and yet she knew much of it, and the Gospel echoed faintly among the recollections of her youth.



Sara listening to the sermon in the Church.

One evening she was sitting in a corner of the living room. Her master was reading aloud, and she might listen to him, for it was not the Gospel that he read, but an old story book, therefore she might stay. The book told of a Hungarian knight who was taken prisoner by a Turkish pasha, who caused him to be led with his oxen to the plough, and driven with blows of the whip till the blood came, and he almost sank under the pain and

ignominy be endured. The faithful wife of the knight at home parted with all her jewels, and pledged castle and land. The knight's friends amassed large sums, for the ransom demanded was almost unattainably high, but it was collected at last, and the good knight was freed from servitude and misery. But soon another summons came to war against the foes of Christianity: the knight heard the cry, and he could stay no longer, for he had neither peace nor rest. He caused himself to be lifted on his war-horse; and the blood came back to his cheek, his strength appeared to return, and he went forth to battle and to victory. The very same pasha who had joked him to the plough became his prisoner, and was dragged to his castle. But not an hour had passed when the knight stood before the captive pasha, and said to him,

"What dost thou suppose awaiteth thee?"

"I know it," replied the Turk. "Retribution."

"Yes, the retribution of the Christian!" resumed the knight. "The doctrine of Christ commands us to forgive our enemies, and to love our fellow-man, for it teaches us that God is love. Depart in peace, depart to thy home. I will restore thee to thy dear ones; but in future be mild and merciful to all who are unfortunate."

Then the prisoner broke out into tears, and exclaimed,

"How could I believe in the possibility of such mercy? Misery and torment seemed to await me, they seemed inevitable; therefore I took poison, which I secretly carried about me, and in a few hours its effects will slay me. I must die—there is no remedy! But before I die, do thou expound to me the teaching which includes so great a measure of love and mercy, for it is great and godlike! Grant me to hear this teaching, and to die a Christian." And his prayer was fulfilled.

That was the legend which the master read out of the old story-book. All the audience listened with sympathy and pleasure, but Sara, the Jewish girl, sitting alone in her corner, listened with a burning heart; great tears came into her gleaming black eyes, and she sat there with a gentle and lowly spirit as she had once sat on the school bench, and felt the grandeur of the Gospel, and the tears rolled down over her cheeks.

But again the dying words of her mother rose up within her.

"Let not my daughter become a Christian," the voice cried; and together with it arose the words of the Law—"Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother."

"I am not admitted into the community of the Christians," she said. "they abuse me for being a Jew girl—our neighbour's boys hooted me last Sunday, when I stood at the open church door, and looked in at the flaming candles on the altar, and listened to the song of the congregation. Ever since I sat upon the school bench I have felt the force of Christianity, a force like

that of a sunbeam, which streams into my soul, however truly I may shut my eyes against it. But I will not pain thee in thy grave, O my mother, I will not be unfaithful to the oath of my father, I will not read the Bible of the Christians. I have the religion of my people, and to that will I hold!"

And years rolled on again. The master died. His widow fell into poverty, and the serra-girl was to be dismissed. But Sara refused to leave the house; she became the staff in time of trouble, and kept the household together, working till late in the night to earn the daily bread through the labour of her hands, for no relative came forward to assist the family; and the widow became weaker every day, and lay for months together on the bed of sickness. Sara worked hard, and in the intervals sat kindly ministering by the sick-bed; she was gentle and pious, an angel of blessing in the poverty-stricken house.

"Yonder on the table lies the Bible," said the sick woman to Sara. "Read me something from it, for the night appears to be so long—oh, so long!—and my soul thirsts for the word of the Lord."

And Sara bowed her head. She took the book, and folded her hands over the Bible of the Christians, and opened it, and read to the sick woman. Tears stood in her eyes, which gleamed and shone with ecstasy, and light shone in her heart.

"O my mother," she whispered to herself, "thy child may not receive the baptism of the Christians, or be admitted into the congregation—thou hast willed it so, and I shall respect thy command—we will remain in union together here on earth; but beyond this earth there is a higher union, even union in God! He will be at our side, and lead us through the valley of death. It is He that descendeth upon the earth when it is athirst, and covers it with fruitfulness. I understand it—I know not how I came to learn the truth; but it is through Him, through Christ!"

And she started as she pronounced the sacred name, and there came upon her a baptism as of flames of fire, and her frame shook, and her limbs tottered so that she sank down fainting, weaker even than the sick woman by whose couch she had watched.

"Poor Sara!" said the people; "she is overcome with night watching and toil!"

They carried her out into the hospital for the sick poor. There she died; and from thence they carried her to the grave, but not to the churchyard of the Christians, for yonder was no room for the Jewish girl; outside, by the wall, her grave was dug.

But God's sun, that shines upon the graves of the Christians, throws its beams also upon the grave of the Jewish girl beyond the wall; and when the psalms are sung in the churchyard of the Christians, the sun likewise over her lonely resting place; and

she who sleeps beneath is included in the call to the resurrection, in the name of Him who spake to His disciples

"John baptized you with water, but I will baptize you with the Holy Ghost!"

THE ELDER TREE MOTHER

THERE was once a little boy who had caught cold; he had gone out and got wet feet; no one could imagine how it had happened, for it was quite dry weather. Now his mother undressed him, put him to bed, and had the tea urn brought in to make a good cup of elder tea, for that warms well. At the same time there also came in at the door the friendly old man who lived all alone at the top of the house, and was very solitary. He had neither wife nor children, but he was very fond of little people, and knew so many stories that it was quite delightful.

"Now you are to drink your tea," said the mother, "and then perhaps you will hear a story."

"Ah! if one only could tell a new one!" said the old man, with a friendly nod. "But where did the little man get his feet wet?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the mother, "no one can tell how that came about."

"Shall I have a story?" asked the boy.

"Yes, if you can tell me at all accurately—for I must know that first—how deep the gutter is in the little street through which you go to school."

"Just half-way up to my knee," answered the boy, "that is, if I put my feet in the deep hole."

"You see, that's how we get our feet wet," said the old gentleman. "Now I ought certainly to tell you a story; but I don't know any more."

"You can make up one directly," answered the little boy. "Mother says that everything you look at can be turned into a story, and that you can make a tale of everything you touch."

"Yes, but those stories and tales are worth nothing! No, the real ones come of themselves. They knock at my forehead and say, 'Here I am!'"

"Will there soon be a knock?" asked the little boy, and the mother laughed, and put elder tea in the pot, and poured hot water upon it.

"A story! a story!"

went out to Fredericksberg, where the King and Queen were sailing in their splendid boats upon the canals.'

"'But I was obliged to sail elsewhere, and that for many years, far away on long voyages.'

"'Yes, I often cried about you,' she said. 'I thought you were dead and gone, and lying down in the deep waters, rocked by the waves. Many a night I got up to look if the weathercock was turning. Yes, it turned indeed; but you did not come. I remember so clearly how the rain streamed down from the sky. The man with the cart who fetched away the dust came to the place where I was in service. I went down with him to the dust-bin, and remained standing in the doorway. What wretched weather it was! And just as I stood there the postman came up and gave me a letter. It was from you! How that letter had travelled about! I tore it open and read, I laughed and wept at once, I was so glad. There it stood written that you were in the warm countries where the coffee-beans grow. You told me so much, and I read it all while the rain was streaming down, and I stood by the dust-bin. Then somebody came and clasped me round the waist.'

"'And you gave him a terrible box on the ear—one that sounded'

"'I did not know that it was you. You had arrived just as quickly as your letter. And you were so handsome, but that you are still. You had a large yellow silk handkerchief in your pocket, and a hat on your head. You were so handsome! And, gracious! what weather it was, and how the street looked'

"'Then we were married,' said he; 'do you remember? And then when our first little boy came, and then Marie, and Neils, and Peter, and Jack, and Christen?'

"'Yes, and how all of these have grown up to be respectable people, and every one likes them.'

"'And their children have had little ones in their turn,' said the old sailor. 'Yes, those are children's children! They're of the right sort. It was, if I don't mistake, at this very season of the year that we were married?'

"'Yes, this is the day of your golden wedding,' said the Elder Tree Mother, putting out her head just between the two old people, and they thought it was a neighbour nodding to them, and they looked at each other, and took hold of one another's hands.

"'Soon afterwards came their children and grandchildren these knew very well that it was the golden wedding-day, they had already brought their congratulations in the morning, but the old people had forgotten it, while they remembered every thing right well that had happened years and years ago.

"'And the elder tree smelt so sweet, and the sun that was just setting shone just in the faces of the old couple, so that their

cheeks looked quite red; and the youngest of their grand danced about them, and cried out quite gleefully that it to be a feast this evening, for they were to have hot p and the Elder Mother nodded in the tree, and called out with all the rest."

"But that was not a story," said the little boy who had it told.

"Yes, so you understand it," replied the old man; "but ask the Elder Mother about it."

"That was not a story," said the Elder Mother; "but comes; but of truth the strangest stories are formed, of my beautiful elder tree could not have sprouted forth out tea-pot."

And then she took the little boy out of bed, and laid him in her bosom, and the blossoming elder branches wound round so that they sat as it were in the thickest arbour, and this flew with them through the air. It was indescribably beautiful. The Elder Mother all at once became a pretty young girl; her dress was still of the green stuff with the white blossoms the Elder Mother had worn; in her bosom she had a real blossom, and on her head a wreath of elder flowers; her eyes so large and blue, they were beautiful to look at! She and the boy were of the same age, and they kissed each other at similar joys.

Hand in hand they went forth out of the arbour, and now stood in the beautiful flower garden of home. The father was tied up near the fresh grass-plot, and for the little boy was life in that staff. As soon as they seated themselves up the polished head turned into a noble neighing horse's head a flowing mane, and four slender legs shot forth; the creature strong and spirited, and they rode at a gallop round the grass-plot—hurrah!

"Now we're going to ride many miles away," said the boy; "we'll ride to the nobleman's estate, where we went last year."

And they rode round and round the grass-plot, and the girl, who, as we know, was no one else but Elder Mother, crying out,

"Now we're in the country! Do you see the farm-house, the great baking-oven standing out of the wall like an enormous egg by the wayside? The elder tree spreads its branches over it, and the cock walks about, scratching for his hens; look! he struts! Now we are near the church, it lies high up on a hill, under the great oak trees, one of which is half dead. Now we are at the forge, where the fire burns, and the half-clad men eat with their hammers, so that the sparks fly far around. Away, to the splendid nobleman's seat!"

And everything that the little maiden mentioned, as she sat

the stick behind him, flew past them, and the little boy saw it all, though they were only riding round and round the grass plot. Then they played in the side walk, and scratched up the earth to make a little garden; and she took elder flowers out of her hair and planted them, and they grew just like those that the old people had planted when they were little, as has been already told. They went hand in hand, just as the old people had done in their childhood; but not to the high tower, or to the Fredericksberg Garden. No, the little girl took hold of the boy round the body, and then they flew far away out into the country.

And it was spring, and summer came, and autumn, and winter, and thousands of pictures were mirrored in the boy's eyes and heart, and the little maiden was always singing to him.

He will never forget that, and throughout their whole journey the elder tree smelt so sweet, so fragrant—he noticed the roses and the fresh beech trees; but the elder tree smelt stronger than all, for its flowers hung round the little girl's heart, and he often leaned against them as they flew onward.

"Here it is beautiful in spring!" said the little girl.

And they stood in the green beech wood, where the thyme lay spread in fragrance at their feet, and the pale pink anemones looked glorious among the vivid green.

"Oh that it were always spring in the merry green wood!"

"Here it is beautiful in summer!" said she.

And they passed by old castles of knightly days, castles whose high walls and pointed turrets were mirrored in the canals, where swans swam about, and looked down the old shady avenues. In the fields the corn waved like a sea, in the ditches yellow and red flowers were growing, and in the hedges wild hops and blooming convolvulus. In the evening the moon rose round and large, and the haystacks in the meadows smelt sweet.

"Here it is beautiful in autumn!" said the little girl.

And the sky seemed twice as lofty and twice as blue as before, and the forest was decked in the most gorgeous tints of red, yellow, and green. The hunting dogs raced about, whole flocks of wild ducks flew screaming over the Hun's Graves, on which Bramble bushes twined over the old stones. The sea was dark blue, and covered with ships with white sails, and in the barns sat old women, girls, and children, picking hops into a large tub. the young people sang songs, and the older ones told tales of magicians and goblins. It could not be finer anywhere.

"Here it is beautiful in winter!" said the little girl.

And all the trees were covered with hoar frost so that they looked like white trees of coral. The snow crumbled beneath one's feet, as if every one had new boots on, and one's voting star after another fell from the sky. In the room the Christmas tree was lighted up, and there were presents, and there was happiness. In the country people's farm houses the violin sounded,

and there were many games for apples; and even the poorest child said, "It is beautiful in winter!"

Yes, it was beautiful; and the little girl showed the boy every thing; and still the blossoming tree smelt sweet, and still waved the red flag with the white cross, the flag under which the old seaman had sailed. The boy became a youth, and was to go out into the wide world, far away to the hot countries where the coffee grows. But when they were to part, the little girl took an elder blossom from her breast, and gave it to him to keep. It was laid in his hymn-book, and in the foreign land, when he opened the book, it was always at the place where the flower of remembrance lay; and the more he looked at the flower the fresher it became, so that he seemed, as it were, to breathe the forest air of home, then he plainly saw the little girl looking out with her clear blue eyes from between the petals of the flower,



The Boy and his Mother

and then she whispered, "Here it is beautiful in spring, summer, autumn, and winter!" and hundreds of pictures glided through his thoughts.

Thus many years went by, and now he was an old man, and sat with his old wife under the blossoming elder tree: they were holding each other by the hand, just as the great-grandmother and great-grandfather had done outside, and, like these, they spoke of old times and of the golden wedding. The little maiden with the blue eyes and with the elder blossoms in her hair sat up in the tree, and nodded to both of them, and said, "To-day is golden wedding day!" and then she took two flowers out of her hair and kissed them, and they gleamed first like silver and like gold, and when she laid them on the heads of the old people each changed into a golden crown. There they both sat.

like a King and a Queen, under the fragrant tree which looked quite like an elder bush, and he told his old wife of the story of the Elder Tree Mother, as it had been told to him when he was quite a little boy, and they both thought that the story in many points resembled their own, and those parts they liked the best of all.

"Yes, thus it is!" said the little girl in the tree. "Some call me Elder Tree Mother, others the Dryad, but my real name is Remembrance: it is I who sit in the tree that grows on and on, and I can think back and tell stories. Let me see if you have still your flower."

And the old man opened his hymn-book. there lay the elder blossom as fresh as if it had only just been placed there, and Remembrance nodded, and the two old people with the golden crowns on their head sat in the red evening sunlight, and they closed their eyes, and—and—the story was finished.

The little boy lay in his bed and did not know whether he had been dreaming or had heard a tale told; the tea-pot stood on the table, but no elder bush was growing out of it, and the old man who had told about it was just going out of the door, and indeed he went.

"How beautiful that was!" said the little boy. "Mother, I have been in the hot countries."

"Yes, I can imagine that!" replied his mother. "When one drinks two cups of hot elder tea one very often gets into the hot countries!" And she covered him up well, that he might not take cold. "You have slept well while I disputed with him as to whether it was a story or a fairy tale."

"And where is the Elder Tree Mother?" asked the little lad.

"She's in the tea-pot," replied his mother; "and there she may stay."



THE FARM-YARD COCK AND THE WEATHERCOCK.

HERE were two Cocks—one on the dunghill, the other on the roof. Both were conceited; but which of the two effected most? Tell us your opinion, but we shall keep our own nevertheless.

The poultry-yard was divided by a partition of boards from another yard, in which lay a manure-beap, whereon lay and grew a great Cucumber, which was fully conscious of being a forcing-bed plant.

"This is a privilege of birth," the Cucumber said to "Not all can be born cucumbers; there must be other kinds. The fowls, the ducks and all the cattle in the neighbourhood are creatures too. I now look up to the Yard Cock as a title. He certainly is of much greater consequence than the Weathercock, who is so lightly placed, and who can't ever much lose crow, and he has neither hens nor chickens to think only of himself, and perspires verdigris. But think! he is something like a cock! His gait is like a dromedary's gait—and wherever he comes, it is known. What a trumpeter he is! If he would only come in here, if he were to eat me up, stalk and all, it would be quite a death!" said the Cucumber.

In the night the weather became very bad. Hens, chickens and even the cock himself sought shelter. The wind blew the partition between the two yards with a crash; the tiles tumbling down, but the Weathercock sat firm. He did not turn round, he could not turn round, and yet he was young, newly cast, but steady and sedate. He had been "born old" did not at all resemble the birds that fly beneath the vaulted heaven, such as the sparrows and the swallows. He despised those, considering them piping birds of trifling stature—ordinary song birds. The pigeons, he allowed, were big and shiny; gleamed like mother o'-pearl, and looked like a kind of weathercocks, but then they were fat and stupid, and their whole endeavour was to fill themselves with food.

"Moreover, they are tedious things to converse with," said the Weathercock.

The birds of passage had also paid a visit to the Weathercock and told him tales of foreign lands, of airy caravans, and extraordinary robber stories; of encounters with birds of prey; and that interesting enough for the first time, but the Weathercock found that afterwards they always repeated themselves, and that tedious.

"They are tedious, and all is tedious," he said. "No one fit to associate with, and one and all of them are wearisome and stupid. The world is worth nothing," he cried. "The only thing is a stupidity."

The Weathercock was what is called "used up;" and quality would certainly have made him interesting in the eyes of the Cucumber if she had known it; but she had only eyes for the Yard Cock, who had now actually come into her yard.

The wind had blown down the plank, but the storm had passed over.

"What do you think of *that* crowing?" the Yard Cock said of his hens and chickens. "It was a little rough—she was wanting."

And hens and chickens stepped upon the muck-heap, and the Cock strutted to and fro on it like a knight.

"Garden plant!" he cried out to the Cucumber; and in this one word she understood his deep feeling, and forgot that he was pecking at her and eating her up—a happy death!

And the hens came, and the chickens came, and when one of them runs the rest run also; and they clucked and chirped, and looked at the Cock, and were proud that he was of their kind.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he crowed. "The chickens will grow up large fowls if I make a noise in the poultry-yard of the world."

And hens and chickens clucked and chirped, and the Cock told them a great piece of news.

"A cock can lay an egg! and do you know what there is in that egg? In that egg lies a basilisk. No one can stand the sight of a basilisk. Men know that, and now you know it too; you know what is in me, and what a Cock of the world I am!"

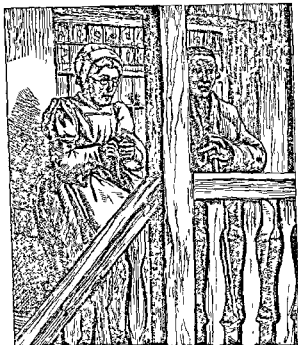
And with this the Yard Cock flapped his wings, and made his comb swell up, and crowed again, and all of them shuddered—all the hens and the chickens; but they were proud that one of their people should be such a cock of the world. They clucked and chirped, so that the Weathercock heard it, and he heard it, but he never stirred.

"It's all stupid stuff!" said a voice within the Weathercock. "The Yard Cock does not lay eggs, and I am too lary to lay any. If I liked, I could lay a wind egg, but the world is not worth a wind-egg. And now I don't like even to sit here any longer."

And with this the Weathercock broke off, but he did not kill the Yard Cock, though he intended to do so, as the hens declared. And what does the moral say?—"Better to crow than to be 'used up' and break off."

THE OLD GRAVESTONE.

IN a little provincial town, in the time of the year when the people say "the evenings are drawing in," there was one evening quite a social gathering in the home of a father of a family. The weather was still mild and warm. The lamp gleamed on the table, the long curtains hung down in folds before the open windows, by which stood many flower pots, and outside, beneath the dark blue sky, was the most beautiful moon-shine. But they were not talking about this. They were talking about the old great stone which lay below in the courtyard, close by the kitchen door, and on which the maids often laid the clean



Preben Schwane and his Wife Martha

red when he spoke of the days of their courtship, and told how beautiful she was, and how many little innocent pretexts he had invented to meet her. And then he talked of the wedding-day, and his eyes gleamed; he seemed to talk himself back into that time of joy. And yet she was lying in the next room—dead—an old woman; and he was an old man, speaking of the past days of hope! Yes, yes, thus it is! Then I was but a child, and now I am old—as old as Preben Schwane was then. Time passes away, and all things change. I can very well remember the day when she was buried, and how Preben Schwane walked close behind

the coffin. A few years before, the couple had caused their gravestone to be prepared, and their names to be engraved on it, with the inscription, all but the date. In the evening the stone was taken to the churchyard, and laid over the grave; and the year afterwar it was taken up, that old Preben Schwane might be laid to rest by his wife. They did not leave behind them anything like the wealth people had attributed to them: what there was went to families distantly related to them—to people of whom, until then, one had known nothing. The old wooden house, with the seat at the top of the steps, beneath the lime tree, was taken down by the corporation; it was too old and rotten to be left standing. Afterwards, when the same fate befell the convent church, and the graveyard was levelled, Preben and Martha's tombstone was sold, like everything else, to any one who would buy it, and that is how it has happened that this stone was not hewn in two, as many another has been, but that it still lies below in the yard as a scoring bench for the maids and a plaything for the children. The high road now goes over the resting-place of old Preben and his wife. No one thinks of them any more."

And the old man who had told all this shook his head scornfully.

"Forgotten! Everything will be forgotten!" he said.

And then they spoke in the room of other things; but the youngest child, a boy with great serious eyes, mounted up on a chair behind the window-curtains, and looked out into the yard, where the moon was pouring its radiance over the old stone—the old stone that had always appeared to him so tame and flat, but which lay there now like a great leaf of a book of chronicles. All that the boy had heard about old Preben and his wife seemed concentrated in the stone, and he gazed at it, and looked at the pure bright moon and up into the clear air, and it seemed as though the countenance of the Creator was beaming over His world.

"Forgotten! Everything will be forgotten!" was repeated in the room.

But in that moment an invisible angel kissed the boy's forehead, and whispered to him.

"Preserve the seed-corn that has been entrusted to thee, that it may bear fruit. Guard it well! Through thee, my child, the obliterated inscription on the old tombstone shall be chronicled in golden letters to future generations! The old pair shall wander again arm in arm through the streets, and smile, and sit with their fresh healthy faces under the lime tree on the bench by the steep stairs, and nod at rich and poor. The seed-corn of this hour shall ripen in the course of time to a blooming poem. The beautiful and the good shall not be forgotten; it shall live on in legend and in song."

THE OLD BACHELOR'S NIGHTCAP

HERE is a street in Copenhagen that has this strange name—"Hysken Strade." Whence comes this name and what is its meaning? It is said to be German, but injustice has been done to the Germans in this matter, for it would have had to be "Hauschen," and not "Hysken." For here stood, once upon a time, and indeed for a great many years, a few little houses, which were principally nothing more than mere wooden booths, just as we see now in the market-places at fair-time. They were, perhaps, a little larger, and had windows, but the panes consisted of horn or bladder, for glass was then too expensive to be used in every house. But then we are speaking of a long time ago—so long since, that grandfather and great grandfather, when they talked about them, used to speak of them as "the old times"—in fact, it is several centuries ago.

The rich merchants in Bremen and Lubeck carried on trade with Copenhagen. They did not reside in the town themselves, but sent their clerks, who lived in the wooden booths in the Hauschen Street, and sold beer and spices. The German beer was good, and there were many kinds of it, as there were, for instance, Bremen, and Prussinger, and Sous beer, and even Brunswick mum. And quantities of spices were sold—saffron, and aniseed, and ginger, and especially pepper. Yes, pepper was the chief article here, and so it happened that the German clerks got the nickname "pepper gentry;" and there was a condition made with them in Lubeck and in Bremen, that they would not marry at Copenhagen, and many of them became very old. They had to care for themselves, and to look after their own comforts, and to put out their own fires—when they had any; and some of them became very solitary old boys, with eccentric ideas and eccentric habits. From them all unmarried men, who have attained a certain age, are called in Denmark "pepper gentry," and this must be understood by all who wish to comprehend this history.

The "pepper gentleman" becomes a butt for ridicule, and is continually told that he ought to put on his nightcap, and draw it down over his eyes, and do nothing but sleep. The boys sing,

"Cut, cut wood,
Poor bachelor so good.
Cut, take your nightcap, go to bed,
For 'in the nightcap' says you best!"

Yes, that's what they sing about the "pepperer"—thus they make game of the poor bachelor and his nightcap, and turn it into ridicule, just because they know very little about either. Ah,

that kind of nightcap no one should wish to earn! And why not?—We shall hear.

In the old times the "Housekin Street" was not paved, and the people stumbled out of one hole into another, as in a neglected byeway, and it was narrow too. The booths leaned side by side, and stood so close together that in the summer-time a sail was often stretched from one booth to its opposite neighbour, on which occasion the fragrance of pepper, saffron, and ginger became doubly powerful. Behind the counters young men were seldom seen. The clerks were generally old boys; but they did not look like what we should fancy them, namely, with wig, and nightcap, and plush small-clothes, and with waistcoat and coat buttoned up to the chin. No, grandfather's great-grandfather may look like that, and has been thus portrayed, but the "pepper gentry" had no superfluous means, and accordingly did not have their portraits taken; though, indeed, it would be interesting now to have a picture of one of them, as he stood behind the counter or went to church on holy days. His hat was high-crowned and broad-brimmed, and sometimes one of the youngest clerks would mount a feather. The woollen shirt was hidden behind a broad clean collar, the close jacket was buttoned up to the chin, and the cloak hung loose over it; and the trousers were tucked into the broad-toed shoes, for the clerks did not wear stockings. In their girdles they sported a dinner-knife and spoon, and a larger knife was placed there also for the defence of the owner; and this weapon was often very necessary. Just so was Anthony, one of the oldest clerks, clad on high days and holy days, except that, instead of a high-crowned hat, he wore a low bonnet, and under it a knitted cap (a regular nightcap), in which he had grown so accustomed that it was always on his head; and he had two of them—nightcaps, of course. The old fellow was a subject for a painter. He was as thin as a lath, had wrinkles clustering round his eyes and mouth, and long bony fingers, and bushy grey eyebrows; over the left eye hung quite a tuft of hair, and that did not look very handsome, though it made him very noticeable. People knew that he came from Bremen; but that was not his native place, though his master lived there. His own native place was in Thuringia, the town of Eisenach, close by the Wartburg. Old Anthony did not speak much of this, but he thought of it all the more.

The old clerks of the Hauschen Street did not often come together. Each one remained in his booth, which was closed early in the evening; and then it looked dark enough in the street: only a faint glimmer of light forced its way through the little horn-pane in the roof; and in the booth sat, generally on his bed, the old bachelor, his German hymn-book in his hand, singing an evening psalm in a low voice, or he went about in the booth till late into the night, and busied himself about all sorts of things.

It was certainly not an amusing life. To be a stranger in a strange land is a bitter lot—nobody cares for you, unless you happen to get in anybody's way.

Often when it was dark night outside, with snow and rain, the place looked very gloomy and lonely. No lamps were to be seen with the exception of one solitary light hanging before the picture of the Virgin that was fastened against the wall. The splash of the water against the neighbouring rampart at the castle wharf could be plainly heard. Such evenings are long and dreary, unless people devise some employment for themselves. There is not always packing or unpacking to do, nor can the scales be polished or paper bags be made continually, and, failing these, people should devise other employment for themselves. And that is just what old Anthony did, for he used to mend his clothes and put pieces on his boots. When he at last sought his couch, he used from habit to keep his nightcap on. He drew it down a little closer, but soon he would push it up again, to see if the light had been properly extinguished. He would touch it, press the wick together, and then he down on the other side, and draw his nightcap down again, but then a doubt would come upon him, if every coal in the little fire-pan below had been properly deadened and put out—a tiny spark might have been left burning, and might set fire to something and cause damage. And therefore he rose from his bed, and crept down the ladder, for it could scarcely be called a stair. And when he came to the fire-pan, not a spark was to be discovered, and he might just go back again. But often, when he had gone half of the way back, it would occur to him that the shutters might not be securely fastened, yes, then his thin legs must carry him downstairs once more. He was cold, and his teeth chattered in his mouth when he crept back again to bed; for the cold seems to become doubly severe when it knows it cannot stay much longer. He drew up the coverlet closer around him, and pulled down the nightcap lower over his brows, and turned his thoughts away from trade and from the labours of the day. But that did not procure him agreeable entertainment, for now old thoughts came and put up their curtains, and these curtains have sometimes pins in them, with which one pricks oneself, and one cries out "Oh!" and they prick into one's flesh and burn so, that the tears sometimes come into one's eyes; and that often happened to old Anthony—hot tears. The largest pearls streamed forth, and fell on the coverlet or on the floor, and then they sounded as if one of his heart strings had broken. Sometimes again they seemed to rise up in flame, illuminating a picture of life that never faded out of his heart. If he then dried his eyes with his nightcap, the tear and the picture were indeed crushed, but the source of the tears remained, and welled up afresh from his heart. The pictures did not come up in the order in which the scenes had occurred in reality, for

that kind of nightcap no one should wish to earn! And why not? We shall hear.

In the old times the "Hausekin Street" was not paved, and the people straggled out of one hole into another, as in a neglected byeway, and it was narrow too. The booths leaned side by side, and stood so close together that in the summer-time a sail was often stretched from one booth to its opposite neighbour, on which occasion the fragrance of pepper, saffron, and ginger became doubly powerful. Behind the counters young men were seldom seen. The clerks were generally old boys; but they did not look like what we should fancy them, namely, with wig, and nightcap, and plush small clothes, and with waistcoat and coat buttoned up to the chin. No, grandfather's great-grandfather may look like that, and has been thus portrayed, but the "pepper gentry" had no superfluous means, and accordingly did not have their portraits taken, though, indeed, it would be interesting now to have a picture of one of them, as he stood behind the counter or went to church on holy days. His hat was high-crowned and broad-brimmed, and sometimes one of the youngest clerks would mount a feather. The woollen shirt was hidden behind a broad clean collar, the close jacket was buttoned up to the chin, and the cloak hung loose over it, and the trousers were tucked into the broad-toed shoes, for the clerks did not wear stockings. In their girdles they sported a dinner-knife and spoon, and a larger knife was placed there also for the defence of the owner, and this weapon was often very necessary. Just so was Anthony, one of the oldest clerks, clad on high days and holy days, except that, instead of a high-crowned hat, he wore a low bonnet, and under it a knitted cap (a regular nightcap), to which he had grown so accustomed that it was always on his head, and he had two of them—nightcaps, of course. The old fellow was a subject for a punter. He was as thin as a lath, had wrinkles clustering round his eyes and mouth, and long bony fingers, and bushy grey eyebrows; over the left eye hung quite a tuft of hair, and that did not look very handsome, though it made him very noticeable. People knew that he came from Bremen; but that was not his native place, though his master lived there. His own native place was in Thuringia, the town of Eisenach, close by the Wartburg. Old Anthony did not speak much of this, but he thought of it all the more.

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very often the most painful would come together; then again the most joyful would come, but these had the deepest shadows of all.

The beech woods of Denmark are acknowledged to be fine, but the woods of Thuringia arose far more beautiful in the eyes of Anthony. More mighty and more venerable seemed to him the old oaks around the proud knightly castle, where the creeping plants hung down over the stony blocks of the rock; sweeter there bloomed the flowers of the apple tree than in the Danish land. This he remembered very vividly. A glittering tear rolled down over his cheek, and in this tear he could plainly see two children playing—a boy and a girl. The boy had red cheeks, and yellow curling hair, and honest blue eyes. He was the son of the merchant Anthony—it was himself. The little girl had brown eyes and black hair, and had a bright clever look. She was the burgomaster's daughter Molly. The two were playing with an apple. They shook the apple, and heard the pips rattling in it. Then they cut the apple in two, and each of them took a half, they divided even the pips, and ate them all but one, which the little girl proposed that they should lay in the earth.

"Then you shall see," she said, "what will come out. It will be something you don't at all expect. A whole apple tree will come out, but not directly."

And she put the pip in a flower-pot, and both were very busy and eager about it. The boy made a hole in the earth with his finger, and the little girl dropped the pip in it, and they both covered it with earth.

"Now, you must not take it out to-morrow to see if it has struck root," said Molly. "That won't do at all. I did it with my flowers; but only twice. I wanted to see if they were growing—and I didn't know any better then—and the plants withered."

Anthony took away the flower-pot, and every morning, the whole winter through, he looked at it; but nothing was to be seen but the black earth. At length, however, the spring came, and the sun shone warm again; and the two little green leaves came up out of the pot.

"Those are for me and Molly," said the boy. "That's beautiful—that's marvellously beautiful!"

Soon a third leaf made its appearance. Whom did that represent? Yes, and there came another, and yet another. Day by day and week by week they grew larger, and the plant began to take the form of a real tree. And all this was now mirrored in a single tear, which was wiped away and disappeared, but it might come again from its source in the heart of old Anthony.

In the neighbourhood of Eisenach a row of stony mountains rises up. One of these mountains is round in outline, and lifts itself above the rest, naked and without tree, bush, or grass. It is called the Venus Mount. In this mountain dwells Lady Venus.

one of the deities of the heathen times. She is also called Lady Holle, and every child in and around Eisenach has heard about her. She it was who lured Tannhauser, the noble knight and minstrel, from the circle of the singers of the Wartburg into her mountain.

Little Molly and Anthony often stood by this mountain, and once Molly said,

"You may knock and say, 'Lady Holle, open the door—Tannhauser is here!'"

But Anthony did not dare. Molly, however, did it, though she only said the words 'Lady Holle, Lady Holle!' aloud and distinctly, the rest she muttered so indistinctly that Anthony felt convinced she had not really said anything, and yet she looked as bold and saucy as possible—as saucy as when she sometimes came round him with other little girls in the garden, and all wanted to kiss him because he did not like to be kissed and tried to keep them off; and she was the only one who dared to kiss him in spite of his resistance.

"I may kiss him!" she would say proudly.

That was her vanity, and Anthony submitted, and thought no more about it.

How charming and how teasing Molly was! It was said that Lady Holle in the mountain was beautiful also, but that her beauty was like that of a tempting fiend. The greatest beauty and grace was possessed by Saint Elizabeth, the patron of the country, the pious Princess of Thuringia, whose good actions have been immortalized in many places in legends and stories. In the chapel her picture hung, surrounded by silver lamps, but it was not in the least like Molly.

The apple tree which the two children had planted grew year by year, and became taller and taller—so tall, that it had to be transplanted into the garden, into the fresh air, where the dew fell and the sun shone warm. And the tree developed itself strongly so that it could resist the winter. And it seemed as if, after the frost of the cold season was past, it put forth blossoms in spring for very joy. In the autumn it brought two apples—one for Molly and one for Anthony. It could not well have produced less.

The tree had grown square, and Molly grew like the tree. She was as fresh as an apple blossom, but Anthony was not fit to behold the flower. All that, a change. Molly's father left his old home, and Molly went with him, far away. Yes, a few time strains has made the journey they took a matter of a few hours, but then more than a day and a night were necessary to go so far eastward from Eisenach to the farthest border of Thuringia, to the city which is still called Weimar.

And Molly wept, and Anthony wept. But all their tears rolled into one, and it was but the tears, charming blue of joy. For

THE OLD BACHELOR

olly told him she loved him—loved him more than all the
endours of Weimar.
One, two, three years went by, and during this period two letters
re received. One came by a carrier, and a traveller brought
e other. The way was long and difficult, and passed through
any windings by towns and villages.

Often had Molly and Anthony heard of Tristram and Isolt,
nd often had the boy applied the story to himself and Molly;
hough the name Tristram was said to mean "born in tribulation,"
nd that did not apply to Anthony, nor would he ever be able to
hink, like Tristram, "She has forgotten me." But, indeed, Isolt
did not forget her faithful knight; and when both were laid to
rest in the earth, one on each side of the church, the hoden tree
grew from their graves over the church roof, and there encountered
each other in bloom. Anthony thought that was beautiful, but
Molly, and he whistled a song of the old minnesinger, Walter
of the Vogelverde:

Under the lindens
Upon the bench.

And especially that passage appeared charming to him:

"From the forest, down in the vale,
Sang her sweet song the nightingale."

This song was often in his mouth, and he sang and whistled it
on horseback to get to Weimar and visit Molly. He wished to
come unexpectedly, and he came unexpectedly.

He was made welcome with full goblets of wine, with jovial
company, fine company, and a pretty room and a good bed were
provided for him, and yet his reception was not what he had
dreamed and fancied it would be. He could not understand how
it. One may be admitted into a house and associate with a family
without becoming one of them. One may converse together
for years and know each other on a journey, call him one's neighbour
and wishing that either oneself or the good neighbour were away.
Yes, that was the kind of thing Anthony felt.
"I am an honest girl," said Molly, "and I myself will tell you
what it is. Much has changed since we were children together—
changed so much and so strangely. That and with some no power
over our hearts. Anthony, I should not like to have an enemy
in your arm, but I would wish to be far away from here. I believe
me, I understand the best of what you say, but I feel for you what I
have never one may feel for a man who has never been the same with
me. You must excuse me just and to this. I am well, Anthony,
and Anthony would be far away."

but he felt that he was no longer Molly's friend. Hot iron and cold iron alike take the skin from our lips, and we have the same feeling when we kiss it, and he kissed himself into hatred as into love.

Within twenty-four hours Anthony was back in Eisenach, though certainly the horse on which he rode was ruined.

"What matter?" he said. "I am ruined too, and I will destroy everything that can remind me of her, or of Lady Hrole, or Venus the heathen woman! I will break down the apple tree and tear it up by the roots, so that it shall never bear flower or fruit more."

But the apple tree was not broken down, though he himself was broken down, and bound on a couch by fever. What was it that raised him up again? A medicine was presented to him which had strength to do this—the bitterest of medicines, that shakes up body and spirit together. Anthony's father ceased to be the richest of merchants. Heavy days—days of trial—were at the door, misfortune came rolling into the house like great waves of the sea. The father became a poor man. Sorrow and suffering took away his strength. Then Anthony had to think of something else besides nursing his love-sorrows and his anger against Molly. He had to take his father's place—to give orders, to help, to act energetically, and at last to go out into the world and earn his bread.

Anthony went to Bremen. There he learned what poverty and hard living meant—and these sometimes make the heart hard, and sometimes soften it, even too much.

How different the world was and how different the people were from what he had supposed them to be in his childhood! What were the minnensingers' songs to him now?—an echo, a vanishing sound. Yes, that is what he thought sometimes, but again the songs would sound in his soul, and his heart became gentle.

"God's will is best," he would say then. "It was well that I was not permitted to keep Molly's heart—that she did not remain true to me. What would it have led to now, when fortune has turned away from me? She quitted me before she knew of this loss of prosperity or had any notion of what awaited me. I can only say it was a mercy of Providence towards me. Everything has happened for the best. It was not her fault—and I have been as bitter, and have shown so much rancour towards her."

And years went by. Anthony's father was dead, and strangers lived in the old house. But Anthony was destined to see it again. His employers sent him on commercial journeys, and his duty led him to his native town of Eisenach. The old Wartburg stood unchanged on the mountain, with "the moon and the sun" hewn out in stone. The great oaks gave us the same shelter that had possessed in his childhood days. The black mourning mired grey and naked over the valley. He would have been glad to say "Lady

*Hail, Lady Hail, unlock the door, and I shall enter and remain
in my native earth."*

That was a sinful thought, and he blessed himself to drive it away. Then a little bird out of the thicket sang clearly, and the old mune song came into his mind.

*"From the forest down in the vale,
Sung her sweet song the nightingale."*

And here in the town of his childhood, which he thus saw again through tears, much came back into his remembrance. The paternal house stood as in the old times; but the garden was altered, and a field-path led over a portion of the old ground, and the apple tree that he had not broken down stood there, but outside the garden, on the farther side of the path. But the sun threw its rays on the apple tree as in the old days, the dew descended gently upon it as then, and it bore such a burden of fruit that the branches were bent down towards the earth.

"That flourishes!" he said. "The tree can grow!"

Nevertheless, one of the branches of the tree was broken. Mischievous hands had torn it down towards the ground; for now the tree stood by the public way.

"They break its blossoms off without a feeling of thankfulness -- they steal its fruit and break the branches. One might say of the tree as has been said of some men--'It was not sung at his cradle that it should come thus.' How brightly its history began, and what has it come to? Forsaken and forgotten--a garden tree by the hedge, in the field, and on the public way! There it stands unprotected, plundered, and broken! It has certainly not died, but in the course of years the number of blossoms will diminish; at last the fruit will cease altogether; and at last--at last all will be over!"

Such were Anthony's thoughts under the tree; such were his thoughts during many a night in the lonely chamber of the wooden house in the distant land--in the Hauschen Street in Copenhagen, whither his rich employer, the Bremen merchant, had sent him, first making it a condition that he should not marry.

"Marry! Ha, ha!" he laughed bitterly to himself.

Winter had set in early; it was freezing hard. Without, a snow-storm was raging, so that every one who could do so remained at home: thus, too, it happened that those who lived opposite to Anthony did not notice that for two days his house had not been unlocked, and that he did not show himself; for who would go out unnecessarily in such weather?

They were grey gloomy days; and in the house, whose windows were not of glass, twilight only alternated with dark night. Old Anthony had not left his bed during the two days, for he had strength to rise; he had for a long time felt in his limbs

the hardness of the weather. Forsaken by all, lay the old bachelor, unable to help himself. He could scarcely reach the water-jug that he had placed by his bed-side, and the last drop it contained had been consumed. It was not fever, nor sickness, but old age that had struck him down. Up yonder, where his couch was placed, he was overshadowed as it were by continual night. A little spider, which however, he could not see, busily and cheerfully spun its web around him, as if it were weaving a little crape banner that should wave when the old man closed his eyes.

The time was very slow, and long, and dreary. Tears he had none to shed, nor did he feel pain. The thought of Molly never came into his mind. He felt as if the world and its noise concerned him no longer—as if he were lying outside the world, and no one were thinking of him. For a moment he felt a sensation of hunger—of thirst. Yes, he felt them both. But nobody came to tend him—nobody. He thought of those who had once suffered want, of Saint Elizabeth, as she had once wandered on earth, of her, the saint of his home and of his childhood, the noble Duchess of Thuringia, the benevolent lady who had been accustomed to visit the lowliest cottages, bringing to the inmates refreshment and comfort. Her pious deeds shone bright upon his soul. He thought of her as she had come to distribute words of comfort, binding up the wounds of the afflicted and giving meat to the hungry, though her stern husband had chidden her for it. He thought of the legend told of her, how she had been carrying the full basket containing food and wine, when her husband, who watched her footsteps, came forth and asked angrily what she was carrying, whereupon she answered, in fear and trembling, that the basket contained roses which she had plucked in the garden; how he had torn away the white cloth from the basket, and a miracle had been performed for the pious lady; for bread and wine, and everything in the basket, had been transformed into roses!

Thus the saint's memory dwelt in Anthony's quiet mind; thus she stood bodily before his downcast face, before his warehouse in the simple booth in the Danish land. He uncovered his head, and looked into her gentle eyes, and everything around him was beautiful and roscate. Yes, the roses seemed to unfold themselves in fragrance. There came to him a sweet, peculiar odour of apples, and he saw a blooming apple tree, which spread its branches above him—it was the tree which Molly and he had planted together.

And the tree strewed down its fragrant leaves upon him, cooling his burning brow. The leaves fell upon his parched lips, and were like strengthening bread and wine; and they fell upon his breast, and he felt reassured and calm, and inclined to sleep peacefully.

"Now I shall sleep," he whispered to himself. "Sleep is so

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identical cap afterwards felt all that at once, though it was half a century afterwards, and that man was the burgomaster himself, who, with his wife and eleven children, was well and firmly established, and had amassed a very tolerable amount of wealth. He was immediately seized with dreams of unfortunate love, of bankruptcy, and of heavy times.

"Hollo! how the nightcap burns!" he cried, and tore it from his head.

And a pearl rolled out, and another, and another, and they sounded and glittered.

"This must be gout," said the burgomaster. "Something dazles my eyes!"

They were tears, shed half a century before by old Anthony from Eisenach.

Every one who afterwards put that nightcap upon his head had visions and dreams which excited him not a little. His own history was changed into that of Anthony, and became a story, in fact, many stories. But some one else may tell *them*. We have told the first. And our last word is—don't wish for "the Old Bachelor's Nightcap."



A ROSE FROM THE GRAVE OF HOMER.



ALL the songs of the East tell of the love of the nightingale to the rose; in the silent starlit nights the winged songster serenades his fragrant flower.

Not far from Smyrna, under the lofty plantains, where the merchant drives his loaded camels, that proudly lift their long necks and tramp over the holy ground, I saw a hedge of roses. Wild pigeons flew among the branches of the high trees, and their wings glistened, while a sunbeam glided over them, as if they were of mother-o'-pearl.

The rose hedge bore a flower which was the most beautiful among all, and the nightingale sang to her of his woes, but the Rose was silent—not a dew-drop lay, like a tear of sympathy, upon her leaves. she bent down over a few great stones.

"Here rests the greatest singer of the world!" said the Rose. "over his tomb will I pour out my fragrance, and on it I will let fall my leaves when the storm tears them off. He who sang of Troy became earth, and from that earth I have sprung. I, a rose from the grave of Homer, am too lofty to bloom for a poor nightingale!"

the room, and the little place is warm and snug, and it is pleasant to sit there listening to the sounds. Let the Wind speak, for he knows plenty of stories and fairy tales, many more than are known to any of us. Just hear what the Wind can tell.

"Huh—uh—ush! roar along!" That is the burden of the song.

"By the shores of the Great Belt, one of the straits that unite the Cartegat with the Baltic, lies an old mansion with thick red walls," says the Wind. "I know every stone in it; I saw it when it still belonged to the castle of Marsk Stig on the promontory. But it had to be pulled down, and the stone was used again for the walls of a new mansion in another place, the baronial mansion of Borreby, which still stands by the coast.

"I knew them, the noble lords and ladies, the changing races



The Home of Waldemar Daa

that dwelt there, and now I'm going to tell about Waldemar Daa and his daughters. How proudly he carried himself—he was of royal blood! He could do more than merely hunt the stag and empty the wine-cup. 'It shall be done,' he was accustomed to say.

"His wife walked proudly in gold embroidered garments over the polished marble floors. The tapestries were gorgeous, the furniture was expensive and artistically carved. She had brought gold and silver plate with her into the house, and there was German beer in the cellar. Black fiery horses neighed in the stables. There was a wealthy look about the house of Borreby at that time, when wealth was still at home there.

"Four children dwelt there also; three delicate maidens, Ida, Joanna, and Anna Dorothea. I have never forgotten their names.

resumed their dancing. They rode that summer through all the villages round about. But in the night, when I rose again," said the Wind, "the very noble lady lay down, to rise again no more that thing came upon her which comes upon all—there is nothing new in that.

"Waldemar Daa stood for a space silent and thoughtful. 'The proudest tree can be bowed without being broken,' said a voice within him. His daughters wept, and all the people in the mansion wiped their eyes; but Lady Daa had driven away—and I drove away too, and rushed along—huh—sh!" said the Wind.

"I returned again; I often returned again over the Island of Funen and the shores of the Belt, and I sat down by Borreby, by the splendid oak wood; there the heron made his nest, and wood-pigeons haunted the place, and blue ravens, and even the black stork. It was still spring; some of them were yet sitting on their eggs, others had already hatched their young. But how they flew up, how they cried! The axe sounded, blow upon blow, the wood was to be felled. Waldemar Daa wanted to build a noble ship, a man-of-war, a three-decker, which the King would be sure to buy; and therefore the wood must be felled, the landmark of the seamen, the refuge of the birds. The hawk started up and flew away, for its nest was destroyed, the heron and all the birds of the forest became homeless, and flew about in fear and in anger. I could well understand how they felt. Crows and ravens croaked aloud as if in scorn. 'Crack! crack! the nest cracks, cracks, cracks!'

"Far in the interior of the wood, where the noisy swarm of labourers were working, stood Waldemar Daa and his three daughters; and all laughed at the wild cries of the birds, only one, the youngest, Anna Dorothea, felt grieved in her heart; and when they made preparations to fell a tree that was almost dead, and on whose naked branches the black stork had built his nest, whence the little storks were stretching out their heads, she begged for mercy for the little things, and the tears came into her eyes. Therefore the tree with the black stork's nest was left standing. The tree was not worth speaking of.

"There was a great hewing and sawing, and a three-decker was built. The architect was of low origin, but of great pride, his eyes and forehead told how clever he was, and Waldemar Daa was fond of listening to him, and so was Waldemar's daughter Ida, the eldest, who was now fifteen years old, and while he built a ship for the father, he was building for himself an airy castle, into which he and Ida were to go as a married couple—which might indeed have happened, if the castle with stone walls, and ramparts, and moats had remained. But in spite of his wise head, the architect remained but a poor bird, and, indeed, what business has a sparrow to take part in a dance of peacocks?

on their plaited hair. They were handsome women. The gentlemen were represented clad in steel, or in costly cloaks lined with squirrel's skin; they wore little ruffs, and swords at their sides, but not buckled to their hips. Where would Joanna's picture find a place on that wall some day? and how would *he* look, her noble lord and husband? Thus is what she thought of, and of this she spoke softly to herself. I heard it as I swept into the long hall, and turned round to come out again.

"Anna Dorothea, the pale hyacinth, a child of fourteen, was quiet and thoughtful; her great deep blue eyes had a musing look, but the childlike smile still played around her lips. I was not able to blow it away, nor did I wish to do so.

"We met in the garden, in the hollow lane, in the field and meadow; she gathered herbs and flowers which she knew would be useful to her father in concocting the drinks and drops he distilled. Waldemar Daa was arrogant and proud, but he was also a learned man, and knew a great deal. That was no secret, and many opinions were expressed concerning it. In his chimney there was a fire even in summer-time. He would lock the door of his room, and for days the fire would be poked and raked, but of this he did not talk much—the forces of nature must be conquered in silence; and soon he would discover the art of making the best thing of all—the red gold.

"That is why the chimney was always smoking, therefore the flames crackled so frequently. Yes, I was there too," said the Wind. "'Let it go,' I sang down through the chimney. 'it will end in smoke, air, coals, and ashes.' You will burn yourself! Hu-uh-ush! drive away! drive away!" But Waldemar Daa did not drive it away.

"The splendid black horses in the stable—what became of them? what became of the old gold and silver vessels in cupboards and chests, the cows in the fields, and the house and home itself? Yes, they may melt, may melt in the golden crucible, and yet yield no gold.

"Empty grew the barns and store-rooms, the cellars and magazines. The servants decreased in number, and the mice multiplied. Then a window broke, and then another, and I could get in elsewhere besides at the door," said the Wind. "'Where the chimney smokes the meal is being cooked,' the proverb says. But here the chimney smoked that devoured all the meals, for the sake of the red gold.

"I blew through the courtyard-gate like a watchman blowing his horn," the Wind went on, "but no watchman was there. I twirled the weathercock round on the summit of the tower, and it creaked like the snoring of the warder, but no warder was there; only mice and rats were there. Poverty laid the tablecloth; poverty sat in the wardrobe and in the larder; the door fell off its hinges, cracks and fissures made their appearance, and

I went in and out at pleasure and that is how I know about it.

"Amid smoke and ashes, amid sorrow and sleepless nights, I sat and heard of the master turned grey, and deep furrows thrust themselves around his temples, his skin turned pale as yellow, as his eyes looked greedily for the gold, the desired gold."

I blew the smoke and ashes into his face and beard: the result of his labour was debt instead of pelf. I sang through the burst window panes and the yawning clefts in the walls. I blew into the chests of drawers belonging to the daughters, where were the clothes that had become faded and threadbare from being worn over and over again. That was not the song that had been sung at the children's cradle. The lordly life had changed to a life of penury. I was the only one who rejoiced aloud in that castle," said the Wind. "I snowed them up, and they say snow keeps people warm. They had no wood, and the forest from which they might have brought it was cut down. It was a biting frost. I rushed in through loopholes and passages, over gables and roofs, that I might be brisk. They were lying in bed because of the cold, the three high-born daughters, and their father was crouching under his leathern coverlet. Nothing to bite, nothing to break, no fire on the hearth—there was a life for high-born people! Huh-sh! let it go! But this is what my Lord Dai could *not* do—he could *not* let it go.

"After winter comes spring," he said. "After want, good times will come: one must not loose patience, one must learn to wait! Now my house and lands are mortgaged, it is indeed high time; and the gold will soon come. At Easter!"

"I heard how he spoke thus, looking at a spider's web. 'Thou cunning little weaver, thou dost teach me perseverance. Let them tear thy web, and thou wilt begin it again, and complete it. Let them destroy it again, and thou wilt resolutely begin to work again—again! That is what we must do, and that will repay itself at last.'

"It was the morning of Easter-day. The bells sounded from the neighbouring church, and the sun seemed to rejoice in the sky. The master had watched through the night in feverish excitement, and had been melting and cooling, distilling and mixing. I heard him sighing like a soul in despair. I heard him praying, and I noticed how I held his breath. The lamp was burned out, but he did not notice it. I blew fiercely at the fire of coals, and it threw its red glow upon his ghastly white face, lighting it up with a glare, and his sunken eyes looked forth out of their deep sockets—but they became larger and larger: though they would burst.

"at the alchymic glass! It glows in the crucible, red pure and heavy! He lifted it with a trembling hand, and with a trembling voice, 'Gold! gold!'

"He was quite dizzy—I could have blown him down," said the old man; "but I only fanned the glowing coals, and accompanied him through the door to where his daughters sat shivering. His beard was powdered with ashes, and there were ashes in his beard and in his tangled hair. He stood straight up, and held his costly razor on high, in the brittle glass. 'Found, found!—Gold, gold!' he shouted, and again held aloft the glass to let it flash in the sunshine; but his hand trembled, and the alchymic glass fell clattering to the ground, and broke into a thousand pieces; and the last bubble of his happiness had burst! Hu—uh—sh! rushing away!—and I rushed away from the gold-maker's house.

"Late in autumn, when the days are short, and the mist comes and strews cold drops upon the berries and leafless branches, I came back in fresh spirits, rushed through the air, swept the sky clear, and snapped the dry twigs—which is certainly no great labour, but yet it must be done. Then there was another kind of sweeping clean at Waldemar Daa's, in the mansion of Berreby. His enemy, Owe Rinkel, of Basnaas, was there with the mortgage of the house and everything it contained in his pocket. I drummed against the broken window-panes, beat against the old rotten doors, and whistled through cracks and rifts—buh sh! Mr. Owe Rinkel did not like staying there. Ida and Anna Dorothea wept bitterly. Joanna stood pale and proud, and bit her thumb till it bled—but what could that avail? Owe Rinkel offered to allow Waldemar Daa to remain in the mansion till the end of his life, but no thanks were given him for his offer. I listened to hear what occurred. I saw the ruined gentleman lift his head and throw it back prouder than ever, and I rushed against the house and the old lime trees with such force, that one of the thickest branches broke, one that was not decayed, and the branch remained lying at the entrance as a broom when any one wanted to sweep the place out; and a grand sweeping out there was—I thought it would be so.

"It was hard on that day to preserve one's composure—but their will was as hard as their fortune.

"There was nothing they could call their own except the clothes they wore—yes, there was one thing more—the alchymist's glass, a new one that had lately been bought, and filled with what had been gathered up from the ground of the treasure which promised so much, but never kept us promise. Waldemar Daa had the glass in his bosom, and taking his work in his hand, the once rich gentleman passed with his daughters out of the house of Berreby. I then laid upon his heated cheek, I stroked his grey beard and his long white hair, and I sang as well as I could,—'Huh-sh! gone away! gone away!' And that was the end of the wealth and splendour.

"Ida walked on one side of the old man, and Anna Dorothea

"... of the old man? There were three of them,
in a line, walking along the road
... and in a house, in their special arrange-
... was the father, and wandered out into
... and which they rented for a dollar
... into their new house with the empty rooms
... and imagined it altered a new them,
... out of the nest? crawl
... when the trees
..."

"... I blow about
... that they should stay?
... on the open field, and
... through bare bushes and
... to other lands
... year after year?"

"... The
... prosper? The
..."

The one I saw last, yes, for the last time, was Anna Dorothea,
pale byacanth then she was old and bent, for it was fifty years
towards. She lived longer than the rest she knew all
wonder on the heath, by the Jutland town of Wiborg, stood
the new house of the canon, built of red bricks with pro-
ing gables, the smoke came up thickly from the chimney.
e canon's gentle lady and her beautiful daughters sat in the
r window, and looked over the hawthorn hedge of the garden
wards the brown heath. What were they looking at? Their
incrested upon the stork's nest without, and on the hut, which
is almost falling in; the roof consisted of moss and houseleek,
so far as a roof existed there at all—the stork's nest covered the
eater part of it, and that alone was in proper condition, for it
as kept in order by the stork himself
"That is a house to be looked at, but not to be touched. I
ust deal gently with it," said the Wind. "For the sake of the
ork's nest the hut has been allowed to stand, though it has been
blot upon the landscape. They did not live to drive the stork
way, therefore the old shed was left standing, and the poor woman
who dwelt in it was allowed to stay she had the Egyptian bird
o thank for that; or was it perchance her reward, because she
ad once interceded for the nest of its black brother in the forest

of Borreby? At that time she, the poor woman, was a young child, a pale hyacinth in the rich garden. She remembered all that right well, did Anna Dorothea.

"Oh! oh!" Yes, people can sigh like the wind moaning in the rushes and reeds. "Oh! oh!" she sighed, "no bells sounded at thy burial, Waldemar Daa! The poor schoolboys did not even sing a psalm when the former Lord of Borreby was laid in the earth to rest! Oh, everything has an end, even misery. Sister Ida became the wife of a peasant. That was the hardest trial that befall our father, that the husband of a daughter of his should be a miserable serf, whom the proprietor could mount upon the wooden horse for punishment! I suppose he is under the ground now. And thou, Ida? Alas, alas! it is not ended yet, wretch that I am! Grant me that I may die, kind Heaven!"

"That was Anna Dorothea's prayer in the wretched hut which was left standing for the sake of the stork.

"I took pity on the fairest of the sisters," said the Wind. "Her courage was like that of a man, and in man's clothes she took service as a sailor on board a ship. She was sparing of words, and of a dark countenance, but willing at her work. But she did not know how to climb; so I blew her overboard before anybody found out that she was a woman, and, according to my thinking, that was well done!" said the Wind.

"On such an Easter morning as that on which Waldemar Daa had fancied that he had found the red gold, I heard the tones of a psalm under the stork's nest, among the crumbling walls—it was Anna Dorothea's last song.

"There was no window, only a hole in the wall. The sun rose up like a mass of gold, and looked through. What a splendour he diffused! Her eyes and her heart were breaking—but that they would have done, even if the sun had not shone that morning on Anna Dorothea.

"The stork covered her hut till her death. I sang at her grave!" said the Wind. "I sang at her father's grave; I know where his grave is, and where hers is, and nobody else knows it.

"New tunes, changed tunes! The old high road runs through cultivated fields, the new road winds among the trim ditches, and soon the railway will come with its train of carriages, and rush over the graves which are forgotten like the names—*hu-ush!*—passed away! passed away!

"That is the story of Waldemar Daa and his daughters. Tell it better, any of you, if you know how," said the Wind, and turned away—and he was gone.



he lay, a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by provident nature.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

Within, in the little garret, lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop wood small, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and industrious too. But she always remained poor; and at home in the garret lay her half-grown only daughter, who was very delicate and weak. for a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I had only the two children, and it was not an easy thing to provide for both, but the good God provided for one of them by taking her home to Himself; now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain separated, and my sick girl will go to her sister in heaven."

But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long while her mother went to earn money out of doors. It was spring, and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor, and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

"What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the mother stepped to the window, and half opened it. "Oh!" said she, "on my word, that is a little pea which has taken root here, and is putting out its little leaves. How can it have got into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in upon me to-day delightfully warm. The little pea is prospering famously, and I shall prosper too, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother, but she did not believe it would be so, but she took care to prop with a little stick the green plant which had given her daughter the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind. she tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame so that the pea might have something round which it could twine, when it shot up. and it did shoot up indeed—one could see how it grew every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her sick daughter would recover. She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she



in bed of her own accord and had sat upright, look-
ing at the little garden in which only one plant

grew. A week afterwards the invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine - the window was opened, and outside before it stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival.

"The Heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and caused it to prosper, to be a joy to you, and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a pigeon's crop; the two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by pigeons, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use, but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the dirty water for weeks and weeks, and swelled prodigiously.

"How beautifully fat I'm growing!" said the Pea. "I shall burst at last; and I don't think any pea can do more than that I'm the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell."

And the Sink said he was right.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the roseate hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea-blossom, and thanked Heaven for it.

"I," said the Sink, "stand up for my own pea."

THE METAL PIG.

IN the city of Florence, not far from the *Piazza del Gran-duca*, there runs a little cross street, I think it is called *Porta Rosa*. In this street, in front of a kind of market hall where vegetables are sold, there lies a Pig artistically fashioned of metal. The fresh clear water pours from the jaws of the creature, which has become a blackish-green from age, only the snout shines as if it had been polished, and indeed it has been, by many hundreds of children and *lazzaroni*, who seize it with their hands, and place their mouths close to the mouth of the animal, to drink. It is a perfect picture to see the well-shaped creature clasped by a half-naked boy, who lays his red lips against its jaw.

Every one who comes to Florence can easily find the place, he need only ask the first beggar he meets for the Metal Pig, and he will find it.

It was late on a winter evening. The mountains were covered

quite distinctly, "You little boy, hold tight, for now I am going to run," and away it ran with him. This was a wonderful ride. First they got to the *Piazza del Granduca*, and the metal horse which carries the Duke's statue neighed aloud, the painted coats of arms on the old council house looked like transparent pictures and Michael Angelo's "David" swung his sling there was a strange life stirring among them. The metal groups representing persons, and the rape of the Sabines, stood there as if they were alive—a cry of mortal fear escaped them, and resounded over the splendid square.

By the *Palazzo degli Uffizi*, in the arcade, where the nobility assemble for the Carnival amusements, the Metal Pig stopped. "Hold tight," said the creature, "for now we are going upstairs." The little boy spoke not a word, for he was half-frightened, half-delighted.

They came into a long gallery where the boy had already been. The walls shone with pictures, here stood statues and busts, all in the most charming light, as if it had been broad day, but the most beautiful of all was when the door of a side room opened—the little boy could remember the splendour that was there, but on this night everything shone in the most glorious colours.

Here stood a beautiful woman, as radiant in beauty as nature and the greatest master of sculpture could make her—she moved her graceful limbs, dolphins sprang at her feet, and immortality shone out of her eyes. The world calls her the *Venus de Medici*. By her side are statues in which the spirit of life has been breathed into the stone; they are handsome unclothed men. One was sharpening a sword, and was called the *Grinder*, the *Wrestling Gladiators* formed another group, and the sword was sharpened, and they strove for the Goddess of Beauty.

The boy was dazzled by all this pomp—the walls gleamed with bright colours, and everything was life and movement.

What splendour, what beauty shone from hall to hall! and the little boy saw everything plainly, for the Metal Pig went step by step from one picture to another through all this scene of magnificence. Each fresh glory effaced the last. One picture only fixed itself firmly in his soul especially, through the very happy children introduced into it, for these the little boy fancied he had greeted in the daylight.

Many persons pass by this picture with indifference, and yet it contains a treasure of poetry. It represents the saviour descending into hell. But these are not the damned whom the spectator sees around him, they are heathen. The Florentine Agnolo Bronzino painted this picture. Most beautiful is the expression on the faces of the children,—the full confidence that they will get to heaven. Two little beings are already embracing, and one little one stretches out his hand towards another who stands below him, and points to himself as if he were saying, "I

am going to heaven!" The older people stand uncertain, hoping, but bowing in humble adoration before the Lord Jesus. The boy's eyes rested longer on this picture than on any other. The Metal Pig stood still before it. A low sigh was heard: did it come from the picture or from the animal? The boy lifted up his hands towards the smiling children; then the Pig ran away with him, away through the open vestibule.

"Thanks and blessings to yourself," replied the Metal Pig. "I have helped you, and you have helped me, for with only an innocent child on my back do I receive power to run! Yes, you see, I may even step into the rays of the lamp in front of the picture of the Madonna, only I may not go into the church. But from without, when you are with me, I may look in through the open door. Do not get down from my back; if you do so, I shall be dead as you see me in the day-time at the *Porta Rosa*."

"I will stay with you, then, you dear creature!" cried the little boy.

So they went in hot haste through the streets of Florence, on into the place before the church of *Santa Croce*. The folding doors flew open, and lights gleamed out from the altar through the church into the deserted square.

A wonderful blaze of light streamed forth from a monument in the left aisle, and a thousand moving stars seemed to form a glory round it. A coat of arms shone upon the grave, a red letter in a blue field seemed to glow like fire. It was the grave of Galileo. The monument is unadorned, but the red ladder is a significant emblem, as if it were that of art, for in art the way always leads up a burning ladder, towards heaven. The prophets of mind soar upwards towards heaven, like Elias of old.

To the right, in the aisle of the church, every statue on the richly carved sarcophagi seemed endowed with life. Here stood Michael Angelo, there Dante with the laurel wreath round his brow, Alfieri and Machiavelli; for here the great men, the pride of Italy, rest side by side.* It is a glorious church, far more beautiful than the marble cathedral of Florence, though not so large.

It seemed as if the marble vestments stirred, as if the great forms raised their heads higher and looked up, amid song and music, to the brighter altar glowing with colour, where the white-clad boys swing the golden censers, and the strong fragrance streamed out of the church into the open square.

The boy stretched forth his hand towards the gleaming light.

* Opposite to the grave of Galileo is the tomb of Michael Angelo. On the monument he lies in display, with three figures, representing Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. Galileo by is a monument to Dante whose corpse is interred at Florence on the monument. Italy is represented passing in a funeral statue of the great artist. Every corpse over his head. A few paces further on is Alfieri's monument, which truly bore the life and dramatic mask. Italy weeps at his grave. Machiavelli here chose the scene of celebrated men.

and in a moment the Metal Pig resumed its headlong career. he was obliged to cling tightly, and the wind whistled about his ears; he heard the church door creak on its hinges as it closed; but at the same moment his senses seemed to desert him, he felt a cold shudder pass over him, and awoke.

It was morning, and he was still sitting on the Metal Pig, which stood where it always stood on the *Porta Rosa*, and he had slipped half off its back.

Fear and trembling filled the soul of the boy at the thought of her whom he called mother, and who had yesterday sent him forth to bring money; for he had none, and was hungry and thirsty. Once more he clasped his arms round the neck of his metal horse, kissed its lips, and nodded farewell to it. Then he wandered away into one of the narrowest streets, where there is scarcely room for a laden ass. A great iron-clamped door stood ajar; he passed through it, and climbed up a brick stair with dirty walls and a rope for a balustrade, till he came to an open gallery hung with rags; from here a flight of stairs led down into the court, where there was a fountain, and great iron wires led up to the different storeys, and many water-buckets hung side by side, and at times the roller creaked, and one of the buckets would dance into the air, swaying so that the water splashed out of it down into the courtyard. A second ruinous brick staircase here led upwards. Two Russian sailors were running briskly down, and almost overturned the poor boy. They were going home from their nightly carouse. A large woman, no longer young, followed them.

"What do you bring home?" she asked the boy.

"Don't be angry," he pleaded. "I received nothing—nothing at all." And he seized the mother's dress, and would have kissed it.

They went into the little room. I will not describe it, but only say that there stood in it an earthen pot with handles, made for holding fire, and called a *marito*. This pot she took in her arms, warmed her fingers, and pushed the boy with her elbow.

"Certainly you must have brought some money?" said she.

The boy wept, and she struck him with her foot, so that he cried aloud.

"Will you be silent, or I'll break your screaming head!"

And she brandished the fire-pot which she held in her hand. The boy crouched down to the earth with a scream of terror. Then a neighbour stepped in, also with a *marito* in her arms.

"Felicità," she said, "what are you doing to the child?"

"The child is mine," retorted Felicità. "I can murder him if I like, and you too, Giannina."

And she swung her fire-pot. The other lifted up hers in self-defence, and the two pots clashed together with such fury that fragments, fire, and ashes flew about the room; but at the same

there on the paper, and even the house that stood behind it was sketched in.

Oh for the ability to draw and paint! He who could do this could conjure up the whole world around him!

On the first leisure moment of the following day, the little fellow seized the pencil, and on the back of one of the pictures he attempted to copy the drawing of the Metal Pig, and he succeeded!—it was certainly rather crooked, rather up and down, one leg thick and another thin; but still it was to be recognized, and he rejoiced himself at it. The pencil would not quite work as it should do, that he could well observe, but on the next day a second Metal Pig was drawn by the side of the first, and this looked a hundred times better, and the third was already so good that every one could tell what it was meant for.

But the glove-making prospered little, and the orders given in the town were executed but slowly; for the Metal Pig had taught him that all pictures may be drawn on paper, and Florence is a picture-book for anyone who chooses to turn over its pages. On the *Piazza del Trinità* stands a slender pillar, and upon it the Goddess of Justice, blindfolded and with her scales in her hand. Soon she was placed upon the paper, and it was the little glove-maker's boy who placed her there. The collection of pictures increased, but as yet it only contained representations of lifeless objects, when one day *Bellissima* came gambolling before him.

"Stand still!" said he, "then you shall be made beautiful and put into my collection."

But *Bellissima* would not stand still, so she had to be bound fast, her head and tail were tied, and she barked and pamped, and the string had to be pulled tight, and then the signora came in.

"You wicked boy!—The poor creature!" was all she could utter.

And she put the boy aside, thrust him away with her foot, forbade him to enter her house again, and called him a most ungrateful good-for-nothing and a wicked boy; and then weeping, she kissed her little half-strangled *Bellissima*.

At this very moment the painter came downstairs, and here is the turning point of the story.

In the year 1834 there was an exhibition in the Academy of Arts at Florence. Two pictures, placed side by side, collected a number of spectators. The smaller of the two represented a merry little boy who sat drawing, with a little white spots dog, curiously shorn, for his model, but the animal would not stand still, and was therefore bound by a string fastened to its head and its tail. There was a truth and life in this picture that interested every one. The painter was said to be a young Florentine, who had been found in the streets in his childhood, had been brought up by an old glove-maker, and had taught himself to draw. It was

and was adorned with bows and with bells. The dog almost like a little kid, when in winter he got perm pattered out with his mistress Bellissima was outside dressed! what would be the end of it? All his fancies to flight yet the boy kissed the Metal Pig once more, took Bellissima on his arm the little thing trembled; therefore the boy ran as fast as he could.

"What are you running away with there?" asked the soldiers whom he met and at whom Bellissima barked. "Have you stolen that pretty dog?" they asked, and the way from him.

"Oh, give it back to me!" cried the boy despairingly.

"If you have not stolen him, you may say at home dog may be sent for from the watch-house." And they where the watch-house was, and went away with Bellissima.

Here was a terrible calamity! The boy did not know he should jump into the Arno, or go home and confess even they would certainly kill him, he thought.

"But I will gladly be killed; then I shall die and go to be reasoned. And he went home, principally with the being killed.

The door was locked, and he could not reach the knock one was in the street, but a stone lay there, and with thundered at the door.

"Who is there?" cried somebody from within.

"It is I," said he. "The dog is gone. Open the door and kill me!"

There was quite a panic. Madame was especially concerned for poor Bellissima. She immediately looked at the wall, the dog's dress usually hung, and there was the little skin.

"Bellissima in the watch-house!" she cried aloud. "You boy! How did you entice her out? She'll be frozen, the delicate little thing! among those rough soldiers."

The father was at once dispatched—the woman lamented the boy wept. All the inhabitants of the house came together and among the rest the painter; he took the boy between knees and questioned him; and in broken sentences he told the whole story about the Metal Pig and the gallery, which certainly rather incomprehensible.

The painter consoled the little fellow, and tried to calm the lady's anger; but she would not be pacified until the father came in with Bellissima, who had been among the soldiers; then he was great rejoicing; and the painter caressed the boy, and gave him a hand-full of pictures.

Oh, those were capital pieces—such funny heads!—and the Metal Pig was there among them, bodily. Oh, nothing could be more superb! By means of a few strokes it was made to sit

ought. For now, they asserted, one could see, for the first time, how the world and the people in it really looked. Now they wanted to fly up to heaven, to sneer and scoff at the angels themselves. The higher they flew with the mirror, the more it rained; they could scarcely hold it fast. They flew higher and higher, and then the mirror trembled so terribly amid its grinning that it fell down out of their hands to the earth, where it was shattered into a hundred million million and more fragments. And now this mirror occasioned much more unhappiness than before; for some of the fragments were scarcely so large as a barley-corn, and these flew about in the world, and whenever they flew into any one's eye they stuck there, and those people saw everything wrongly, or had only eyes for the bad side of a thing, or every little fragment of the mirror had retained the power which the whole glass possessed. A few persons even got a fragment of the mirror into their hearts, and that was terrible indeed, for such a heart became a block of ice. A few fragments of the mirror were so large that they were used as window panes, but it was a bad thing to look at one's friends through these panes; other pieces were made into spectacles, and then it went badly when people put on these spectacles to see rightly, and to be just; and then the demon laughed till his paunch shook, for it tickled him so. But without, some little fragments of glass still floated about in the air—and now we shall hear.

THE SECOND STORY.

A Little Boy and a Little Girl

In the great town, where there are many houses, and so many people that there is not room enough for every one to have a little garden, and where consequently most persons are compelled to be content with some flowers in flower-pots, were two poor children who possessed a garden somewhat larger than a flower-pot. They were not brother and sister, but they loved each other quite as much as if they had been. Their parents lived just opposite each other in two garrets, there where the roof of one neighbour's house joined that of another, and where the water pipe ran between the two houses was a little window; one had only to step across the pipe to get from one window to the other.

The parents of each child had a great box, in which grew kitchen herbs that they used, and a little rose bush; there was one in each box, and they grew famously. Now, it occurred to the parents to place the boxes across the pipe, so that they reached from one window to another, and looked quite like two embankments of flowers. Pea plants hung down over the boxes, and the rose bushes shot forth long twigs, which clustered round the windows and bent down towards each other—it was almost like

further said that a painter, now become famous, had discovered this talent just as the boy was to be sent away for tying up the favourite little dog of Madame, and using it as a model.

The glove-maker's boy had become a great painter; the picture proved this, and still more the larger picture that stood beside it. Here was represented only one figure, a handsome boy, clad in rags, asleep in the street, and leaning against the Metal Pig in the *Porta Rosa* street. All the spectators knew the spot. The child's arms rested upon the head of the Pig, the little fellow was fast asleep and the lamp before the picture of the Madonna threw a strong effective light on the pale delicate face of the child—was a beautiful picture! A great gilt frame surrounded it, and on one corner of the frame a laurel wreath had been hung; a black band wound unseen among the green leaves, and streamer of crape hung down from it. For within the last days the young artist had—died!

window; and these eyes belonged to the little boy and the little girl. His name was Kay and the little girl's was Gerda.

In the summer they could get to one another at one bound; but in the winter they had to go down and up the long staircase, while the snow was pelting without.

"Those are the white bees swarming," said the old grandmother

"Have they a Queen-bee?" asked the little boy. For he knew that there is one among the real bees.

"Yes, they have one," replied grandmamma. "She always flies where they swarm thickest. She is the largest of them all, and never remains quiet upon the earth; she flies up again into the black cloud. Many a midnight she is flying through the streets of the town, and looks in at the windows, and then they freeze in such a strange way, and look like flowers."

"Yes, I've seen that!" cried both the children and now they knew that it was true.

"Can the Snow Queen come in here?" asked the little girl.

"Only let her come," cried the boy, "I'll set her upon the warm stove, and then she'll melt."

But grandmother smoothed his hair, and told some other tales.

In the evening, when little Kay was at home and half undressed, he clambered upon the chair by the window, and looked through the little hole. A few flakes of snow were falling outside and one of them, the largest of them all, remained lying on the edge of one of the flower boxes. The snow flakes grew larger and larger, and at last became a maiden clothed in the finest white gauze, put together of millions of starry flakes. She was beautiful and delicate, but of ice--of shining, glittering ice. Yet she was alive, her eyes flashed like two clear stars, but there was no peace or rest in them. She nodded towards the window, and beckoned with her hand. The little boy was frightened, and sprang down from the chair, then it seemed as if a great bird flew by outside, in front of the window.

Next day there was a clear frost, and then the spring came, the sun shone, the green sprouted forth, the swallows built nests, the windows were opened, and the little children again sat in their garden high up in the roof, over all the floors.

How splendidly the roses bloomed this summer! The little girl had learned a psalm, in which mention was made of roses, and, in speaking of roses, she thought of her own, and she sang it to the little boy, and he sang, too,—

"The roses *Will fade and pass away*
But we the Christ-child shall see one day."

And the little ones held each other by the hand, kissed the roses, looked at God's bright sunshine, and spoke to it, as if the Christ-child were there. What splendid summer days those were! How

a triumphal arch of flowers and leaves. As the boxes were high, and the children knew that they might not creep upon the roof, they often obtained permission to step out upon the roof behind the boxes, and to sit upon their little stools under the roses, where they could play capitably.



Gerda and Kay.

In the winter-time there was an end of this amusement. The windows were sometimes quite frozen all over. But then they warmed copper shillings on the stove, and held the warm coins against the frozen pane; and this made a capital peep-hole, so round, so round! and behind it gleamed a pretty mild eye at each

teresting than real flowers; and there's not a single fault in it—they're quite regular until they begin to melt."

Soon after Kay came in thick gloves, and with his sledge upon his back. He called up to Gerda, "I've got leave to go into the great square, where the other boys play," and he was gone.

In the great square the boldest among the boys often tied their sledges to the country people's carts, and thus rode with them a good way. They went capitably. When they were in the midst of their playing there came a great sledge. It was painted quite white, and in it sat somebody wrapped in a rough white fur, and with a white rough cap on his head. The sledge drove twice round the square, and Kay bound his little sledge to it, and so he drove on with it. It went faster and faster, straight into the next street. The man who drove turned round and nodded in a familiar way to Kay, it was as if they knew one another each time when Kay wanted to cast loose his little sledge, the stranger nodded again, and then Kay remained where he was, and thus they drove out at the town gate. Then the snow began to fall so rapidly that the boy could not see a hand's breadth before him, but still he drove on. Now he hastily dropped the cord, so as to get loose from the great sledge, but that was no use, for his sledge was fast bound to the other, and they went on like the wind. Then he called out quite loudly, but nobody heard him, and the snow beat down, and the sledge flew onward, every now and then it gave a jump, and they seemed to be flying over hedges and ditches. The boy was quite frightened. He wanted to say his prayer, but could remember nothing but the multiplication table.

The snow flakes became larger and larger, at last they looked like white fowls. All at once they sprang aside and the great sledge stopped, and the person who had driven it rose up. The fur and the cap were made altogether of ice. It was a lady, tall and slender, and brilliantly white—it was the Snow Queen.

"We have driven well," said she. "But why do you tremble with cold? Creep into my fur."

And she seated him beside her in her own sledge, and wrapped the fur round him, and he felt as if he sank into a snow drift.

"Are you still cold?" asked she, and then she kissed him on the forehead.

Oh, that was colder than ice; it went quite through to his heart, half of which was already a lump of ice—he felt as if he were going to die, but only for a moment; for then he seemed quite well, and he did not notice the cold all about him.

"My sledge! don't forget my sledge!"

That was the first thing he thought of, and it was bound fast to one of the white chickens, and this chicken flew behind him with the sledge upon its back. The Snow Queen kissed Kay

beautified it was without, among the fresh rose bushes, as if they would never cease blooming."

Kay and Gerda sat and looked at the picture-book of her and uncle. Then it was when the clock was just striking ten on the thirteenth, that Kay said,

"Oh, something struck my heart and pricked me in the chest. The great girl fell upon his neck, he blinked his eyes. There was nothing at all to be seen."

"It's not a game," said he, but it was not gone. It was one of those glass fragments which sprang from the mirror—again to show that we remember well, the ugly glass that in everything great and good which was mirrored in it to seem so and mean, but in which the mean and the wicked things were brought out in relief, and every fault was noticeable as of stone. Little Kay had also received a splinter just in his heart; that will now soon become like a lump of ice. It did not hurt him now, but the splinter was still there.

"Why do you cry?" he asked. "You look ugly like this. There's nothing the matter with me. Oh, no," he suddenly exclaimed, "that rose is worm-eaten, and this one is cracked. After all, they're ugly roses. They're like the box which they stand."

And then he kicked the box with his foot, and tore both roses off.

"Kay, what are you about?" cried the little girl.

And when he noticed her fright he tore off another rose, and then sprang in at his own window, away from pretty little Gerda.

When she afterwards came with her picture-book, he said: was only fit for babies in arms; and when his grandmother told stories he always came in with a *but*, and when he could manage it, he would get behind her, put on a pair of spectacles, and talk just as she did—he could do that very cleverly, and the people laughed at him. Soon he could mimic the speech and the gait of everybody in the street. Everything that was peculiar or ugly about him Kay could imitate, and people said, "That boy must certainly have a remarkable heart." But it was the glass that stuck deep in his heart, so it happened that he even teased little Gerda, who loved him with all her heart.

His games now became quite different from what they were before, they became quite sensible. One winter's day when it snowed he came out with a great burning-glass, held up the blue tail of his coat, and let the snow flakes fall upon it.

"Now look at the glass, Gerda," said he.

And every flake of snow was magnified, and looked like a splendid flower, or a star with ten points: it was beautiful to behold.

"See how clever that is," said Kay. "That's much more in-

And it seemed to her as if the waves nodded quite strangely, and then she took her red shoes, that she liked best of anything she possessed, and threw them both into the river, but they fell close to the shore, and the little wavelets carried them back to her to the land. It seemed as if the river would not take from her the dearest things she possessed because he had not her little Kay, but she thought she had not thrown the shoes far enough out, so she crept into a boat that lay among the reeds, she went to the other end of the boat, and threw the shoes from thence into the water, but the boat was not bound fast and at the movement she made it glided away from the shore. She missed it, and hurried to get back, but before she reached the other end the boat was a yard from the bank, and it drifted away faster than before.

Then little Gerda was very much frightened, and began to cry, but no one heard her except the sparrows, and they could not carry her to land, but they flew along by the shore and sang, as if to console her, "Here we are here we are." The boat drove on with the stream, and little Gerda sat quite still, with only her stockings on her feet, her little red shoes floated along behind her, but they could not come up to the boat for that made more way.

It was very pretty on both shores. There were beautiful flowers, old trees, and slopes with sheep and cows, but not one person was to be seen.

"Perhaps the river will carry me to little Kay," thought Gerda.

And then she became more cheerful, and rose up, and for many hours she watched the charming green banks, then she came to a great cherry orchard, in which stood a little house with remarkable blue and red windows, it had a thatched roof, and without stood two wooden soldiers, who presented arms to those who sailed past.

Gerda called to them, for she thought they were alive, but of course they did not answer. She came quite close to them, the river carried the boat towards the shore.

Gerda called still louder, and then there came out of the house an old woman leaning on a crutch, she had on a great velvet hat, pointed over with the finest flowers.

"You poor little child," said the old woman, "how do I manage to come on the great rolling river, and to float thus far out into the world?"

And then the old woman went quite into the water, seized the boat with her crutch stick, drew it to land, and lifted little Gerda out. And Gerda was glad to be on dry land again, though she felt a little afraid of the strange old woman.

"Come and tell me who you are, and how you came here," said the old lady. And Gerda told her everything, and the old woman shook her head and said "Hem, hem." And when Gerda had

The children's version of why the boat never came back

But how did I know what the world which had not returned to us should have been like? No one knew, no one could guess the situation. The boys and I said that they had seen him on all his rounds by the river every morning, which had the very strong tin snare and net at the town gate. No one knew what had happened to him, his red shoes were stolen, and whether he, especially, kept going and but only then and said he was dead. He had been removed up the river when I showed cause for their school. Oh, the days were very dark and gloomy days. But now spring came, with warmer sunshine.

"He is dead and gone," said little Gerda.

"I don't believe it," said the Sunshin.

"He is dead and gone," said she to the Sparrows.

"We don't believe it," they replied, and at last little Gerda had not believe it herself.

"I will put on my new red shoes," she said one morning, "those that Kay has never seen, and then I will go down to the river, and ask for him."

It was still very early, she kissed the old grandmother, who was still asleep, put on her red shoes, and went quite alone out of the town gate towards the river.

"Is it true that you have taken my little playmate from me? I will give you my red shoes if you will give him back to me!"

when the warm tears moistened the earth, the tree at once sprouted up as blooming as when it had sunk, and Gerda embraced it and kissed the Roses, and thought of the beautiful roses at home and also of little Kay.

"Oh, how I have been detained!" said the little girl. "I wanted to seek for little Kay! Do you not know where he is?" she asked the Roses. "Do you think he is dead?"

"He is not dead," the Roses answered. "We have been in the ground. All the dead people are there, but Kay is not there."

"Thank you," said little Gerda, and she went to the other flowers, looked into their cups, and asked, "Do you know where little Kay is?"

But every flower stood in the sun thinking only of her own story or fancy tale: Gerda heard many, many of them, but not one knew anything of Kay.

And what did the Tiger-Lily say?

"Do you hear the drum 'Rub-dub?' There are only two notes, always 'rub-dub.' Hear the mourning song of the women, hear the call of the priests. The Hindoo widow stands in her long red mantle on the funeral pile; the flames rise up around her and her dead husband, but the Hindoo woman is thinking of the living one here in the circle, of him whose eyes burn hotter than flames, whose fiery glances have burned in her soul more ardently than the flames themselves, which are soon to burn her body to ashes. Can the flame of the heart die in the flame of the funeral pile?"

"I don't understand that at all," said little Gerda.

"That's my story," said the Lily.

What says the Convolvulus?

"Over the narrow road looms an old knightly castle thickly the ivy grows over the crumbling red walls, leaf by leaf up to the balcony, and there stands a beautiful girl, she bends over the balustrade and glances up the road. No rose on its branch is fresher than she; no apple blossoms wafted onward by the wind floats more lightly along. How her costly silks rustle!"

"Comes he not yet?"

"Is it Kay whom you mean?" asked little Gerda.

"I'm only speaking of a story—my dream," replied the Convolvulus.

What said the little Snowdrop?

"Between the trees a long board hangs by ropes, that is a swing. Two pretty little girls, with clothes white as snow and long green silk ribbons on their hats, are sitting upon it, swinging, their brother, who is greater than they, stands in the swing, and has slung his arm round the rope to hold himself for in one hand he has a little saucer, and in the other a clay pipe. He is blowing bubbles. The swing flies, and the bubbles rise with beautiful changing colours, the last still hangs from the pipe."

told everything, and asked if she had not seen little Kay, the woman said that he had not yet come by, but that he probably would soon come. Gerda was not to be sorrowful, but to look at the flowers and taste the cherries, for they were better than any picture book, for each one of them could tell a story. Then she took Gerda by the hand and led her into the little house, and the old woman locked the door.

The windows were very high, and the panes were red, blue, and yellow, the daylight shone in a remarkable way, with different colours. On the table stood the finest cherries, and Gerda ate as many of them as she liked, for she had leave to do so. While she was eating them, the old lady combed her hair with a golden comb, and the hair hung in ringlets of pretty yellow round the friendly little face, which looked as blooming as a rose.

"I have long wished for such a dear little girl as you," said the old lady. "Now you shall see how well we shall live with one another."

And as the ancient dame combed her hair, Gerda forgot her adopted brother Kay more and more; for this old woman could *conjure*, but she was not a wicked witch. She only practised a little magic for her own amusement, and wanted to keep little Gerda. Therefore she went into the garden, stretched out her crutch towards all the rose bushes, and, beautiful as they were, they all sank into the earth, and one could not tell where they had stood. The old woman was afraid that, if the little girl saw roses, she would think of her own, and remember little Kay, and run away.

Now Gerda was led out into the flower-garden. What fragrance was there, and what loveliness! Every conceivable flower was there in full bloom; there were some for every season: no picture-book could be gayer and prettier. Gerda jumped high for joy, and played till the sun went down behind the high cherry trees; then she was put into a lovely bed with red silk pillows stuffed with blue violets, and she slept there, and dreamed as gloriously as a Queen on her wedding-day.

One day she played again with the flowers in the warm sunshine; and thus many days went by. Gerda knew every flower; but, as many as there were of them, it still seemed to her as if one were wanting, but which one she did not know. One day she sat looking at the old lady's hat with the painted flowers, and the prettiest of them all was a rose. The old lady had forgotten to efface it from her hat when she caused the others to disappear. But so it always is when one does not keep one's wits about one.

"What, are there no roses here?" cried Gerda.

And she went among the beds, and searched and searched, but there was not one to be found. Then she sat down and wept: her tears fell just upon a spot where a rose-bud lay buried, and

ed to look at the tall yellow flower, and asked, "Do you, ps, know anything of little Kay?"

ed she bent quite down to the flower, and what did it say?

"I can see myself! I can see myself!" said the Jonquil. "Oh! how I smell! Up in the little room in the gable stands a dancing girl—she stands sometimes on one foot, sometimes both, she seems to tread on all the world. She's nothing but a secular delusion—she pours water out of a tea pot on a bit of i—it is her boddice. 'Cleanliness is a fine thing,' she says; white frock hangs on a hook; it has been washed in the pot too, and dried on the roof—she puts it on and ties her iron handkerchief round her neck, and the dress looks all the iter. Point your toes! look how she seems to stand on a lk. I can see myself! I can see myself!"

"I don't care at all about that," said Gerda. "You need not tell me that."

And then she ran to the end of the garden. The door was locked, but she pressed against the rusty lock, and it broke off, the door sprang open, and little Gerda ran with naked feet out into the wide world. She looked back three times, but no one was there to pursue her, at last she could run no longer, and seated herself on a great stone, and when she looked round the summer was over—it was late in autumn—one could not notice that in the beautiful garden, where there was always sunshine, and the flowers of every season always bloomed.

"Alas! how I have loitered!" said little Gerda. "Autumn has come. I may not rest again."

And she rose up to go on. Oh! how sore and tired her little feet were. All around it looked cold and bleak, the long willow leaves were quite yellow, and the dew fell down like water, one leaf after another dropped, only the sloe-thorn still bore fruit, but the sloes were sour, and set the teeth on edge. Oh! how grey and gloomy it looked, the wide world!

THE FOURTH STORY.

The Prince and Princess.

Gerda was compelled to rest again; then there came hopping across the snow, just opposite the spot where she was sitting, a great Crow. This Crow stopped a long time to look at her, nodding its head—now it said, "Krah! krah! Good day! good day!" It could not pronounce better, but it felt friendly towards the little girl, and asked where she was going all alone in the wide world. The word "alone" Gerda understood very well, and felt how much it expressed; and she told the Crow the story of her whole life and fortunes, and asked if it had not seen Kay.

And the Crow nodded very gravely, and said,

and she did not care to hear her own words again. It was just as if the people in there had taken some narcotic and fallen asleep, till they got into the street again, for not till then were they able to speak. There stood a whole row of them, from the town gate to the palace gate. "I went out myself to see it," said the Crow. "They were hungry and thirsty, but in the palace they did not receive so much as a glass of lukewarm water. A few of the wisest had brought bread and butter with them, but they would not share with their neighbours, for they thought, 'Let him look hungry, and the Princess won't have him!'"

"But Kay, little Kay?" asked Gerda. "When did he come? Was he among the crowd?"

"Wait! wait! We're just coming to him. It was on the third day that there came a little personage, without horse or carriage, walking quite merrily up to the castle, his eyes sparkled like yours, he had fine long hair, but his clothes were shabby."

"That was Kay!" cried Gerda, rejoicing. "Oh, then I have found him!" And she clapped her hands.

"He had a little knapsack on his back," observed the Crow.

"No, that must certainly have been his sledge," said Gerda, "for he went away with a sledge."

"That may well be," said the Crow, "for I did not look to it very closely. But this much I know from my tame sweetheart, that when he passed under the palace gate and saw the Life Guards in silver, and mounted the staircase and saw the lackeys in gold, he was not in the least embarrassed. He nodded, and said to them, 'It must be tedious work standing on the stairs—I'd rather go in.' The halls shone full of lights, privy councillors and excellencies walked about with bare feet, and carried golden vessels, any one might have become solemn, and his boots creaked most noisily, but he was not embarrassed."

"That is certainly Kay!" cried Gerda. "He had new boots on, I've heard them creak in grandmother's room."

"Yes, certainly they creaked," resumed the Crow. "And he went boldly in to the Princess herself, who sat on a pearl that was as big as a spinning-wheel; and all the maids of honour with their attendants, and the attendants' attendants, and all the cavaliers with their followers, and the followers of their followers, who themselves kept a page apiece, were standing round, and the nearer they stood to the door, the prouder they looked. The followers' followers' pages, who always went in slippers, could hardly be looked at, so proudly did they stand in the doorway."

"That must be terrible!" faltered little Gerda. "And yet Kay won the Princess?"

"If I had not been a crow, I would have married her myself, notwithstanding that I am engaged. They say he spoke as well as I can when I speak the crows' language. I heard that from my tame sweetheart. He was merry and agreeable, he had not

"These are only dreams," said the Crow; "they are coming to carry the high masters' thoughts out hunting. That's all the better, for you may look at them the more closely, in bed. But I hope, when you are taken into favour and get promotion, you will show a grateful heart."

"Of that we may be sure!" observed the Crow from the wood.

Now they came into the first hall: it was hung with rose-coloured satin, and artificial flowers were worked on the walls; and here the dream already came sitting by them, but they moved so quickly that Gerda could not see the high-born lords and ladies. Each hall was more splendid than the last, yes, one could almost become bewildered! Now they were in the bed-chamber. Here the ceiling was like a great palm tree with leaves of glass, of costly glass, and in the middle of the floor two beds hung on a thick stalk of gold, and each of them looked like a lily. One of them was white, and in that lay the Princess; the other was red, and in that Gerda was to seek little Kay. She bent one of the red leaves aside, and then she saw a little brown neck, Oh, that was Kay! She called out his name quite loud, and held the lamp towards him. The dreams rushed into the room again on horseback—he awoke, turned his head, and—it was not little Kay!

The Prince was only like him in the neck, but he was young and good-looking, and the Princess looked up, blinking, from the white lily, and asked who was there. Then little Gerda wept, and told her whole history, and all that the Crows had done for her.

"You poor child!" said the Prince and Princess.

And they praised the Crows, and said that they were not angry with them at all, but the Crows were not to do it again. However, they should be rewarded.

"Will you fly out free?" asked the Princess, "or will you have fixed positions as Court crows, with the right to everything that is left in the kitchen?"

And the two Crows bowed, and begged for fixed positions, for they thought of their old age, and said, "It is so good to have some provisions for one's old days," as they called them.

And the Prince got up out of his bed, and let Gerda sleep in it, and he could do no more than that. She folded her little hands, and thought, "How good men and animals are!" and then she shut her eyes and went quietly to sleep. All the dreams came flying in again, looking like angels, and they drew a little sledge, on which Kay sat nodding; but all this was only a dream, and therefore it was gone again as soon as she awoke.

The next day she was clothed from head to foot in velvet; and an offer was made to her that she should stay in the castle and enjoy pleasant times; but she only begged for a little carriage,

high up, and turned right round, and all the robbers laughed, and said,

"Look how she dances with her calf!"

"I want to go into the carriage," said the little robber girl.

And she would have her own way, for she was spoiled and very obstinate, and she and Gerda sat in the carriage, and drove over snow and stone deep into the forest. The little robber girl was as big as Gerda, but stronger and more broad shouldered; and she had a brown skin, her eyes were quite black, and they looked almost mournful. She clasped little Gerda round the waist, and said,

"They shall not kill you as long as I am not angry with you. I suppose you are a Princess?"

"No," replied Gerda. And she told all that had happened to her, and how fond she was of little Kay.

The robber girl looked at her seriously, nodded slightly, and said,

"They shall not kill you even if I do get angry with you, for then I will do it myself."

And then she dried Gerda's eyes, and put her two hands into the beautiful muff that was so soft and warm.

Now the coach stopped, and they were in the courtyard of a robber castle. It had burst from the top to the ground, ravens and crows flew out of the great holes, and big bulldogs—each of which looked as if he could devour a man—jumped high up, but they did not bark, for that was forbidden.

In the great old smoky hall, a bright fire burned upon the stone floor; the smoke passed along under the ceiling, and had to seek an exit for itself. A great cauldron of soup was boiling, and hares and rabbits were roasting on the spit.

"You shall sleep to-night with me and all my little animals," said the robber girl.

They got something to eat and drink, and then went to a corner, where straw and carpets were spread out. Above these sat on laths and perches more than a hundred pigeons, and all seemed asleep, but they turned a little when the two little girls came.

"All these belong to me," said the little robber girl, and she quickly seized one of the nearest, held it by the feet, and shook it so that it flapped its wings. "Kiss it!" she cried, and beat it in Gerda's face. "There sit the wood rascals," she continued, pointing to a number of laths that had been nailed in front of a hole in the wall. "Those are wood rascals, those two, they fly away directly if one does not keep them well locked up. And here's my old sweetheart 'Ba.'" And she pulled out by the horn a Reindeer, that was tied up, and had a polished copper ring round its neck. "We're obliged to keep him tight too, or he'd run away from us. Every evening I tickle his neck with a sharp knife, and he's very frightened at that."

They drove on through the thick forest, but the coach gleamed like a torch that dazzled the robbers' eyes, and they could not be . . .

"That is gold—that is gold!" cried they, and rushed forward and seized the horses, killed the postillions, the coachman, the footmen, and then pulled little Gerda out of the carriage.

"She is fat—she is pretty—she is fed with nut-kernels!" the old robber woman, who had a very long matted beard, shaggy eyebrows that hung down over her eyes. "She's as good as a little pet lamb, how I shall relish her!"

And she drew out her shining knife, that gleamed in a hon-
way.

"Oh!" screamed the old woman at the same moment, for her own daughter who hung at her back bit her ear in a very painful and spiteful manner. "You ugly brat!" screamed the old woman and she had not time to kill Gerda.

"She shall play with me!" said the little robber girl. "I shall give me her muff and her pretty dress, and sleep with me in my bed!"

And then the girl gave another bite, so that the woman just

high up, and turned right round, and all the robbers laughed, and said,

"Look how she dances with her calf."

"I want to go into the carriage," said the little robber girl.

And she would have her own way, for she was spoiled and very obstinate; and she and Gerda sat in the carriage, and drove over stock and stone deep into the forest. The little robber girl was as big as Gerda, but stronger and more broad shouldered; and she had a brown skin; her eyes were quite black, and they looked almost mournful. She clasped little Gerda round the waist, and said,

"They shall not kill you as long as I am not angry with you. I suppose you are a Princess?"

"No," replied Gerda. And she told all that had happened to her, and how fond she was of little Kay.

The robber girl looked at her seriously, nodded slightly, and said,

"They shall not kill you even if I do get angry with you, for then I will do it myself."

And then she dried Gerda's eyes, and put her two hands into the beautiful muff that was so soft and warm.

Now the coach stopped, and they were in the courtyard of a robber castle. It had burst from the top to the ground, ravens and crows flew out of the great holes, and big bulldogs—each of which looked as if he could devour a man—jumped high up, but they did not bark, for that was forbidden.

In the great old smoky hall, a bright fire burned upon the stone floor, the smoke passed along under the ceiling, and had to seek an exit for itself. A great cauldron of soup was boiling, and hares and rabbits were roasting on the spit.

"You shall sleep to-night with me and all my little animals," said the robber girl.

They got something to eat and drink, and then went to a corner, where straw and carpets were spread out. Above these sat on laths and perches more than a hundred pigeons, and all seemed asleep, but they turned a little when the two little girls came.

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Then she sprang out of bed, and clasped her mother round the neck and pulled her beard, crying,

"Good morning, my own old nanny-goat." And her mother slipped her nose till it was red and blue, and it was all done for pure love.

When the mother had drunk out of her bottle and had gone to sleep upon it, the robber girl went to the Reindeer, and said,

"I should like very much to tickle you a few times more with the knife, for you are very funny then; but it's all the same. I'll loosen your cord and help you out, so that you may run to Lapland; but you must use your legs well, and carry this little girl to the palace of the Snow Queen, where her playfellow is. You've heard what she told me, for she spoke loud enough, and you were listening."

The Reindeer sprang up high for joy. The robber girl lifted little Gerda on its back, and had the forethought to tie her fast, and even to give her own little cushion as a saddle.

"There are your fur boots for you," she said, "for it's growing cold, but I shall keep the muff, for that's so very pretty. Still, you shall not be cold, for all that: here's my mother's big muffles—they'll just reach up to your elbows. Now you look just like my ugly mother."

And Gerda wept for joy.

"I can't bear to see you whimper," said the little robber girl. "No, you just ought to look very glad. And here are two loaves and a ham for you, now you won't be hungry."

These were tied on the Reindeer's back. The little robber girl opened the door, coaxed in all the big dogs, and then cut the rope with her sharp knife, and said to the Reindeer,

"Now run, but take good care of the little girl."

And Gerda stretched out her hands with the big muffles towards the little robber girl, and said, "Farewell!"

And the Reindeer ran over stock and stone, away through the great forest, over marshes and steppes, as quick as it could go. The wolves howled and the ravens croaked. "Hiss! hiss!" it went in the air. It seemed as if the sky were flashing fire.

"Those are my old Northern Lights," said the Reindeer. "Look how they glow!" And then it ran on faster than ever, day and night.

THE SIXTH STORY.

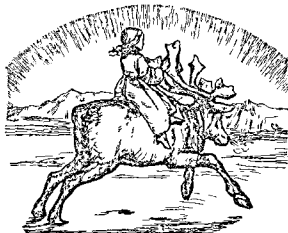
The Lapland Woman and the Finland Woman

At a little hut they stopped. It was very humble; the roof sloped down almost to the ground, and the door was so low that the family had to creep on their stomachs when they wanted to go in or out. No one was in the house but an old Lapland woman, cooking fish by the light of a train-oil lamp; and the

"Little Kay is certainly at the Snow Queen's, and finds everything there to his taste and liking, and thinks it the best place in the world; but that is because he has a splinter of glass in his eye, and a little fragment in his heart, but these must be got out, or he will never be a human being again, and the Snow Queen will keep her power over him."

"But cannot you give something to little Gerda, so as to give her power over all this?"

"I can give her no greater power than she possesses already: don't you see how great that is? Don't you see how men and



Gerda travelling in Lapland.

animals are obliged to serve her, and how she gets on so well in the world, with her naked feet? She cannot receive her power from us: it consists in this, that she is a dear innocent child. If she herself cannot penetrate to the Snow Queen and get the glass out of Little Kay, we can be of no use! Two miles from here the Snow Queen's garden begins; you can carry the little girl thither; set her down by the great bush that stands with its red berries in the snow. Don't stand gossiping, but make haste, and get back here!"

And then the Finland woman lifted little Gerda on the Reindeer, which ran as fast as it could.

THE SNOW QUEEN.

"Yes, I haven't my boots! I haven't my mittens!" cried Gerda.

He soon noticed that in the cutting cold, but the Reindeer did not stop, so Gerda slipped into the harness with the red berries; she sat on Gerda's down, and kissed her on the mouth, and great tears ran down the reindeer's cheeks, and then it ran back to Gerda.

There stood poor Gerda without shoes, with the mist of the terrible cold Finmark.

She ran forward as fast as possible, then came a whole regiment of snow flakes, but they did not fall down from the sky, for they were quite bright, and shone with the Northern Light: the larger they grew, the nearer they came to the snow flakes ran along the ground, and the nearer they came the larger they grew. Gerda still remembered how large and beautiful the snow flakes had appeared when she had looked at them through the burning glass. But here they were certainly far longer and much more terrible—they were alive. They were at several points of the Snow Queen, and had the strangest shapes. A few looked like ugly great porcupines, others like knots formed of snakes, which stretched forth their heads, and others like little fat bears, whose hair stood up on end. All were brilliantly white, all were living snow flakes.

Then little Gerda said her prayer, and the cold was so great that she could see her own breath, which went forth out of her mouth like smoke. The breath became thicker and thicker, and formed itself into little angels, who grew and grew whenever they touched the earth, and all had helmets on their heads and shields and spears in their hands, their number increased more and more, and when Gerda had finished her prayer a whole legion stood round about her, and struck with their spears at the terrible snow flakes, so that these were shattered into a thousand pieces. The little Gerda could go forward afresh, with good courage. The angels stroked her hands and feet, and then she felt less how cold it was, and hastened on to the Snow Queen's palace.

But now we must see what Kay is doing. He certainly was not thinking of little Gerda, and least of all that she was standing in front of the palace.

THE SEVENTH STORY

Of the Snow Queen's Castle, and what happened there at last.

The walls of the palace were formed of the drifting snow, and the windows and doors of the cutting winds. There were more than a hundred halls, all blown together by the snow, the greatest of these extended for several miles, the strong Northern Light shined them all, and how great and empty, how icy cold and uninviting they all were! Never was merriment there, not even a bear's ball, at which the storm could have played the music,

while the bears walked about on their hind legs and showed off their pretty manners; never any little sport of mouth-slapping or bars-touch, never any little coffee gossip among the young lady white foxes. Empty, vast, and cold were the halls of the Snow Queen. The Northern Lights flamed so brightly that one could count them where they stood highest and lowest. In the midst of this immense empty snow hall was a frozen lake, which had burst into a thousand pieces, but each piece was like the rest, so that it was a perfect work of art; and in the middle of the lake sat the Snow Queen, when she was at home, and then she said that she sat in the Mirror of Reason, and that this was the only one, and the best in the world.

Little Kay was quite blue with cold—indeed, almost black, but he did not notice it, for she had kissed the cold shudders away from him, and his heart was like a lump of ice. He dragged a few sharp flat pieces of ice to and fro, joining them together in all kinds of ways, for he wanted to achieve something with them. It was just like when we have little tablets of wood, and lay them together to form figures—what we call the Chinese game. Kay also went and laid figures, and, indeed, very artistic ones. That was the icy game of Reason. In his eyes these figures were very remarkable and of the highest importance; that was because of the fragment of glass sticking in his eye. He laid out the figures so that they formed a word—but he could never manage to lay down the word as he wished to have it—the word “Eternity.” And the Snow Queen had said,

“If you can find out this figure, you shall be your own master, and I will give you the whole world and a new pair of skates.”

But he could not.

“Now I’ll hasten away to the warm lands,” said the Snow Queen. “I will go and look into the black pots.” these were the volcanoes, Etna and Vesuvius, as they are called. “I shall make them a little white! That’s necessary, that will do the grapes and lemons good.”

And the Snow Queen flew away, and Kay sat quite alone in the great icy hall that was miles in extent, and looked at his pieces of ice, and thought so deeply that cracks were heard inside him; one would have thought that he was frozen.

Then it happened that little Gerda stepped through the great gate into the wide hall. Here reigned cutting winds, but she prayed a prayer, and the winds lay down as if they would have gone to sleep; and she stepped into the great empty cold halls, and beheld Kay—she knew him, and flew to him, and embraced him, and held him fast, and called out,

“Kay, dear little Kay! at last I have found you!”

But he sat quite still, stiff and cold. Then little Gerda wept hot tears, that fell upon his breast—they penetrated into his heart,

they thawed the lump of ice, and consumed the little glass in it. He looked at her, and she sang:

"Roses bloom and roses decay,
But we the Christ-child shall see one day."

Then Kay burst into tears; he wept so that the glass came out of his eye. Now he recognized her, rejoicingly,

"Gerda, dear Gerda! where have you been all this time where have I been?" And he looked all around him cold it is here! How large and void!"

And he clung to Gerda, and she laughed and wept. It was so glorious that even the pieces of ice round about for joy; and when they were tired and lay down, they themselves just into the letters of which the Snow Queen said that if he found them out he should be his own master she would give him the whole world and a new skates.

And Gerda kissed his cheeks, and they became blooming; he kissed his eyes, and they shone like her own; she kissed his hands and feet, and he then became well and merry. The Snow Queen might now come home; his letter of release stood in shining characters of ice.

And they took one another by the hand, and wandered from the great palace of ice. They spoke of the grand and of the roses on the roof; and where they went they rested and the sun burst forth, and when they came to it with the red berries, the Reindeer was standing there waiting had brought another young reindeer, which gave them the warm milk, and kissed them on the mouth. Then they came to Kay and Gerda, first to the Finnish woman, where they were themselves thoroughly in the hot room, and received instructions for their journey home, and then to the Lapland woman had made their new clothes and put their sledge in order.

The Reindeer and the young one sprang at their side, and followed them as far as the boundary of the country. Their first green sprouted forth, and there they took leave of the Reindeers and the Lapland woman. "Farewell!" said all; the first little birds began to twitter, the forest was decked with green buds, and out of it on a beautiful horse (which Gerda knew for it was the same that had drawn her golden coach) a young girl came riding, with a shining red cap on her head and a pair of pistols in the holsters. This was the little robber girl, who had grown tired of staying at home, and wished to go first to the north, and if that did not suit her, to some other region. She knew Gerda at once, and Gerda knew her too, and it was a very merry meeting.

"You are a fine fellow to gad about," she said to little Kay.

I should like to know if you deserve that one should run to the end of the world after you?"

But Gerda patted her cheeks, and asked after the Prince and Princess.

"They've gone to foreign countries," said the robber girl.

"But the Crow?" said Gerda.

"But the Crow is dead," answered the other. "The tame one has become a widow, and goes about with an end of black worsted thread round her leg. She complains most lamentably, but it's all talk. But now tell me how you have fared, and how you caught him."

And Gerda and Kay told their story.

"Snipp snapp-snurre-purre-basellurre!" said the robber girl.

And she took them both by the hand, and promised that if she ever came through their town, she would come up and pay them a visit. And then she rode away into the wide world. But Gerda and Kay went hand in hand, and as they went it became beautiful spring, with green and with flowers. The church bells sounded, and they recognized the high steeples and the great town—it was the one in which they lived; and they went to the grandmother's door, and up the stairs, and into the room, where everything remained in its usual place. The big clock was going "Tick! tack!" and the hands were turning; but as they went through the rooms they noticed that they had become grown-up people. The roses out on the roof gutter were blooming in at the open window, and there stood the little children's chairs, and Kay and Gerda sat each upon their own, and held each other by the hand. They had forgotten the cold empty splendour at the Snow Queen's like a heavy dream. The grandmother was sitting in God's bright sunshine, and read aloud out of the Bible, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God."

And Kay and Gerda looked into each other's eyes, and all at once they understood the old song—

"Flowers bloom and roses decay,
But we the Christ-child shall see one day."

There they both sat, grown up, and yet children—children in heart—and it was summer, warm delightful summer.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

IN China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that's just why it's worth while to hear the story, before it is forgotten. The Em-

they threw the lump of ice, and consumed the little piece of glass in it. He looked at her, and she sang.

*It was a long and weary journey,
But we are free - for what shall we one day?*

Then Kay burst into tears: he wept so that the splinter of glass came out of his eye. Now he recognised her, and cried in anguish.

"Gerda, dear Gerda! where have you been all this time? And where have I been?" And he looked all around him. "How old it is here! How large and void!"

And he clung to Gerda, and she laughed and wept for joy. It was so glorious that even the pieces of ice round about danced for joy, and when they were tired and lay down, they formed themselves just into the letters of which the Snow Queen had said that if he found them out he should be his own master, and she would give him the whole world and a new pair of skates.

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And they took one another by the hand, and wandered forth from the great palace of ice. They spoke of the grandmother and of the roses on the roof, and where they went the winds rested and the sun burst forth, and when they came to the bush with the red berries, the Reindeer was standing there waiting: it had brought another young reindeer, which gave the children warm milk, and kissed them on the mouth. Then they carried Kay and Gerda, first to the Finnish woman, where they warned themselves thoroughly in the hot room, and received instructions for their journey home, and then to the Lapland woman, who had made their new clothes and put their sledge in order.

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peror's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how one touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them silver bells were tied, which sounded, so that nobody should pass by without noticing the flowers. Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was admirably arranged. And it extended so far, that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail too beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale.

"How beautiful that is!" he said; but he was obliged to attend to his property, and thus forgot the bird. But when in the next night the bird sang again, and the fisherman heard it, he exclaimed again, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the countries of the world travellers came to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travellers told of it when they came home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote most magnificent poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went through all the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to peruse the masterly descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all," it stood written there.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his cavalier. This cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "Pl!"—and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the cavalier. "He has never been introduced at Court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him!"

But where was he to be found? The cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable invented by the writers of books.

"Your Imperial Majesty cannot believe how much is written that is fiction, besides something that they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favour; and if it does not come, all the Court shall be trampled upon after the Court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the cavalier, and again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

Then there was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at Court.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said,

"The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lies down by the strand, and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the water comes into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me."

"Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will but lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing; half the Court went forth. When they were in the midst of their journey a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the Court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are cows lowing," said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.



The Courtiers and the Nightingale.

"Glorious!" said the Chinese Court preacher. "Now I hear it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchenmaid. "But now think we shall soon hear it."

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and order it sits."

And she pointed to a little grey bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its colour at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchenmaid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at Court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" inquired the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a Court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the green wood," replied the Nightingale, still it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished.

The palace was festively adorned. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could not hear oneself speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was there, and the little cook-maid had got leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real Court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little grey bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks, then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly, that went straight to the heart. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale declined this with thanks, saying it had already received a sufficient reward.

"I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes—that is the real treasure to me. An Emperor's tears have a peculiar power. I am rewarded enough!" And then it sang again with a sweet glorious voice.

"That's the most amiable coquetry I ever saw!" said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. And the lackeys and chambermaids reported that they were satisfied also; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the most difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale achieved a real success.

It was now to remain at Court, to have its own cage, with

liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were appointed when the Nightingale went out, each of whom had a silken string fastened to the bird's legs, which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in an excursion of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and whenever two people met, one said nothing but "Nightingale," and the other said "gale;" and then they both sighed, and understood one another. Eleven pedlars' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

But it was not a book, but a little work of art, contained in a box, an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one, and was brilliantly ornamented with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. So soon as the artificial bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that he really sang, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round his neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of China's nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is capital!" said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title, Imperial Head Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!" cried the courtiers.

And so they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That's not his fault," said the playmaster; "he is quite perfect, and very much in my style."

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three and thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the green wood.

"But what has become of that?" asked the Emperor.

And all the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and declared that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird after all," said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. For all that they did not know it quite by heart, for it was so very dis-

cult. And the playmaster praised the bird particularly; yes, he declared that it was better than a nightingale, not only with regard to its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale one can never calculate what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. One can explain it; one can open it and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows up another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

And the speaker received permission to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, the Emperor commanded; and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all got tippy upon tea, for that's quite the Chinese fashion, and they all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said,

"It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there's something wanting, though I know not what!"

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it; in title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank to Number One on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the most important on which the heart is placed, and even in an Emperor the heart is on the left side; and the playmaster wrote a work of five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird. It was very learned and very long, full of the most difficult Chinese words, but yet all the people declared that they had read it and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid, and having their bodies trampled on.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best—they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, "Tsi tsi-tsi glug glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called; but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and investigation, the bird was put into something like order, but the watchmaker said that the bird must be carefully treated, for the

THE NIGHTINGALE

hats were worn and it would be impossible to put new ones on. But then the playmaster said this was just as good as before. A real grief came upon the Emperor, and he could not, it was said, live much longer. The Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood in the street and asked the cavalier how the Emperor did. He said he and shook his head. The Emperor in his great gorgeous bed, the whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies made him a great office party. All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet. Stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe. It was just as if something lay upon his chest. He opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now. He sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" and then they told him so much that he ran from his forehead.

"I don't know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! music! Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear a word."

He continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman. "Music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious music! sing! I have given you gold and costly presents. Even hung my golden slipper around your neck—"

He stood still, no one was there to wind him up, and he lay without that, but Death continued to stare at him with his great hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

From the window, suddenly, the most lovely

song. It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad plight, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. As it sang the spectres grew paler and paler; the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and even Death listened, and said, "Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; and it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, where the elder blossoms smell sweet, and where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of survivors. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my country and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "I have drawn tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep, and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke refreshed and restored: not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could, keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window, and sing you something, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of good and of evil that remains hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your Court. I love your heart more than your crown, and yet the crown has an air of sanctity about it. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his

imperial robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better."

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look at their dead Emperor, and—yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said "Good morning!"



THE NEIGHBOURING FAMILIES.



NE would really have thought that something important was going on by the duck-pond; but nothing was going on. All the ducks lying quietly on the water, or standing on their heads in it—for they could do that—swam suddenly to the shore. One could see the traces of their feet on the wet earth, and their quacking sounded far and wide. The water, lately clear and bright as a mirror, was quite in a commotion. Before, every tree, every neighbouring bush, the old farm-house with the holes in the roof and the swallow's nest, and especially the great rose bush covered with flowers, had been mirrored in it. This rose bush covered the wall and hung over the water, in which everything appeared as in a picture, only that everything stood on its head; but when the water was set in motion, everything swam away, and the picture was gone. Two feathers, which the fluttering ducks had lost, floated to and fro, and all at once they took a start, as if the wind were coming; but the wind did not come, so they had to be still, and the water became quiet and smooth again. The roses mirrored themselves in it again; they were beautiful, but they did not know it, for no one had told them. The sun shone among the delicate leaves; everything breathed in the sweet fragrance, and all felt as we feel when we are filled with the thought of our greatest happiness.

"How beautiful is life!" said each Rose. "Only one thing I wish, that I were able to kiss the sun, because it is so bright and so warm. The roses, too, in the water yonder, our images, I should like to kiss, and the pretty birds in the nests. There are some up yonder too; they thrust out their heads and pipe quite feebly—they have no feathers like their father and mother. They are good neighbours, below and above. How beautiful is life!"

The young ones above and below—those below are certainly only shadows in the water—mere Sparrows; their parents were

Sparrows too; they had taken possession of the empty swallow's nest of last year, and kept house in it as if it had been their own.

"Are those ducks' children swimming yonder?" asked the young Sparrows, when they noticed the ducks' feathers upon the water.

"If you must ask questions, ask sensible ones," replied their mother. "Don't you see that they are feathers? living clothes, stuff like I wear and like you will wear, but ours is finer. I wish, by the way, we had those up here in our own nest, for they keep one warm. I wonder what the ducks were so frightened at. Not at us, certainly, though I said 'piep' to you rather loudly. The thick-headed roses ought to know it, but they knew nothing; they only look at one another and smell. I'm very tired of those neighbours."

"Just listen to those darling birds up there," said the Roses. "They begin to want to sing, but are not able yet. But it will be managed in time. What a pleasure that must be! It's nice to have such merry neighbours."

Suddenly two horses came galloping up to water. A peasant boy rode on one, and he had taken off all his clothes, except his big broad straw hat. The boy whistled like a bird, and rode into the pond where it was deepest, and when he came past the rose bush he plucked a rose, and put it upon his hat. And now he thought he looked very fine, and rode on. The other Roses looked after their sister, and said to each other, "Whither may she be journeying?" but they did not know.

"I should like to go out into the world," said one, "but it's beautiful, too, here at home among the green leaves. All day the sun shines warm and bright, and in the night-time the sky is more beautiful still; we can see that through all the little holes in it."

They meant the stars, but they knew no better.

"We make it lively about a house," said the Mother-Sparrow; "and 'the swallow's nest brings luck,' people say, so they're glad to see us. But the neighbours! Such a rose bush climbing up the wall causes damp. It will most likely be taken away; and then, at least, corn will perhaps grow here. The roses are fit for nothing but to be looked at, or at most one may be stuck on a hat. Every year, I know from my mother, they fall off. The farmer's wife preserves them, and puts salt among them, then they get a French name that I neither can nor will pronounce, and are put upon the fire to make a good smell. You see, *that's* their life. They're only for the eye and the nose. Now you know it."

When the evening came, and the goats played in the warm air and the red clouds, the nightingale came and sang to the Roses, saying that the beautiful was like sunshine to the world, and that

but took her home with them. And whenever she cried, they tapped her on the beak.

In the farm-house stood an old man, who understood making soap for shaving and washing, in cakes as well as in balls. He was a merry, wandering old man. When he saw the Sparrow, which the boys had brought, and for which they said they did not care, he said,

"Shall we make it very beautiful?"

The Mother-Sparrow felt an icy shudder pass through her.

Out of the box, in which were the most brilliant colours, the old man took a quantity of shining gold leaf, and the boys were sent for some white of egg, with which the Sparrow was completely smeared, the gold leaf was stuck upon that, and there was the Mother-Sparrow gilded all over. She did not think of the adornment, but trembled all over. And the soap-man tore off a fragment from the red lining of his old jacket, cut notches in it, so that it looked like a cock's comb, and stuck it on the bird's head.

"Now you shall see the gold jacket fly," said the old man, and he released the Sparrow, which flew away in deadly fear, with the sunlight shining upon her.

How it glittered! All the Sparrows, and even a crow, a knowing old boy, were startled at the sight, but still they flew after her, to know what kind of strange bird this might be.

Driven by fear and horror, she flew homeward, she was nearly sinking powerless to the earth; the flock of pursuing birds increased, and some even tried to peck at her.

"Look at her! look at her!" they all cried.

"Look at her! look at her!" cried the young ones, when the Mother-Sparrow approached the nest. "That must be a young peacock. He glitters with all colours. It quite hurts one's eyes, as mother told us. *Piep!* that's *the beautiful!*"

And now they pecked at the bird with their little beaks, so that she could not possibly get into the nest; she was so much exhausted that she could not even say "*Piep!*" much less "I am your mother!"

The other birds also fell upon the Sparrow, and plucked off feather after feather until she fell bleeding into the rose bush.

"You poor creature!" said all the Roses. "be quiet, and we will hide you. Lean your head against us."

The Sparrow spread out her wings once more, then drew them tight to her body, and lay dead by the neighbouring family, the beautiful fresh Roses.

"*Piep!*" sounded from the nest. "Where can our mother be? It's quite inexplicable. It cannot be a trick of hers, and mean that we're to shift for ourselves; she has left us the house as an inheritance, but to which of us shall it belong when we have families of our own?"

"Yes, it won't do for you to stay with me when I enlarge my establishment with a wife and children," observed the smallest. "I shall have more wives and children than you;" cried the second.

"But I am the eldest!" said the third.

Now they all became excited. They struck out with their wings, hacked with their beaks, and flung one after another was thrust out of the nest. There they lay with their arses, holding their heads on one side, and blinking with the eye that looked upwards. That was their way to look so stupid.

They could fly a little; by practice they improved, and at last they fixed upon a sign by which they should know each other when they met later in the world. This sign was to be the cry of "Piep!" with a scratching of the left foot three times against the ground.

The young Sparrow that had remained behind in the nest made itself as broad as it possibly could, for it was the proprietor, but the proprietorship did not last long. In the night the red fire burst through the window, the flames seized upon the roof, the dry straw blazed brightly up, and the whole house was burned, and the young Sparrow too; but the two others who wanted to marry managed to escape with their lives.

When the sun rose again, and everything looked as much refreshed as if nature had had a quiet sleep, there remained of the farm-house nothing but a few charred beams, leaning against the chimney that was now its own master. Thick smoke still rose from among the fragments, but without stood the rose bush quite unharmed, and every flower, every twig was immersed in the clear water.

"How beautifully those roses bloom before the ruined house!" cried a passer-by. "I cannot imagine a more agreeable picture. I must have that."

And the traveller took out of his portfolio a little book with white leaves. He was a painter, and with his pencil he drew the smoking house, the charred beams, and the overhanging chimney, which bent more and more; quite in the foreground appeared the blooming rose bush, which presented a charming sight, and indeed for its sake the whole picture had been made.

Later in the day, the two Sparrows that had been born here came by.

"Where is the house?" asked they. "Where is the nest? Piep!" All is burned, and our strong brother is burned too! That's what he has got by keeping the nest to himself. The houses have escaped well enough: there they stand yet, with their red cheeks. They certainly don't mourn at their neighbour's misfortune. I won't speak to them, it's so ugly here, that's my opinion." And they flew up and away.

On a beautiful sunny autumn day, when one could almost hear



The Painter sketching the House-Flash

believed it was the middle of summer, there hopped about in the clean dry courtyard of the nobleman's seat, in front of the great steps, a number of Pigeons, black, and white, and variegated, all shining in the sunlight. The old Mother-Pigeons said to their young ones,

"Stand in groups, stand in groups, for that looks much better."

"What are those little grey creatures, that run about behind us?" asked an old Pigeon, with red and green in her eye.

"Little grey ones, little grey ones!" she cried.

"They are sparrows, good creatures. We have reputation of being kind, so we will allow 'em."

corn with us. They don't interrupt conversation, and they make such very pretty courtesies."

Yes, they courtesied three times each with the left leg, and said "Piep." By that they recognized each other as the Sparrow from the nest by the burned house.

"Here's very good eating," said the Sparrows.

The Pigeons strutted round one another, bulged out their chest mightily, and had their own secret views and opinions on things in general.

"Do you see that pouter pigeon?" said one, speaking to the others. "Do you see that one swallowing the peas? She takes too many, and the best, moreover. Curoo! curoo! How she lifts up her crest, the ugly spiteful thing! Curoo! curoo!"

And all their eyes sparkled with spite.

"Stand in groups! stand in groups! Little grey ones! little grey ones! Curoo! curoo!"

So their beaks went on and on, and so they will go on when a thousand years are gone.

The Sparrows feasted bravely. They listened attentively, and even stood in the ranks of the Pigeons, but it did not suit them well. They were satisfied, and so they quitted the Pigeons, exchanged opinions concerning them, slipped under the garden railings, and when they found the door of the garden open, one of them, who was over fed, and consequently valorous, hopped on the threshold.

"Piep!" said he, "I may venture that."

"Piep!" said the other, "so can I, and something more too."

And he hopped right into the room. No one was present; the third Sparrow saw that, and hopped still farther into the room, and said, "Everything or nothing! By the way, this is a funny man's-nest; and what have they put up there? What's that?"

Just in front of the Sparrows the roses were blooming, they were mirrored in the water, and the charred beams leaned against the toppling chimney.

"Why, what is this? How came this in the room of a nobleman's seat?"

And then these Sparrows wanted to fly over the chimney and roses, but flew against a flat wall. It was all a picture, a great beautiful picture, that the painter had completed from a sketch.

"Piep!" said the Sparrows, "it's nothing, it only looks like something. Piep! that's the beautiful! Can you understand it? I can't."

And they flew away, for some people came into the room.

Days and years went by. The Pigeons had often cooed, not to say growled, the spiteful things, the Sparrows had suffered cold in winter, and lived riotously in summer, they were all betrothed or married, or whatever you like to call it. They had little ones, and of course each thought his own the handsomest and the

cleverest: one flew this way, another that, and when they met they knew each other by their "Piep!" and the three courtesies with the left leg. The eldest had remained a maiden Sparrow, with no nest and no young ones. Her great idea was to see a town, and therefore she flew to Copenhagen.

There was to be seen a great house painted with many colours, close by the castle and by the canal, in which latter swam many ships laden with apples and pottery. The windows were broader below than at the top, and when the Sparrows looked through, every room appeared to them like a tulip with the most beautiful colours and shades. But in the middle of the tulip were white people, made of marble; a few certainly were made of plaster, but in the eyes of a sparrow that's all the same. Upon the roof stood a metal carriage, with metal horses harnessed to it, and the Goddess of Victory, also of bronze, driving. It was THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

"How it shines! how it shines!" said the little maiden Sparrow. "I suppose that's what they call *the beautiful Piep!* But this is greater than the peacock!"

It still remembered what, in its day of childhood, the Mother Sparrow had declared to be the greatest among the beautiful. The Sparrow flew down into the courtyard. There everything was very splendid: upon the walls palms and branches were painted; in the midst of the court stood a great blooming rose tree, spreading out its fresh branches, covered with many roses, over a grave. Thither the maiden Sparrow flew, for there she saw many of her own kind. "Piep!" and three courtesies with the left leg—that salutation it had often made throughout the summer, and nobody had replied, for friends who are once parted don't meet every day; and now this form of greeting had become quite a habit with it. But to day two old Sparrows and a young one replied "Piep!" and courtesied three times, each with the left leg.

"Ah! good day! good day!" They were two old ones from the nest, and a little one belonging to the family. "Do we meet here again? It's a grand place, but there's not much to eat. This is *the beautiful!* Piep!"

And many people came out of the side chambers where the glorious marble statues stood, and approached the grave where slept the great master who had formed these marble images. All stood with radiant faces by Thorwaldsen's grave, and some gathered up the fallen rose leaves and kept them. They had come from afar: one from mighty England, others from Germany and France. The most beautiful among the ladies plucked one of the roses and hid it in her bosom. Then the Sparrows thought that the roses ruled here, and that the whole house had been built for their sake: that appeared to them to be too much; *not* as all the people showed their love for the roses, they would not

be behindhand. "Piep!" they said, and swept the ground with their tails, and glanced with one eye at the roses; and they had not looked long at the flowers before they recognized them. And so the roses really were. The painter who had sketched the rose bush by the ruined house had afterwards received permission to dig it up, and had given it to the architect, for nowhere could more beautiful roses be found. And the architect had planted it upon Thorwaldsen's grave, where it bloomed, an image of the beautiful, and gave its red fragrant leaves to be carried into distant lands as mementoes.

"Have you found a situation here in the town?" asked the Sparrows.

And the Roses nodded; they recognized their brown neighbours, and were glad to see them again. "How glorious it is to live and bloom, to see old faces again, and cheerful faces every day!"

"Piep!" said the Sparrows. "Yes, these are truly our old neighbours; we remember their origin by the pond. Piep! how they've got on! Yes, some people succeed while they're asleep. Why, yonder is a withered leaf—I see it quite plainly!"

And they pecked at it till the leaf fell. But the tree stood there greener and fresher than ever; the sweet Roses bloomed in the sunshine by Thorwaldsen's grave, and were associated with his immortal name.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

IT was terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening came on, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bareheaded and barefoot, was walking through the streets. When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other, and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle, some day when he had children of his own. So now the little girl went with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.



The Little Match Girl and the other Match Girl

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along a picture of misery poor little girl! The snow flakes covered her long fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck, but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare to go home, for she had sold no matches and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father she would receive a beating,

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

THE ELF-HILL.



FEW great Lizards race nimbly about in the clefts of an old tree; they could understand each other very well, for they spoke the lizards' language.

"How it grumbles and growls in the old elf-hill!" said one Lizard. "I've not been able to close my eyes for two nights, because of the noise: I might just as well lie and have the tooth-ache, for then I can't sleep either."

"There's something wrong in there," said the other Lizard. "They let the hill stand on four red posts till the cock crows at morn. It is regularly aired, and the elf girls have learned new dances. There's something going on."

"Yes, I have spoken with an earthworm of my acquaintance," said the third Lizard. "The earthworm came straight out of the hill, where he had been grubbing in the ground night and day; he had heard much. He can't see, the miserable creature, but he understands how to toss about and listen. They expect some friends in the elf hill—grand strangers; but who they are the earthworm would not tell, and perhaps, indeed, he did not know. All the Will-o'-the-wisps are ordered to hold a torch dance, as it is called; and silver and gold, of which there is enough in the elf hill, is being polished and put out in the moonshine."

"Who may these strangers be?" asked all the Lizards. "What can be going on there? Hark, how it hums! Hark, how it murmurs!"

At the same moment the elf hill opened, and an old elf maid,* hollow behind, came tripping out. She was the old Elf King's housekeeper. She was a distant relative of the royal family, and wore an amber heart on her forehead. Her legs moved so rapidly—trip, trip! Gracious! how she could trip! straight down to the sea, to the Night Raven.

* A prevailing superstition regarding the elf maid, or *elle maid*, is, that she is fair to look at in front, but behind she is hollow like a mask.

"You are invited to the elf-hill for this evening," said she; "but will you do me a great service and undertake the invitations? You must do something, as you don't keep any house yourself. We shall have some very distinguished friends, magicians who have something to say; and so the old Elf King wants to make a display."

"Who's to be invited?" asked the Night Raven.

"To the great ball the world may come, even men, if they can talk in their sleep, or do something that falls in our line." But at the first feast there's to be a strict selection; we will have only the most distinguished. I have had a dispute with the Elf King, for I declared that we could not even admit ghosts. The merman and his daughters must be invited first. They may not be very well pleased to come on dry land, but they shall have a wet stone to sit upon, or something still better, and then I think they won't refuse for this time. All the old demons of the first class, with tails, and the wood demon and his gnomes, we must have; and then I think we may not leave out the grave pig, the death horse,* and the church twig—they certainly belong to the clergy, and are not reckoned among our people. But that's only their office; they are closely related to us, and visit us diligently."

"Croak!" said the Night Raven, and flew away to give the invitations.

The elf girls were already dancing on the elf hill, and they danced with shawls which were woven of mist and moonshine; and that looks very pretty for those who like that sort of thing. In the midst, below the elf-hill, the great hall was splendidly decorated. the floor had been washed with moonshine, and the walls rubbed with witches' salve, so that they glowed like tulips in the light. In the kitchen, plenty of frogs were turning on the spit, snail-skins with children's fingers in them, and salads of mushroom spawn, damp mouse muzzles, and hemlock; beer brewed by the marsh witch, gleaming saltpetre wine from grave cellars: everything very grand; and rusty nails and church window-glass among the sweets.

The old Elf King had one of his crowns polished with powdered slate pencil; it was slate pencil from the first form, and it's very difficult for the Elf King to get first-form slate pencil! In the bed-room curtains were hung up, and fastened with snail slime. Yes, there was a grumbling and murmuring there!

"Now we must burn horse-hair and pigs' bristles as incense here," said the Elf King, "and then I think I shall have done my part."

"Father, dear," said the youngest of the daughters, "shall I hear now who the distinguished strangers are?"

* It is a popular superstition in Denmark, that under every church that is built, a living horse must be buried: the ghost of this horse is the death horse, that haunts every night on three legs to the house where some one is to die. Under a few churches a living pig was buried, and the ghost of this was called the grave pig.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I must tell it now. Two of my daughters must hold themselves prepared to be married; two will certainly be married. The old gnome from Norway yonder, he who lives in the Dovre mountains, and possesses many rock castles of field stones, and a gold mine which is better than one thinks, is coming with his two sons, who want each to select a wife. The old gnome is a true old honest Norwegian veteran, merry and straightforward. I know him from old days, when we drank brotherhood with one another. He was down here to fetch his wife—now she is dead,—she was a daughter of the King of the Chalk-rocks of Moen. He took his wife upon chalk, as the saying is. Oh, how I long to see the old Norwegian gnome! The lads, they say, are rather rude, forward lads; but perhaps they are belied, and they'll be right enough when they grow older. Let me see that you can teach them manners."

"And when will they come?" asked the daughters.

"That depends on wind and weather," said the Elf King. "They travel economically—they come when there's a chance by a ship. I wanted them to go across Sweden, but the old one would not incline to that wish. He does not advance with the times, and I don't like that."

Then two Will-o'-the-wisps came hopping up, one quicker than the other, and so one of them arrived first.

"They're coming! they're coming!" they cried.

"Give me my crown, and let me stand in the moonshine," said the Elf King.

And the daughters lifted up their shawls and bowed down to the earth.

There stood the old gnome of Dovre, with the crown of hardened ice and polished fir-cones, moreover, he wore a bear-skin and great warm boots. His sons, on the contrary, went bare-necked, and with trousers without braces, for they were strong men.

"Is that an acclivity?" asked the youngest of the lads; and he pointed to the elf-hill. "In Norway yonder we should call it a hole."

"Boys!" said the old man, "holes go down, mounds go up. Have you no eyes in your heads?"

The only thing they wondered at down here, they said, was that they could understand the language without difficulty.

"Don't give yourselves airs," said the old man. "One would think you were home nurtured."

And then they went into the elf-hill, where the really grand company were assembled, and that in such haste that one might almost say they had been blown together. But for each it was nicely and prettily arranged. The sea folks sat at table in great washing tubs—they said it was just as if they were at home. All observed the ceremonies of the table except the two young

Northern gnomes, and they put their legs up on the table; but they thought all that suited them well.

"Your feet off the table cloth!" cried the old gnome.

And they obeyed, but not immediately. The ladies they pulled with *pink rones* that they had brought with them, and then took off their boots for their own convenience, and gave them to the ladies to hold. But the father, the old Dovre gnome, was quite different from them—he told such fine stories of the proud Norwegian rocks, and of the waterfalls which rushed down with white foam and with a noise like thunder and the sound of organs; he told of the salmon that leaps up against the falling waters when the Reck plays upon the golden harp, he told of shining winter nights, when the sledge bells sound, and the lads run with burning torches over the ice, which is so transparent that they see the fishes start beneath their feet. Yes! he could tell it so finely that one saw what he described. It was just as if the *sawmills* were going, as if the servants and maids were singing songs and dancing the kalling dance. Hurrah! all at once the old gnome gave the old elf girl a kiss. that was a kiss! and yet they were nothing to each other.

Now the elf maidens had to dance, nimbly, and also with stamping steps, and that suited them well; then came the artistic and solo dance. Wonderful how they could use their legs! one *hardly knew where they began and where they ended*, which were their arms and which their legs—they were all mingled together like wood shavings; and then they whirled round till the death horse and the grave pig turned giddy, and were obliged to leave the table.

"Prur!" exclaimed the old gnome "that's a strange fashion of using one's legs. But what can they do more than dance, stretch out their limbs, and make a whirlwind?"

"You shall soon know!" said the Elf King.

And then he called forth the youngest of his daughters. She was as light and graceful as moonshine; she was the most delicate of all the sisters. She took a white shaving in her mouth, and then she was quite gone. that was her art.

But the old gnome said he should not like his wife to possess this art, and he did not think that his boys cared for it.

The other could walk under herself, just as if she had a shadow, and the gnome people had none. The third daughter was of quite another kind: she had served in the brewhouse of the moor witch, and knew how to stuff elder-tree knots with glow-worms.

"She will make a good housewife," said the old gnome; and then he winked a health with his eyes, for he did not want to drink too much.

Now came the fourth: she had a great harp to play upon, and she struck the first chord all lifted up their left feet, for

gnomes are left-legged; and when she struck the second chord all were compelled to do as she wished.

"That's a dangerous woman!" said the old gnome; but both the sons went out of the hill, for they had had enough of it.

"And what can the next daughter do?" asked the old gnome.

"I have learned to love what is Norwegian," said she, "and I will never marry unless I can go to Norway."

But the youngest sister whispered to the old King, "That's only because she has heard in a Norwegian song, that when the world sinks down, the cliffs of Norway will remain standing like monuments, and so she wants to get up there, because she is afraid of sinking down."

"Ho! ho!" said the old gnome, "was it meant in that way? But what can the seventh and last do?"

"The sixth comes before the seventh!" said the Elf King, for he could count. But the sixth would not come out.

"I can only tell people the truth!" said she. "Nobody cares for me, and I have enough to do to sew my shroud."

Now came the seventh and last, and what could she do? Why, she could tell stories, as many as she wished.

"Here are all my fingers," said the old gnome, "tell me one for each."

And she took him by the wrist, and he laughed till it clucked within him, and when she came to the ring finger, which had a ring round its waist, just as if it knew there was to be a wedding, the old gnome said,

"Hold fast what you have; the hand is yours, I'll have you for my own wife."

And the elf girl said that the story of the ring finger and of little Peter Playman, the fifth, were still wanting.

"We'll hear those in winter," said the gnome, "and we'll hear about the pine tree, and about the birch, and about the spirits' gifts, and about the biting frost. You shall tell your tales, for no one up there knows how to do that well; and then we'll sit in the stone chamber where the pine logs burn, and drink mead out of the horns of the old Norwegian Kings—Reck has given me a couple; and when we sit there, and the Nix comes on a visit, she'll sing you all the songs of the shepherds in the mountains. That will be merry. The salmon will spring in the waterfall, and beat against the stone walls, but he shall not come in."

"Yes, it's very good living in Norway, but where are the lads?"

Yes, where were they? They were running about in the fields, and blowing out the Will-o'-the-wisps, which had come so good-naturedly for the torch dance.

"What romping about is this?" said the old gnome. "I have taken a mother for you, and now you may take one of the aunts."

"I've not the slightest cause to do so," replied the Buckwheat.

"Bend your head as we do," cried the various Crops. "Now the storm comes flying on. He has wings that reach from the clouds just down to the earth, and he'll beat you in halves before you can cry for mercy."

"Yes, but I won't bend," quoth the Buckwheat.

"Shut up your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old Willow Tree. "Don't look up at the lightning when the cloud bursts—even men do not do that, for in the lightning one may look into heaven, but the light dazzles even men; and what would happen to us, if we dared do so—we, the plants of the field, that are much less worthy than they?"

"Much less worthy!" cried the Buckwheat. "Now I'll just look straight up into heaven."

And it did so, in its pride and vainglory. It was as if the whole world were on fire, so vivid was the lightning.

When afterwards the bad weather had passed by, the flowers and the crops stood in the still pure air, quite refreshed by the rain, but the Buckwheat was burned coal-black by the lightning, and it was now like a dead weed upon the field.

And the old Willow Tree waved its branches in the wind, and great drops of water fell down out of the green leaves, just as if the tree wept.

And the Sparrows asked, "Why do you weep? Here every thing is so cheerful—see how the sun shines, see how the clouds sail on. Do you not breathe the scent of flowers and bushes? Why do you weep, Willow Tree?"

And the Willow Tree told them of the pride of the Buckwheat, of its vainglory, and of the punishment which always follows such sin.

I, who tell you this tale, have heard it from the sparrows. They told it me one evening when I begged them to give me a story.



THE OLD HOUSE.

IN the quiet of the street stood an old, old house. It was almost three hundred years old, but one could read its name on the house, which was dated the date of its construction by a stone tablet set in the wall. The house was built by a man who had been a soldier in the wars, and was the last of a family that had been in the house, and the last of a family that had been in the house, and the last of a family that had been in the house.

other, and close under the roof was a leaden gutter with a dragon's head. The rain-water was to run out of the dragon's mouth, but it ran out of the creature's body instead, for there was a hole in the pipe.

All the other houses in the street were still new and neat, with large window-panes and smooth walls. One could easily see that they could have nothing to do with the old house. They thought, perhaps, "How long is that old rubbish-heap to stand there, a scandal to the whole street?" The parapet stands so far forward that no one can see out of our windows what is going on in that direction. The staircase is as broad as a castle staircase, and as steep as if it led to a church tower. The iron railing looks like the gate of a family vault, and there are brass bosses upon it. It's too ridiculous!"

Just opposite stood some more new neat houses that thought exactly like the rest, but here at the window sat a little boy, with fresh red cheeks, with clear sparkling eyes, and he was particularly fond of the old house, in sunshine as well as by moonlight. And when he looked down at the wall where the plaster had fallen off, then he could sit and fancy all kinds of pictures—how the street must have appeared in old times, with parapets, open staircases, and pointed gables, he could see soldiers with halberds, and roof-gutters running about in the form of dragons and griffins. That was just a good house to look at; and in it lived an old man who went about in leather knee-smalls, and wore a coat with great brass buttons, and a wig which one could at once see was a real wig. Every morning an old man came to him to clean his rooms and run on his errands. With this exception the old man in the leather knee-smalls was all alone in the old house. Sometimes he came to one of the windows and looked out, and the little boy nodded to him, and the old man nodded back, and thus they became acquainted and became friends, though they had never spoken to one another; but, indeed, that was not at all necessary.

The little boy heard his parents say, "The old man opposite is very well off, but he is terribly lonely."

Next Sunday the little boy wrapped something in a piece of paper, went with it to the house door, and said to the man who ran errands for the old gentleman,

"Harkye. will you take this to the old gentleman opposite for me? I have two tin soldiers; this is one of them, and he shall have it, because I know that he is terribly lonely."

And the old attendant looked quite pleased, and nodded, and carried the Tin Soldier into the old house. Afterwards he was sent over, to ask if the little boy would not like to come himself and pay a visit. His parents gave him leave, and so it was that he came to the old house.

The brass bosses on the staircase shone much more brightly than usual, one would have thought they had been polished up

honour of his visit. And it was just as if the carved trumpeters—for on the doors there were carved trumpeters, standing in tulips—were blowing with all their might; their cheeks looked much rounder than before. Yes, they blew "Tan-ta-ra-ra! the little boy's coming! tan-ta-ra-ra!" and then the door opened. The whole of the hall was hung with old portraits of knights in armour and ladies in silk gowns; and the armour rattled and the silk dresses rustled; and then came a staircase that went up a great way and down a little way, and then one came to a balcony which was certainly in a very rickety state, with long cracks and great holes; but out of all these grew grass and leaves, for the whole balcony, the courtyard, and the wall were overgrown with so much green that it looked like a garden, but it was only a balcony. Here stood old flower-pots that had faces with asses' ears; but the flowers grew just as they chose. In one pot pinks were growing over on all sides; that is to say, the green stalks, sprout upon sprout, and they said quite plainly, "The air has caressed me and the sun has kissed me, and promised me a little flower for next Sunday, a little flower next Sunday!"

And then they came to a room where the walls were covered with pig-skin, and golden flowers had been stamped on the leather.

"Flowers fade fast,
But pig-skin will last,"

said the walls. And there stood chairs with quite high backs with carved work and elbows on each side.

"Sit down!" said they. "Oh, how it cracks inside me! Now I shall be sure to have the gout, like the old cupboard. Gout in my back, ugh!"

And then the little boy came to the room where the old man sat.

"Thank you for the Tin Soldier, my little friend," said the old man, "and thank you for coming over to me."

"Thanks! thanks!" or "Crack! crack!" said all the furniture; there were so many pieces that they almost stood in each other's way to see the little boy.

And in the middle, on the wall, hung a picture, a beautiful lady, young and cheerful in appearance, but dressed just like people of the old times, with powder in her hair and skirts that stuck out stiffly. She said neither thanks nor crack, but looked down upon the little boy with her mild eyes; and he at once asked the old man,

"Where did you get her from?"

"From the dealer opposite," replied the old man. "Many pictures are always hanging there. No one knew them or troubled himself about them, for they are all buried. But many years ago I knew this lady, and now she's been dead and gone for half a century."

And under the picture hung, behind glass, a nosegay of withered flowers; they were certainly also half a century old—at least they looked it, and the pendulum of the great clock went to and fro, and the hands turned round, and everything in the room grew older still, but no one noticed it.

"They say at home," said the little boy, "that you are always terribly solitary."

"Oh," answered the old man, "old thoughts come, with all that they bring, to visit me; and now you are coming too, I'm very well off."

And then he took from a shelf a book with pictures—there were long processions of wonderful coaches, such as one never sees at the present day, soldiers like the knave of clubs, and citizens with waving flags. The tailors had a flag with shears on it held by two lions, and the shoemakers a flag without boots, but with an eagle that had two heads; for among the shoemakers everything must be so arranged that they can say, "There's a pair." Yes, that was a picture-book! And the old man went into the other room, to fetch preserves, and apples, and nuts. It was really glorious in that old house.

"I can't stand it!" said the Tin Soldier, who stood upon the shelf. "It is terribly lonely and dull here. When a person has been accustomed to family life, one cannot get accustomed to their existence here. I cannot stand it! The day is long enough, but the evening is longer still! Here it is not at all like in your house opposite, where your father and mother were always conversing cheerfully together, and you and all the other dear children made a famous noise. How solitary it is here at the old man's! Do you think he gets any kisses? Do you think he gets friendly looks, or a Christmas tree? He'll get nothing but a grave! I cannot stand it!"

"You must not look at it from the sorrowful side," said the little boy. "To me all appears remarkably pretty, and all the old thoughts, with all they bring with them, come to visit here."

"Yes, but I don't see them, and don't know them," objected the Tin Soldier. "I can't bear it!"

"You must bear it," said the little boy.

And the old man came with the pleasantest face and with the best of preserved fruits and apples and nuts; and then the little boy thought no more of the Tin Soldier. Happy and delighted, the youngsters went home; and days went by, weeks went by, and there was much nodding from the boy's home across to the old house and back; and then the little boy went over there again.

And the carved trumpeters blew, "Tan-ta-ra-ra! tan-ta-ra-ra! there's the little boy, tan-ta-ra-ra!" and the swords and armour on the old pictures rattled, and the silken dresses rustled, and the leather told tales, and the old chairs had the gout in their

24 THE OLD HOUSE.

acks. Ugh! it was just like the first time, for over there one
 hour was just like another. "I've wept tears of
 blood," said the Tin Soldier. "I had rather go to war and lose my
 life than change. I cannot stand a man's old thought."

"I can't stand it!" said the Tin Soldier
in. It's too dreamy here. I had rather go to
arms and legs; at any rate, that's a change. I cannot see you all in
Now I know what it means to have a visit from one's old friends, and
and all they bring with them. I've had visits from my own, and
you may believe me, that's no pleasure in the long run. I was
very nearly jumping down from the shelf. I could see you all in
the house opposite as plainly as if you had been here. It was
Sunday morning, and you children were all standing round the
table singing the psalm you sing every morning. You were stand-
ing reverently with folded hands, and your father and mother
were just as piously disposed: then the door opened, and your
little sister Maria, who is not two years old yet, and who always
dances when she hears music or song, of whatever description
they may be, was brought in. She was not to do it, but she im-
mediately began to dance, though she could not get into right
time, for the song was too slow, so she first stood on one leg and
bent her head quite over in front, but it was not long enough.
You all stood very quietly, though that was rather difficult; but
I laughed inwardly, and so I fell down from the table and got a
bruise which I have still; for it was not right of one to laugh.
But all this, and all the rest that I have experienced, now passes
by my inward vision, and those must be the old thoughts with
everything they bring with them. Tell me, do you still sing on
Sundays? Tell me something about little Maria. And how is
my comrade and brother tin soldier? Yes, he must be very
happy. I can't be given away," said the little boy "You must
see that?"

You are. Don't you see that?"

I see you with a box in which many things were
sent-boxes; and old cards
them in these boxes; and

"You have been given away," said the little boy "You must stay where you are. Don't you see that?"

"You are staying where you are," said the old man, who came with him.
And the little rouge-pots and scene-pieces
to be seen in the shop were opened, likewise the piano,
large and so richly gilt as one never sees them,
and many little boxes were opened, inside the lid. But the piano
this were painted landscapes, inside the lid. But the piano
quite hoarse when the old man played upon it; and then
nodded to the picture that he had bought at the dealer's.
then the old man's eyes shone quite brightly.
"I'll go to the war!" I'll go the war!" cried the Tin Sn
as loud as he could, and he threw himself down on the floor
where he was gone, and could not be found.

Where had he gone, and could he be found?
"I shall find him," said the old man
"I shall find him," said the old man
that he never found him. The flooring was so open and
as in an open grave
the day passed away, and the little boy went home

*Disappearance of the Tin Soldier*

the week passed by, and many weeks passed by. The windows were quite frozen up, and the little boy had to sit and breathe upon the panes, to make a peep-hole to look at the old house, and snow had blown among all the carving and the inscriptions, and covered the whole staircase, as if no one were in the house at all. And, indeed, there was no one in the house, for the old man had died!

In the evening a carriage stopped at the door, and in that he was laid, in his coffin; he was to rest in a family vault in the country. So he was carried away, but no one followed him on

his last journey, for all his friends were dead. And the little boy kissed his hand after the coffin as it rolled away.

A few days later, and there was an auction in the old house; and the little boy saw from his window how the old knights and ladies, the flower-pots with the long ears, the chairs and the cupboards were carried away. One was taken here, and then there: *her* portrait, that had been bought by the dealer, went back into his shop, and there it was hung, for no one cared for the old picture.

In the spring the house itself was pulled down, for the people said it was old rubbish. One could look from the street straight into the room with the leather wall-covering, which was taken down, ragged and torn; and the green of the balcony hung sagging over the beams, that threatened to fall in altogether. An now a clearance was made.

"That does good!" said a neighbour. And a capital house was built, with large windows and smooth white walls, but in front of the place where the old house had really stood, a little garden was planted, and by the neighbour placed a great iron railing with an iron door; and it had a statue look. The people stepped in front, and looked through. A the sparrows sat down in dozens upon the vine branches, and chattered all at once as loud as they could; and it had a statue old house, for they could not remember that, for many years ago, a thorough man, whose parents rejoiced in him. And he had married, and was come with his wife to live in the house, in front of which was the garden; and here he stood next to her when she planted a field flower which she considered very pretty; planted it with her little hand, pressing the earth close round with her fingers. "Ah, what was that?" She picked her. Out of the soft earth something pointed was sticking up. "I think" that was the Tin Soldier, the same that had been lost in the old man's room, and had been hidden among old rubbish for a long time, and had lain in the ground many years. And the young wife first dried the Soldier in a green and then with her fine handkerchief, that smelt so delicious. And the Tin Soldier felt just as if he were waking from a long-sleep.

"Let me see him," said the young man. And then he came and shook his head. "Yes, it can scarcely be the same; it reminds me of an affair with a Tin Soldier which I had when I was a little boy."

And then he told his wife about the old house, and the man, and of the Tin Soldier he had sent across to the old man, and he had thought so lonely, and the tears came into his eyes for the old house and the old man.

"It is possible, after all, that it may be the same Tin Soldier," said she. "I will take care of him, and remember what you have told me, but you must show me the old man's grave."

"I don't know where that is," replied he, "and no one knows it. All his friends were dead; none tended his grave, and I was but a little boy."

"Ah, how terribly lonely he must have been!" said she.

"Yes, horribly lonely," said the Tin Soldier; "but it is glorious not to be forgotten."

"Glorious!" repeated a voice close to them.

But nobody except the Tin Soldier perceived that it came from a rag of the pig's leather hangings, which was now devoid of all guiding. It looked like wet earth, but yet it had an opinion, which it expressed thus.

"Gilding fades fast,
Pig-skin will last!"

But the Tin Soldier did not believe that.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE biggest leaf here in the country is certainly the burdock leaf. Put one in front of your waist and it's just like an apron, and if you lay it upon your head it is almost as good as an umbrella, for it is quite remarkably large. A burdock never grows alone; where there is one tree there are several more. It's splendid to behold! and all this splendour is snails' meat; the great white snails, which the grand people in old times used to have made into fricassees, and when they had eaten them they would say, "H'm, how good that is!" for they had the idea that it tasted delicious. These snails lived on burdock leaves, and that's why burdocks were sown.

Now, there was an old estate, on which people ate snails no longer. The snails had died out, but the burdocks had not. These latter grew and grew in all the walks and on all the beds—there was no stopping them; the place became a complete forest of burdocks. Here and there stood an apple or plum tree, but for this, nobody would have thought a garden had been there. Everything was burdock, and among the burdocks lived the two last ancient Snails.

They did not know themselves how old they were, but they could very well remember that there had been a great many more of them, that they had descended from a foreign family, and that

the whole forest had been planted for them and theirs. They had never been away from home, but it was known to them that something existed in the world called the *dual palace*, and that there one was boiled, and one became black, and was laid upon a silver dish; but what was done afterwards they did not know. Moreover, they could not imagine what that might be, being boiled and laid upon a silver dish; but it was stated to be fine, and particularly grand! Neither the cockchafer, nor the toad, nor the earthworm, whom they questioned about it, could give them any information, for none of their own kind had ever been boiled and laid on silver dishes.

The old white Snails were the grandest in the world; they knew that the forest was there for their sake, and the dual palace so that they might be boiled and laid on silver dishes.

They led a very retired and happy life, and as they themselves were children, they had adopted a little common Snail, who they took up as their own child. But the little thing would not grow, for it was only a common Snail, though the old people and particularly the mother, declared one could easily see he *was* growing. And when the father could not see it, she requested him to feel the little Snail's shell, and he felt it, and acknowledged that she was right.

One day it rained very hard.

"Listen how he's drumming on the burdock leaves, rum-dum-dum, rum-dum-dum," said the Father-Snail.

"That's what I call drops," said the mother. "It's coming straight down the stalk. You'll see it will be wet here directly. It is only glad that we have our good houses, and that the little one has his own. There has been more done for us than for any other creature, one can see very plainly that we are the grand snails in the world. We have houses from our birth, and the burdock stalk has been planted for us. I should like to know how far it extends and what lies beyond it."

"There's nothing," said the Father-Snail, "that can be better than being at home; I have nothing at all to wish for."

"Yes," said the mother, "I should like to be taken to the dual palace and be boiled and laid upon a silver dish; that has been said to all our ancestors, and you may be sure it's quite a distinguished honour."

"The dual palace has perhaps fallen in," said the Father-Snail, "we are afraid the burdock may have grown over it, so that the little one will not get out at all. You need not be in a hurry—but you must wait, and the little one is beginning just the same."

Now creeping up that stalk these three days?

None other when I look up at him."

"I will wait," said the Mother-Snail. "He crawls slowly. We shall have much joy in him; and we old

ones are also to live for. But have you ever thought

where we shall get a wife for him? Don't you think that farther in the wood there may be some more of our kind?"

"There may be black snails there, I think," said the old man, "black snails without houses! but they're too vulgar. And they're conceited, for all that. But we can give the commission to the ants, they run to and fro, as if they had business; they're sure to know of a wife for our young gentleman."

"I certainly know the most beautiful of brides," said one of the Ants, "but I fear she would not do, for she is the Queen!"

"That does not matter," said the two old Snails. "Has she a house?"

"She has a castle!" replied the Ant. "The most beautiful ant's castle, with seven hundred passages."

"Thank you," said the Mother-Snail; "our boy shall not go into an ant hill. If you know of nothing better, we'll give the commission to the white gnats; they fly far about in rain and sunshine, and they know the burdock wood, inside and outside."

"We have a wife for him," said the Gnats. "A hundred man steps from here a little snail with a house is sitting on a gooseberry bush, she is quite alone, and old enough to marry. It's only a hundred man-steps from here."

"Yes, let her come to him," said the old people. "He has a whole burdock forest, and she has only a bush."

And so they brought the little maiden Snail. Eight days passed before she arrived, but that was the rare circumstance about it, for by this one could see that she was of the right kind.

And then they had a wedding. Six glowworms lighted as well as they could with this exception it went very quietly, for the old snail people could not bear feasting and dissipation. But a capital speech was made by the Mother-Snail. The father could not speak, he was so much moved. Then they gave the young couple the whole burdock forest for an inheritance, and said, what they had always said, namely—that it was the best place in the world, and that the young people, if they lived honourably, and increased and multiplied, would some day be taken with their children to the ducal palace, and boiled black, and laid upon a silver dish. And when the speech was finished, the old people crept into their houses and never came out again, for they slept.

The young Snail pair now ruled in the forest, and had a numerous progeny. But as the young ones were never boiled and put into silver dishes, they concluded that the ducal palace had fallen in, and that all the people in the world had died out. And as nobody contradicted them, they must have been right. And the rain fell down upon the burdock leaves to play the drum for them, and the sun shone to colour the burdock forest for them, and they were happy, very happy—the whole family was happy, uncommonly happy!

heart. Oh, how that heart beat! the little elf could not go to sleep, it thumped so.

But not long did the rose rest undisturbed on that breast. The man took it out and as he went lonely through the wood, he kissed the flower so often and so fervently that the little elf was almost crushed. He could feel through the leaf how the man's lips burned, and the rose itself had opened, as if under the hottest noonday sun.

Then came another man, gloomy and wicked—he was the bad brother of the pretty maiden. He drew out a sharp knife, and while the other kissed the rose the bad man stabbed him to death, and then, cutting off his head, buried both head and body in the soft earth under the linden tree.

"Now he is forgotten and gone," thought the wicked brother, "he will never come back again. He was to have taken a long journey over mountains and seas. One can easily lose one's life, and he has lost his. He cannot come back again, and my sister dare not ask news of him from me."

Then with his feet he shuffled dry leaves over the loose earth, and went home in the dark night. But he did not go alone, as he thought, the little elf accompanied him. The elf sat in a dry, rolled-up linden leaf that had fallen on the wicked man's hair as he dug. The hat was now placed over the leaf, and it was very dark in the hat, and the elf trembled with fear and with anger at the evil deed.

In the morning how the bad man got home—he took off his hat, and went into his sister's bed room. There lay the beautiful blooming girl, dreaming of him whom she loved from her heart, and of whom she now believed that he was going across the mountains and through the forests. And the wicked brother towered over her, and laughed hideously, as only a fiend can laugh. Then the dry leaf fell out of his hat upon the coverlet, but he did not remark it, and he went out to sleep a little himself in the morning hour. But the elf slipped forth from the withered leaf, placed himself in the ear of the sleeping girl, and told her, as in a dream, the dreadful history of the murderer. Down he told her the place where her brother had slain her lover and buried his corpse, told her of the blooming hidden tree close to it, and said,

"That you may not think it is only a dream that I have told you, you will find on your bed a withered leaf."

And she found it when she awoke. Oh, what bitter tears she wept! The window stood open the whole day. The little elf could easily get out to the roset and all the other flowers, but he could not find it in his heart to quit the afflicted maiden. The maiden stood a plant, a mossy moss bush. He waited hidden in one of the flowers, and looked at the poor girl. His brother often came into the room, and in spite of his wicked deed, he was

*The Girl and the Flower Pot*

room, close by his bed, for it was glorious to look upon, and its fragrance was sweet and lovely. The little Rose-elf followed, and went from flower to flower—for in each dwelt a little soul—and told of the murdered young man, whose head was now earth beneath the earth, and told of the evil brother and of the poor sister.

"We know it!" said each soul in the flowers. "we know it! have we not sprung from the eyes and lips of the murdered man? We know it! we know it!"

And then they nodded in a strange fashion with their heads. The Rose-elf could now at all understand how they could be so

quiet, and he flew out to the bees that were gathering honey, and told them the story of the wicked brother. And the bees told it to their Queen, and the Queen commanded that they should all kill the murderer next morning. But in the night—it was the first night that followed upon the sister's death—when the brother was sleeping in his bed, close to the fragrant jasmine, each flower opened, and invisible, but armed with poisonous spear, the flower-souls came out and seated themselves in his ear, and told him bad dreams, and then flew across his lips and pricked his tongue with the poisonous spears.

"Now we have avenged the dead man!" they said, and flew back into the jasmine's white bells.

When the morning came and the windows of the bed-chamber were opened, the Rose-elf and the Queen Bee and the whole swarm of bees rushed in to kill him.

But he was dead already. People stood around his bed, and said, "The scent of the jasmine has killed him!" Then the Rose-elf understood the revenge of the flowers, and told it to the Queen and to the bees, and the Queen hummed with the whole swarm around the flower-pot. The bees were not to be driven away. Then a man carried away the flower-pot, and one of the bees stung him in the hand, so that he let the pot fall, and it broke in pieces.

Then they beheld the whitened skull, and knew that the dead man on the bed was a murderer.

And the Queen Bee hummed in the air, and sang of the revenge of the bees, and of the Rose-elf, and said that behind the smallest leaf there dwells ONE who can bring the evil to light, and repay it.

THE SHADOW.

IN the hot countries the sun burns very strongly; there the people become quite mahogany brown, and in the very hottest countries they are even burned into negroes. But this time it was only to the hot countries that a learned man out of the cold regions had come. He thought he could roam about there just as he had been accustomed to do at home; but he soon altered his opinion. He and all sensible people had to remain at home, where the window-shutters and doors were shut all day long, and it looked as if all the inmates were asleep or had gone out. The narrow street with the high houses in which he lived was, however, built in such a way that the sun shone upon it from

morning till evening; it was really quite unbearable! The learned man from the cold regions was a young man and a clever man—it seemed to him as if he was sitting in a glowing oven that exhausted him greatly, and he became quite thin; even his Shadow shrivelled up and became much smaller than it had been at home, the sun even took the Shadow away, and it did not return till the evening when the sun went down. It was really a pleasure to see this. So soon as a light was brought into the room the Shadow stretched itself quite up the wall, farther even than the ceiling, so tall did it make itself; it was obliged to stretch to get strength again. The learned man went out into the balcony to stretch himself, and so soon as the stars came out in the beautiful blue sky, he felt himself reviving. On all the balconies in the streets—and in the hot countries there is a balcony to every window—young people now appeared, for one must breathe fresh air, even if one has got used to becoming mahogany brown, then it became lively above and below, the tinkers and tailors—by which we mean all kinds of people—sat below in the street; then tables and chairs were brought out, and candles burned, yes, more than a thousand candles; one talked and then sang, and the people walked to and fro; carriages drove past, mules trotted, “Kling-ling-ling!” for they had bells on their harness, dead people were buried with solemn songs, the church bells rang, and it was indeed very lively in the street. Only in one house, just opposite to that in which the learned man dwelt, it was quite quiet, and yet somebody lived there, for there were flowers upon the balcony, blooming beautifully in the hot sun, and they could have not done this if they had not been watered, so that some one must have watered them, therefore, there must be people in that house. Towards evening the door was half opened, but it was dark, at least in the front room, farther back, in the interior, music was heard. The strange learned man thought this music very lovely, but it was quite possible that he only imagined this, for out there in the hot countries he found everything exquisite, if only there had been no sun. The stranger’s landlord said that he did know who had taken the opposite house—one saw nobody there, and so far as the music was concerned, it seemed very monotonous to him.

“It was just,” he said, “as if some one sat there, always practising a piece that he could not manage—always the same piece. He seemed to say, ‘I shall manage it,’ after all,” but he did not manage it, however long he played.”

Will the stranger awake at night? He slept with the balcony door open: the wind lifted up the curtain before it, and he fancied that a wonderful radiance came from the balcony of the house opposite: all the flowers appeared like flames of the most gorgeous colours, and in the midst, among the flowers, stood a beautiful slender maiden: it seemed as if a radiance came from her

shadow, and no shadow came. He said, "Here, here!" but that did no good.

That was vexatious, but in the warm countries all things grow very quickly, and after the lapse of a week he remarked to his great joy that a new shadow was growing out of his legs when he went into the sunshine, so that the root must have remained behind. After three weeks he had quite a respectable shadow, which, when he started on his return to the North, grew more and more, so that at last it was so long and great that he could very well have parted with half of it.

When the learned man got home he wrote books about what is true in the world, and what is good, and what is pretty; and days went by, and years went by, many years.

He was one evening sitting in his room when there came a little quiet knock at the door. "Come in!" said he, but nobody came. Then he opened the door, and there stood before him such a remarkably thin man that he felt quite uncomfortable. This man was, however, very respectably dressed; he looked like a man of standing.

"Whom have I the honour to address?" asked the professor.

"Ah!" replied the genteel man, "I thought you would not know me, I have become so much a body that I have got real flesh and clothes. You never thought to see me in such a condition. Don't you know your old Shadow? You certainly never thought that I would come again. Things have gone remarkably well with me since I was with you last. I've become rich in every respect. If I want to buy myself free from servitude, I can do it."

And he rattled a number of valuable charms, which hung by his watch, and put his hand upon the thick gold chain which he wore round his neck; and how the diamond rings glittered on his fingers! and everything was real!

"No, I cannot regain my self possession at all!" said the learned man. "What's the meaning of all this?"

"Nothing common," said the Shadow. "But you yourself don't belong to common folks; and I have, as you very well know, trodden in your footsteps from my childhood upwards. So soon as I found that I was experienced enough to find my way through the world alone, I went away. I am in the most brilliant circumstances; but I was seized with a kind of longing to see you once more before you die, and I wanted to see these regions once more, for one always holds by one's fatherland. I know that you have got another shadow: have I anything to pay to it, or to you? You have only to tell me."

"Is it really you?" said the learned man. "Why, this is wonderful! I should never have thought that I should ever meet my old Shadow as a man!"

THE SHADOW



the intention of engaging myself to be married; I can do more than support a family."

"Be quite easy," replied the learned man; "I will tell nobody who you really are. Here's my hand. I promise it, and my word's as good as my bond."

"A Shadow's word in return!" said the Shadow, for he was obliged to talk in that way. But, by the way, it was quite wonderful how complete a man he had become. He was dressed all in black, and wore the very finest black cloth, polished boots, and a hat that could be crushed together till it was nothing but crown and rim, besides what we have already noticed of him, namely, the charms, the gold neck-chain, and the diamond rings. The Shadow was indeed wonderfully well clothed, and it was just this that made a complete man of him.

"Now I will tell you," said the Shadow; and then he put down his polished boots as firmly as he could on the arm of the learned man's new shadow, that lay like a poodle dog at his feet. This was done perhaps from pride, perhaps so that the new shadow might stick to his feet, but the prostrate shadow remained quite quiet, so that it might listen well, for it wanted to know how one could get free and work up to be one's own master.

"Do you know who lived in the house opposite to us?" asked the Shadow. "That was the most glorious of all, it was Poetry! I was there for three weeks, and that was just as if one had lived there a thousand years, and could read all that has been written and composed. For this I say, and it is truth, I have seen everything, and I know everything!"

"Poetry!" cried the learned man. "Yes, she often lives as a hermit in great cities. Poetry! Yes, I myself saw her for one single brief moment, but sleep was heavy on my eyes—she stood on the balcony, gleaming as the Northern Light gleams, flowers with living flames. Tell me! tell me! You were upon the balcony. You went through the door, and then——"

"Then I was in the anteroom," said the Shadow. "You sat opposite, and were always looking across at the anteroom. There was no light, a kind of semi-obscurity reigned there, but one door after another in a whole row of halls and rooms stood open, and there it was light; and the mass of light would have killed me if I had got as far as to where the maiden sat. But I was deliberate, I took my time; and that's what one must do."

"And what didst thou see then?" asked the learned man.

"I saw everything, and I will tell you what, but—it is really not pride on my part—as a free man, and with the acquirements I possess, besides my good position and my remarkable fortune, I wish you would say *you* to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the learned man. "This *thou* is an old habit, and old habits are difficult to alter. You are perfectly right, and I will remember it. But now tell me everything you saw."

well! Here is my card; I live on the sunny side, and am always at home in rainy weather."

And the Shadow went away.

"That was very remarkable," said the learned man.

Years and days passed by, and the Shadow came again.

"How goes it?" he asked.

"Ah!" said the learned man, "I'm writing about the true, the good, and the beautiful; but nobody cares to hear of anything of the kind. I am quite in despair, for I take that to heart."

"That I do not," said the Shadow. "I'm becoming fat and hearty, and that's what one must try to become. You don't understand the world, and you're getting ill. You must travel. I'll make a journey this summer, will you go too? I should like to have a travelling companion; will you go with me as my shadow? I shall be very happy to take you, and I'll pay the expenses."

"I suppose you travel very far?" said the learned man.

"As you take it," replied the Shadow. "A journey will do you a great deal of good. Will you be my shadow?—then you shall have everything on the journey for nothing."

"That's too strong!" said the learned man.

"But it's the way of the world," said the Shadow, "and so it will remain." And he went away.

The learned man was not at all fortunate. *Sorrow and care* pursued him, and what he said of the true and the good and the beautiful was as little valued by most people as a nutmeg would be by a cow. At last he became quite ill.

"You really look like a shadow," people said, and a shudder ran through him at these words, for he attached a peculiar meaning to them.

"You must go to a watering-place!" said the Shadow, who came to pay him a visit. "There's no other help for you. I'll take you with me for the sake of old acquaintance. I'll pay the expenses of the journey, and you shall make a description of it, and shorten time for me on the way. I want to visit a watering-place. My beard doesn't grow quite as it should, and that is a kind of illness; and a beard I must have. Now, be reasonable and accept my proposal. We shall travel like comrades."

And they travelled. The Shadow was master now, and the master was shadow. They drove together, they rode together, and walked side by side, and before and behind each other just as the sun happened to stand. The Shadow always knew when to take the place of honour. The learned man did not particularly notice this, for he had a very good heart, and was moreover particularly mild and friendly. Then one day the master said to the shadow,

"As we have in this way become travelling companions, and

THE SHADOW.

have also from childhood's days grown up with one another. Shall we not drink brotherhood? That sounds more confident.

"You're saying a thing there," said the Shadow, who was really the master, "that is said in a very kind and straightforward way. I will be just as kind and straightforward. You, who are a learned gentleman, know very well how wonderful nature is. There are some men who cannot bear to smell brown paper, they become sick at it, others shudder to the marrow of their bones if one scratches with a nail upon a pane of glass, and I for my part have a similar feeling when any one says 'thou' to me; I feel myself, as I did in my first position with you, oppressed by it. You see, that this is a feeling, not pride. I cannot let you say 'thou' to me, but I will gladly say 'thou' to you; and thus your wish will be at any rate partly fulfilled."

And now the Shadow addressed his former master as "thou." "That's rather strong," said the latter, "that I am to say 'you,' while he says 'thou.'" But he was obliged to submit to it.

They came to a bathing place, where many strangers were, and among them a beautiful young Princess, who had this disease, that she saw too sharply, which was very disquieting. She at once saw that the new arrival was a very different personage from all the rest.

"They say he is here to get his beard to grow, but I see the real reason—he can't throw a shadow."

She had now become inquisitive, and therefore she at once began a conversation with the strange gentleman on the promise. As a Princess, she was not obliged to use much ceremony, and before she said outright to him at once,

"Your illness consists in this, that you can't throw a shadow," "Your Royal Highness must be much better," replied the Shadow. "I know your illness consist in this, that you see too plainly, but you have got the better of that. I have a very unusual shadow—don't you see the person who always accompanies me?"

Other people have a common shadow, but I don't love what I shadow. One often gives one's servants finer cloth for their union than one wears oneself, and so I have let my shadow dress out like a separate person, yes, you see I have often given shadow of his own. That cost very much, but I like to something peculiar."

"That cost very much, but I like to," said the Princess, "can I really have been cured? he best bathing place in existence, water has wonderful w-a-days. But I in not going away from here yet, for gins to be amusing. The foreign Prince—for he must e pleases me remarkably well. I only hope his beard r, for if it does he'll go away."

persons people who have drunk brotherhood address each other as "you."

That evening the Princess and the Shadow danced together in the great ball-room. She was light, but he was still lighter; never had she seen such a dancer. She told him from what country she came, and he knew the country—he had been there, but just when she had been absent. He had looked through the windows of her castle, from below as well as from above; he had learned many circumstances, and could therefore make allusions, and give replies to the Princess, at which she marvelled greatly. She thought he must be the cleverest man in all the world, and was inspired with great respect for all his knowledge. And when she danced with him again, she fell in love with him, and the Shadow noticed that particularly, for she looked him almost through and through with her eyes. They danced together once more, and she was nearly telling him, but she was discreet—she thought of her country, and her kingdom, and of the many people over whom she was to rule.

"He is a clever man," she said to herself, "and that is well, and he dances capitally, and that is well too; but has he well-grounded knowledge? That is just as important, and he must be examined."

And she immediately put such a difficult question to him, that she could not have answered it herself; and the Shadow made a wry face.

"You cannot answer me that," said the Princess.

"I learned that in my childhood," replied the Shadow, "and I believe my very shadow, standing yonder by the door, could answer it."

"Your shadow!" cried the Princess: "that would be very remarkable."

"I do not assert as quite certain that he can do so," said the Shadow, "but I am almost inclined to believe it. But your Royal Highness will allow me to remind you that he is so proud of passing for a man, that, if he is to be in a good humour, and he should be so to answer rightly, he must be treated just like a man."

"I like that," said the Princess.

And now she went to the learned man at the door; and she spoke with him of sun and moon, of the green forests, and of people near and far off; and the learned man answered very cleverly and very well.

"What a man that must be, who has such a clever shadow!" she thought. "It would be a real blessing for my country and for my people if I chose him; and I'll do it!"

And they soon struck a bargain—the Princess and the Shadow; but no one was to know anything of it till she had returned to her kingdom.

"No one—not even my shadow," said the Shadow; and for this he had especial reasons.

And they came to the country where the Princess ruled, and where was her home.

"Listen, my friend," said the Shadow to the learned man. "Now I am as lucky and powerful as any one can become, I'll do something particular for you. You shall live with me in my palace, drive with me in the royal carriage, and have a hundred thousand dollars a year; but you must let yourself be called a shadow by every one, and may never say that you were once a man; and once a year, when I sit on the balcony and show myself, you must lie at my feet as it becomes my shadow to do. For I will tell you I'm going to marry the Princess, and this evening the wedding will be held."

"Now, that's too strong!" said the learned man. "I won't do it, I won't have it. That would be cheating the whole country and the Princess too. I'll tell everything—that I'm the man and you are the Shadow, and that you only wear men's clothes!"

"No one would believe that," said the Shadow. "Be reasonable, or I'll call the watch."

"I'll go straight to the Princess," said the learned man.

"But I'll go first," said the Shadow; "and you shall go to prison."

And that was so, for the sentinels obeyed him of whom they knew that he was to marry the Princess.

"You tremble," said the Princess, when the Shadow came to her. "Has anything happened? You must not be ill to-day, when we are to have a wedding."

"I have experienced the most terrible thing that can happen," said the Shadow. "Only think!—such a poor shallow brain cannot bear much—only think! my shadow has gone mad; he fancies he has become a man, and—only think!—that I am his shadow."

"This is terrible!" said the Princess. "He's locked up, I hope?"

"Certainly. I'm afraid he will never recover."

"Poor shadow!" cried the Princess, "he's very unfortunate. It would really be a good action to deliver him from his little bit of life. And when I think how prone the people are, now-a-days, to take the part of the low against the high, it seems to me quite necessary to put him quietly out of the way."

"That's certainly very hard, for he was a faithful servant," said the Shadow; and he pretended to sigh.

"You're a noble character," said the Princess, and she bowed before him.

In the evening the whole town was illuminated, and cannon were fired—*bang!*—and the soldiers presented arms. That was the wedding! The Princess and the Shadow stepped out on the balcony to show themselves and receive another cheer. The learned man heard nothing of all this festivity, for he had already been executed.

THE ANGEL.

WHENEVER a good child dies, an angel from heaven comes down to earth, and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a hand-full of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom in heaven more brightly than on earth. And the Father presses all the flowers to His heart; but He kisses the flower that pleases Him best, and the flower is then endowed with a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise!

"See"—this is what an angel said, as he carried a dead child up to heaven, and the child heard, as if in a dream, and they went on over the regions of home where the little child had played, and they came through gardens with beautiful flowers—"which of these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood near them a slender, beautiful rose bush, but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, covered with half-opened buds, were hanging drooping around, quite withered.

"The poor rose bush!" said the child. "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child, and the little one half opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took with them the despised buttercup and the wild pansy.

"Now we have flowers," said the child.

And the angel nodded, but he did not yet fly upwards to heaven. It was night and quite silent. They remained in the great city, they floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings, for it had been removal day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags, and old hats, and all this did not look well. And the angel pointed amid all this confusion to a few fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, and which was kept together by the roots of a great dried field flower, which was of no use, and had therefore been thrown out into the street.

"We will take that with us," said the angel. "I will tell you why, as we fly onward."

"Down yonder in the narrow lane, in the low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had been bedridden. When he was at his best he could go up and down the room a few times leaning on crutches, that was the utmost he could do. For a few days in summer the sunbeams would penetrate for a few hours to the ground of the cellar, and when the poor boy sat

and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became as a splendid flower garden to the sickly boy—his little treasure here on earth. He watered it, and tended it, and took care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the last that struggled in through the narrow window, and the flower itself was woven into his dreams, for it grew for him and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and towards it he turned in death when the Father called him. He has now been with the Almighty for a year, for a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus, at the removal, it has been thrown out into the dust of the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower, which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has given more joy than the richest flower in a Queen's garden!"

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child which the angel was carrying to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "for I myself was that little boy who walked on crutches. I know my flower well!"

And the child opened his eyes and looked into the glorious happy face of the angel; and at the same moment they entered the regions where there is peace and joy. And the Father pressed the dead child to His bosom, and then it received joy like the angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And the Almighty pressed all the flowers to His heart; but he kissed the dry withered field flower, and it received a voice and sang with all the angels hovering around—some near, and some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang, little and great, the good happy child, and the poor field flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust, in the rubbish of the removal-day, in the narrow dark lane.

TWELVE BY THE MAIL.

IT was bitterly cold, the sky gleamed with stars, and not a breeze was stirring.

Bump! an old pot was thrown at the neighbour's house doors. Bang! bang! went the gun, for they were welcoming the New Year. It was New Year's Eve! The church clock was striking twelve!

Tan-ta-ra-ra! the mail came lumbering up. The great carriage stopped at the gate of the town. There were twelve persons in it, all the places were taken.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" sang the people in the houses of the town for the New Year was being welcomed, and as the clock struck twelve they stood up with the filled glass in their hand, to drink success to the new comer.

"Happy New Year!" was the cry. "A pretty wife, plenty of money, and no sorrow or care!"

This wish was passed round, and then glasses were clanked together till they rang again, and in front of the town gate the post carriage stopped with the strange guests, the twelve travellers.

And who were these strangers? Each of them had his passport and his luggage with him; they even brought presents for me and for you and for all the people of the little town. Who are they? What did they want? and what did they bring with them?

"Good morning!" they cried to the sentry at the town gate.

"Good morning!" replied the sentry, for the clock struck twelve. "Your name and profession?" the sentry inquired of the one who alighted first from the carriage.

"See yourself, in the passport," replied the man. "I am not a prince, but a fellow myself!" And a capital fellow he looked, arrayed in a bearskin and fur boots. "I am the man on whom many persons fix their hopes. Come to me to-morrow, and I'll give you a New Year's present. I throw pence and dollars among the people, I even give balls, thirty-one balls; but I cannot devote more than thirty-one nights to this. My ships are frozen in, but in my office it is warm and comfortable. I'm a merchant. My name is JANUARY, and I only carry accounts with me."

Now the second alighted. He was a merry companion; he was a theatre director, manager of the masque balls, and all the amusements one can imagine. His luggage consisted of a great tub.

"We'll dance the cat out of the tub at carnival-time," said he. "I'll prepare a merry tune for you and for myself too. I have not a very long time to live—the shortest, in fact, of my whole family, for I only become twenty-eight days old. Sometime they pop me in an extra day, but I trouble myself very little about that. Hurrah!"

"You must not shout so!" said the sentry.

"Certainly, I may shout!" retorted the man. "I'm Prince Carnival, travelling under the name of FEBRUARY!"

The third now got out. He looked like Fasting itself, but carried his nose very high, for he was related to the "Forty Knights," and was a weather prophet. But that's not a profitable office, and that's why he praised fasting. In his buttonhole he had a little bunch of violets, but they were very small.

"MARCH! MARCH!" the fourth called after him, and slapped him on the shoulder. "Do you smell nothing? Go quickly into

After her, a man came out of the coach, a painter, Mr. colourer SEPTEMBER. The forest had to receive him; trees were to change their colours, but how beautifully! He wished it; soon the wood gleamed with red, yellow, and green. The master whistled like the black magpie, was a quick man, and wound the brown green hop plants round his legs. That was an ornament for the jug, and he had a good ornament. There he stood with his colour-pot, and that whole luggage.

A landed proprietor followed him, one who cared for the tilling and preparing of the land, and also for field sports. OCTOBER brought his dog and his gun with him, and his game-bag. "Crack! crack!" He had much better even an English plough; and he spoke of farming, but one scarcely heard what he said, for the coughing and gasping of his neighbour.

It was NOVEMBER who coughed so violently as he got up. He was very much plagued by a cold; he was continually taking recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and yet, he said, he was obliged to accompany the servant girls, and initiate them in their new winter service. He said he should get rid of his cold when he went out wood-cutting, and had to saw and split for he was sawyer-master to the firewood guild. He spent his evenings cutting the wooden soles for skates, for he knew said, that in a few weeks there would be occasion to use amusing shoes.

At length appeared the last passenger, old Mother DECEMBER with her fire-stool. The old lady was cold, but her eyes glowed like two bright stars. She carried on her arm a flower-pot in which a little fir tree was growing.

"This tree I will guard and cherish, that it may grow large on Christmas Eve, and may reach from the ground to the ceiling, and may rear itself upward with flaming candles, golden angels, and little carved figures. The fire-stool warms like a stove; I will bring the story-book out of my pocket and read aloud, so that all the children in the room become quite quiet; but the little figures on the trees become lively, and the little waxen angel at the top spreads out his wings of gold leaf, flies down from his green perch, and kisses great and small in the room, yes, even the poor children who stand out in the passage and in the street singing the carol about the Star of Bethlehem."

"Well, now the coach may drive away!" said the sentry: "I will have the whole twelve. Let the chaise drive up."

"First let all the twelve come in to me," said the captain, "and then I will do my duty, one after the other. The passports I will keep by me. Each of them is available for a month; when that has passed, the holder shall write their behaviour on each passport. Mr. January, be the good-natured to come here."

And Mr. January stepped forward.

"When a year is passed I think I shall be able to tell you what the twelve have brought to me, and to you, and to all of us. Now I do not know it, and they don't know it themselves probably, for we live in strange times."

WHAT THE MOON SAW

INTRODUCTION

IT is a strange thing, that when I feel most fervently and most deeply, my hands and my tongue seem alike tired, so that I cannot rightly describe or accurately portray the thoughts that are rising within me, and yet I am a painter—my eye tells me as much as that, and all my friends who have seen my sketches and fancies say the same.

I am a poor lad, and live in one of the narrowest of lanes—but I do not want for light, as my room is high up in the house, with an extensive prospect over the neighbouring roofs. During the first few days I went to live in the town, I felt low-spirited and solitary enough. Instead of the forest and the green hills of former days, I had here only a forest of chimney-pots to look out upon. And then I had not a single friend, not one familiar face greeted me.

So one evening I sat at the window, in a desponding mood, and presently I opened the casement and looked out. Oh, how my heart leaped up with joy! Here was a well-known face at last—a round, friendly countenance, the face of a good friend I had known at home. In fact, it was the Moon that looked in upon me. He was quite unchanged, the dear old Moon, and had the same face exactly that he used to show when he peered down upon me through the willow trees on the moor. I kissed my hand to him over and over again, as he shone far into my little room; and he, for his part, promised me that every evening, when he came abroad, he would look in upon me for a few moments. This promise he has faithfully kept. It is a pity that he can only stay such a short time when he comes. Whenever he appears, he tells me of one thing or another that he has seen on the previous night or on that same evening.

"Just paint the scenes I describe to you"—that is what he said to me—and you will have a very pretty picture-book."

I have followed his injunction for many evenings. I could make up a new "Thousand and One Nights" in my own way,

not of these pictures, but the number might be 36. The pictures I have here given have not been painted in random, but follow in their proper order, just as they came to me. Some great gifted painter, or engraver, may make something more of them if I have given here are only hasty sketches, hurried on the paper, with some of my own thoughts interspersed. The Moon did not come to me every evening—a cloud hid his face from me.

FIRST EVENING.

"Last night"—I am quoting the Moon's own words. Last night I was gliding through the cloudless Indian



The Indian Girl.

was mirrored in the waters of the Ganges, and my beam to pierce through the thick intertwining boughs of the arching beneath me like the tortoise's shell. Forth thicket tripped a Hindoo maid, light as a gazelle, beautiful and ethereal as a vision, and yet sharply defined surrounding shadows, stood this daughter of Hindostan read on her delicate brow the thought that had brought her. The thorny creeping plants tore her sandals, but for all that she came rapidly forward. The deer that had come down to quench her thirst, sprang by with a startled bound, I

her downy fingers, and she spread them like a screen before the dancing flame. She went down to the stream, and set the lamp upon the water, and it floated away. The flame flickered to and fro, as the waves rose and fell, and the lamp burned on, and the girl saw a spark of fire, but she did not heed it, for she knew that the light would not burn as long as she could keep it. She went back to the water, and saw the lamp was gone, and she went to the water, and saw the lamp was gone, and she went to the water, and saw the lamp was gone.

"It is all the blessed profile he sees. And from the mountain the moon came back upon her, he sees."

SECOND EVENING.

"Yesterday," said the Moon to me, "I walked down upon a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the court-yard was a cocking-ben with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. The hen was frightened and nervous, and spread out her wings over the little bird. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her, and I glided away and thought no more of the matter."

"But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same courtyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly to the hen-house, pushed back the door, and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cawed and clucked, and came fluttering down to their perches and ran about in dismay, and the little girl ran after the hen. I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall. I was angry with the wiffling child, and so I glided when her father came out and scolded her more sweetly than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm. She held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of large tears. 'What are you about here?' he asked. She wept and said, 'I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday, but I was afraid to tell you.'

"And the father kissed the innocent child's forehead, and I kissed her on the mouth and eyes."

THIRD EVENING.

"In the narrow street round the corner yonder—it is so narrow that my beams can only glide for a minute along the walls of the house, but in that minute I see enough to learn what the world is made of—in that narrow street I saw a woman, sixteen years ago that woman was a child, playing in the garden of the old

parsonage in the country. The hedges of rose bushes were old, and the flowers were faded. They straggled wild over the paths; and the ragged branches grew up among the boughs of the apple trees; here and there were a few roses still in bloom—not so far as the queen of flowers generally appears, but still they had colour and scent too. The clergyman's little daughter appeared to me a far lovelier rose, as she sat on her stool under the straggling hedge, hugging and caressing her doll with the battered paste-board cheeks.

"Ten years afterwards I saw her again. I beheld her in a splendid ball-room—she was the beautiful bride of a rich merchant. I rejoiced at her happiness, and sought her on calm quiet evenings—ah, nobody thinks of my clear eye and silent glance! Alas! my rose ran wild, like the rose bushes in the garden of the parsonage. There are tragedies in every-day life, and to-night I saw the last act of one.

"She was lying in bed in a house in that narrow street; she was sick unto death, and the cruel landlord came up, and tore away the thin coverlet, her only protection against the cold. 'Get up!' said he, 'your face is enough to frighten one. Get up and dress yourself. Give me money, or I'll turn you out into the street! Quick—get up!' She answered, 'Alas! death is gnawing at my heart. Let me rest.' But he forced her to get up and bathe her face, and he put a wreath of roses in her hair; and he placed her in a chair at the window, with a candle burning beside her, and went away.

"I looked at her, and she was sitting motionless, with her hands in her lap. The wind caught the open window and shut it with a crash, so that a pane came clattering down in fragments; but still she never moved. The curtain caught fire, and the flames played about her face; and then I saw that she was dead. There at the window sat the dead woman, preaching a sermon against *sin*—my poor faded rose out of the parsonage garden!"

FOURTH EVENING.

"This evening I saw a German play acted," said the Moon. "It was in a little town. A stable had been turned into a theatre; that is to say, the stable had been left standing, and had been turned into private boxes, and all the timber work had been covered with coloured paper. A little iron chandelier hung beneath the ceiling, and that it might be made to disappear into the ceiling, as it does in great theatres, when the *ting-ting* of the prompter's bell is heard, a great inverted tub had been placed just above it.

"*Ting-ting!*" and the little iron chandelier suddenly rose at least half a yard and disappeared in the tub; and that was the sign that the play was going to begin. A young nobleman and

his lady, who happened to be passing through the little town, were present at the performance, and consequently the house was crowded. But under the chandelier was a vacant space like a little crater: not a single soul sat there, for the tallow was dropping, drip, drip! I saw everything, for it was so warm in there that every loophole had been opened. The male and female servants stood outside, peeping through the chinks, although a real policeman was inside, threatening them with a stick. Close by the orchestra could be seen the noble young couple in two old arm chairs, which were usually occupied by his worship the mayor and his lady, but these latter were obliged to-day to content themselves with wooden forms, just as if they had been ordinary citizens, and the lady observed quietly to herself, 'One sees, now, that there is rank above rank;' and this incident gave an air of extra festivity to the whole proceedings. The chandelier gave little leaps, the crowd got their knuckles rapped, and I, the Moon, was present at the performance from beginning to end."

FIFTH EVENING

"Yesterday," began the Moon, "I looked down upon the turmoil of Paris. My eye penetrated into an apartment of the Louvre. An old grandmother, poorly clad—she belonged to the working class—was following one of the under servants into the great empty throne-room, for this was the apartment she wanted to see—that she was resolved to see; it had cost her many a little sacrifice and many a coaxing word to penetrate thus far. She folded her thin hands, and looked round with an air of reverence, as if she had been in a church.

"'Here it was!' she said, 'here!' And she approached the throne, from which hung the rich velvet fringed with gold lace. 'There,' she exclaimed, 'there!' and she knelt and kissed the purple carpet. I think she was actually weeping.

"'But it was not *this* very velvet!' observed the footman, and a smile played about his mouth.

"'True, but it was this very place,' replied the woman, 'and it must have looked just like this.'

"'It looked so, and yet it did not,' observed the man. 'The windows were beaten in, and the doors were on their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor.'

"'But for all that you can say, my grandson died upon the throne of France. Died!' mournfully repeated the old woman.

"I do not think another word was spoken, and they soon quitted the hall. The evening twilight faded, and my light shone vividly upon the rich velvet that covered the throne of France.

"Now, who do you think this poor woman was? Listen, I will tell you a story.

"It happened in the Revolution of July, on the evening of the

attached to the name of Tasso. And I also know where the Rose of Beauty blooms!"

Thus spake the Moon, and a cloud came between us. May no cloud separate the poet from the rose!

SEVENTH EVENING.

"Along the margin of the shore stretches a forest of firs and beeches, and sweet, fresh, and fragrant is this wood, hundreds of nightingales visit it every spring. Close beside it is the sea, the ever-changing sea, and between the two is placed the broad high road. One carriage after another rolls over it, but I did not follow them, for my eyes love best to rest upon one point. A Hun's Grave* lies there, and the sloe and blackthorn grow luxuriantly among the stones. Here is true poetry in nature.

"And how do you think men appreciate this poetry? I will tell you what I heard there last evening and during the night.

"First, two rich landed proprietors came driving by. 'Those are glorious trees!' said the first. 'Certainly, there are ten loads of firewood in each,' observed the other. 'it will be a hard winter, and last year we got fourteen dollars a load'—and they were gone. 'The road here is wretched,' observed another man who drove past. 'That's the fault of those horrible trees,' replied his neighbour. 'there is no free current of air, the wind can only come from the sea'—and they were gone. The stage coach went rattling past. All the passengers were asleep at this beautiful spot. The postilion blew his horn, but he only thought, 'I can play capotally. It sounds well here. I wonder if those in there like it?'—and the stage coach vanished. Then two young fellows came galloping up on horseback. 'There's youth and spirit in the blood here!' thought I; and, indeed, they looked with a smile at the moss-grown hill and thick forest. 'I should not dislike a walk here with the miller's Christine,' said one—and they flew past. The flowers scented the air; every breath was hushed. It seemed as if the sea were a part of the sky that stretched above the deep valley. A carriage rolled by. Six people were sitting in it. Four of them were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer coat, which would suit him admirably, the sixth turned to the coachman and asked him if there were anything remarkable connected with yonder heap of stones. 'No,' replied the coachman, 'it's only a heap of stones, but the trees are remarkable.' 'How so?' 'Why, I'll tell you how they are very remarkable. You see, in winter, when the snow lies very deep, and has hidden the whole road so that nothing is to be seen, those trees serve me for a landmark. I steer by them, so as not

* Large mounds, similar to the "barrows" found in Britain, are thus designated in Germany and the North.

to drive into the sea—and, you see, that is why the trees are so thick here.

Now take a picture. He spoke not a word, but his eyes spoke. He began to whistle. At this the nightingales were louder than ever. "Hold your tongues!" he cried, testily; and he made a grave noise of all the crows and transactions—like, and, far, and dark brown. "That will make a beautiful picture," he said. "He took it in just as a meteor takes in a view; and as he went and he whistled a march of Kosick. And last of all came a poor girl. She laid aside the burden she carried and sat down to rest upon the Hun's grave. Her pale handsome face was bent in a listening attitude towards the forest. Her eyes brightened, she gazed earnestly at the sea and the sky, her hands were folded, and I think she prayed, 'Our Father.' She herself could not understand the feeling that swept through her, but knew that this minute, and the beautiful natural scene, will live within her memory for years, far more vividly and more truly than the painter could portray it with his colours on paper. My rays followed her till the morning dawn kissed her brow."

EIGHTH EVENING.

Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and the Moon did not make his appearance at all. I stood in my little room, more lonely than ever, and looked up at the sky where he ought to have shown himself. My thoughts flew far away, up to my great friend, who every evening told me such pretty tales, and showed me pictures. Yes, he has had an experience indeed. He glided over the waters of the Deluge, and smiled on Noah's ark just as he lately glanced down upon me, and brought comfort and promise of a new world that was to spring forth from the old. When the Children of Israel sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, he glanced mournfully upon the willows where hung the silent harps. When Romeo climbed the balcony, and the promise of true love fluttered like a cherub toward heaven, the round Moon hung, half hidden among the dark cypresses, in the lucid air. He saw the captive giant at St. Helena, looking from the lonely rock across the wide ocean, while great thoughts swept through his soul. Ah! what tales the Moon can tell. Human life is like a story to him. To-night I shall not see thee again, old friend. To-night I can draw no picture of the memories of thy visit. And, as I looked dreamily towards the clouds, the sky became bright. There was a glancing light, and a beam from the Moon fell upon me. It was but still it was a y the Moon.

NINTH EVENING

The air was clear again. Several evenings had passed, and the Moon was in the first quarter. Again he gave me an outline for a sketch. Listen to what he told me.

"I have followed the polar bird and the swimming whale to the eastern coast of Greenland. Gaunt ice-covered rocks and dark clouds hung over a valley, where dwarf willows and barberry bushes stood clothed in green. The blooming lychnis exhaled sweet odours. My light was faint, my face pale as the water-lily that, torn from its stem, has been drifting for weeks with the tide. The crown-shaped Northern Light burned fiercely in the sky. Its ring was broad, and from its circumference the rays shot like whirling shafts of fire across the whole sky, flashing in changing radiance from green to red. The inhabitants of that icy region were assembling for dance and festivity, but accustomed to this glorious spectacle, they scarcely deigned to glance at it. 'Let us leave the souls of the dead to their ball-play with the heads of the walrus,' they thought in their superstition, and they turned their whole attention to the song and dance. In the midst of the circle, and divested of his furry cloak, stood a Greenlander, with a small pipe, and he played and sang a song about catching the seal, and the chorus around chimed in with '*Eia, Eia, Ah*.' And in their white furs they danced about in the circle, till you might fancy it was a polar bear's ball."

"And now a Court of Judgment was opened. Those Greenlanders who had quarrelled stepped forward, and the offended person chanted forth the faults of his adversary in an extempore song, turning them sharply into ridicule, to the sound of the pipe and the measure of the dance. The defendant replied with satire as keen, while the audience laughed and gave their verdict."

"The rocks heaved, the glaciers melted, and great masses of ice and snow came crashing down, shivering to fragments as they fell. It was a glorious Greenland summer night. A hundred paces away, under the open tent of hides, lay a sick man. Life still flowed through his warm blood, but still he was to die; he himself felt it, and all who stood round him knew it also. Therefore his wife was already sewing round him the shroud of furs, that she might not afterwards be obliged to touch the dead body. And she asked, 'Wilt thou be buried on the rock, in the firm snow? I will deck the spot with thy *layak*, and thy arrows, and the *an, kókk* shall dance over it. Or wouldst thou rather be buried in the sea?' 'In the sea,' he whispered, and nodded with a mournful smile. 'Yes, it is a pleasant summer tent, the sea,' observed the wife. 'Thousands of seals sport there, the walrus shall lie at thy feet, and the hunt will be safe and merry!' And the yelling children tore the outspread hide from the window-hole, that the dead man might be carried to the ocean, the billowy

ELEVENTH EVENING.

"I will give you a picture of Pompeii," said the Moon. "I was in the suburb in the Street of Tombs, as they call it, where the fair monuments stand, in the spot where, ages ago, the merry youths, their temples bound with rosy wreaths, danced with the fair sisters of Laïs. Now the stillness of death reigned around German mercenaries, in the Neapolitan service, kept guard, and played cards and dined, and a troop of strangers from beyond the mountains came into the town, accompanied by a sentry. They wanted to see the city that had risen from the grave illumined by my beams; and I showed them the wheel-ruts in the streets paved with broad lava slabs; I showed them the names on the doors, and the signs that hung there yet. They saw in the little courtyard the basins of the fountains, ornamented with shells, but no jet of water gushed upwards, no songs sounded forth from the richly painted chambers, where the bronze dog kept the door.

"It was the City of the Dead, only Vesuvius thundered forth his everlasting hymn, each separate verse of which is called by men an eruption. We went to the temple of Venus, built of snow-white marble, with its high altar in front of the broad steps, and the weeping willows sprouting freshly forth among the pillars. The air was transparent and blue, and black Vesuvius formed the background, with fire ever shooting forth from it, like the stem of the pine tree. Above it stretched the smoky cloud in the silence of the night, like the crown of the pine, but in a blood-red illumination. Among the company was a lady singer, a real and great singer. I have witnessed the homage paid to her in the greatest cities of Europe. When they came to the tragic theatre, they all sat down on the amphitheatre steps, and thus a small part of the house was occupied by an audience, as it had been many centuries ago. The stage still stood unchanged, and its walled side-scenes, and the two arches in the background, through which the beholders saw the same scene that had been exhibited in the old times—a scene painted by Nature herself, namely, the mountains between Sorrento and Amalfi. The singer gaily mounted the ancient stage, and sang. The place inspired her, and she reminded me of a wild Arab horse, that rushes headlong on with snorting nostrils and flying mane—her song was so light and yet so firm. Anon I thought of the mourning mother beneath the cross at Golgotha, so deep was the expression of pain. And, just as it had done thousands of years ago, the sound of applause and delight now filled the theatre. "Happy, gifted creature!" all the hearers exclaimed. Five minutes more, and the stage was empty, the company had vanished, and not a sound more was heard—all were gone. But the ruins stood unchanged, as they will stand when centuries shall have gone by and when

none shall know of the momentary applause and of the triumph of the *laur songstress*. when all will be forgotten and gone, and even for me this hour will be but a dream of the past."

TWELFTH EVENING

"I looked through the windows of an editor's house," said the Moon. "It was somewhere in Germany. I saw handsome furniture, many books, and a chaos of newspapers. Several young men were present: the editor himself stood at his desk, and two little books, both by young authors, were to be noticed. 'This one has been sent to me,' said he. 'I have not read it yet; what think you of the contents?' 'Oh,' said the person addressed—he was a poet himself—'it is good enough; a little broad, certainly, but, you see, the author is still young. The verses might be better, to be sure; the thoughts are sound, though there is certainly a good deal of commonplace among them. But what will you have? You can't be always getting something new. That he'll turn out anything great I don't believe, but you may safely praise him. He is well read, a remarkable Oriental scholar, and has a good judgment. It was he who wrote that nice review of my "*Reflections on Domestic Life*." We must be lenient towards the young man'."

"'But he is a complete hack'" objected another of the gentlemen. "Nothing is worse in poetry than mediocrity, and he certainly does not go beyond that."

"'Poor fellow!'" observed a third, 'and his aunt is so happy about him. It was she, Mr Editor, who got together so many subscribers for your last translation'."

"'Ah, the good woman!'" Well, I have noticed the book briefly. Undoubted talent—a welcome offering—a flower in the garden of poetry—prettily brought out, and so on. But this other book—I suppose the author expects me to purchase it? I hear it is praised. He has genius, certainly—don't you think so?"

"'Yes, all the world declares as much,'" replied the poet, 'but it has turned out rather wildly. The punctuation of the book, in particular, is very eccentric.'"

"'It will be good for him if we pull him to pieces, and anger him a little, otherwise he will get too good an opinion of himself'."

"'But that would be unfair,'" objected the fourth. 'Let us not carp at little faults, but rejoice over the real and abundant good that we find here. He surpasses all the rest.'"

"'Not so. If he be a true genius, he can bear the sharp voice of censure. There are people enough to praise him. Don't let us quite turn his head.'"

"'Decided talent,'" wrote the editor, 'with the usual carelessness. That he can write incorrect verses may be seen in page 25;

where there are two false quantities. We recommend him to study the ancients, etc.'

"I went away," continued the Moon, "and looked through the window in the aunt's house. There sat the bepraised poet, the *tame* one; all the guests paid homage to him, and he was happy.

"I sought the other poet out, the *wild* one; him also I found in a great assembly at his patron's, where the *tame* poet's book was being discussed.

"I shall read yours also," said Mæcenas; 'but to speak honestly—you know I never hide my opinions from you—I don't expect much from it, for you are much too wild, too fantastic. But it must assuredly be allowed that, as a man, you are highly respectable.'

"A young girl sat in a corner, and she read in a book these words

"In the dust lies genius and glory,
But ev'ry-day talent will pay
It a copy the old, old story
But the piece is repeated each day."

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

The Moon said, "Beside the woodland path there are two small farm-houses. The doors are low, and some of the windows are placed quite high, and others close to the ground, and whitethorn and barberry bushes grow around them. The roof of each house is overgrown with moss and with yellow flowers and houseleek. Cabbage and potatoes are the only plants cultivated in the gardens, but out of the hedge there grows a willow tree, and under this willow tree sat a little girl, and she sat with her eyes fixed upon the old oak tree between the two huts.

"It was an old withered stem. It had been sawn off at the top, and a stork had built his nest upon it, and he stood in this nest clapping with his beak. A little boy came and stood by the girl's side—they were brother and sister.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

"I am watching the stork," she replied. "our neighbour told me that he would bring us a little brother or sister to-day—let us watch to see it come!"

"The stork brings no such things," the boy declared, "you may be sure of that. Our neighbour told me the same thing, but she laughed when she said it and so I asked her if she could say 'On my honour,' and she could not—and I know by that that the story about the storks is not true, and that they only tell it to us children for fun."

"But where do the babies come from, then?" asked the girl.

"Why, an angel from heaven brings them under his cloak, but no man can see him, and that's why we never know when he brings them."



Francis on the Grave

qually called before the curtain. He was pronounced
 le
 ast night the hideous little fellow went out of the town,
 ne, to the deserted churchyard. The wreath of flowers
 mbine's grave was already faded, and he sat down there,
 study for a painter. As he sat with his chin on his

hairs, his eyes turned up towards me, he looked like a grotesque monument—a Punch on a grave—very peculiar and whimsical. If the people could have seen their favourite, they would have cried as usual, '*Bravo, Pulcinella! bravo, bravissimo!*'"

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

Hear what the Moon told me. "I have seen the cadet who had just been made an officer put on his handsome uniform for the first time; I have seen the young bride in her wedding dress, and the Princess girl-wife happy in her gorgeous robes; but never have I seen a felicity equal to that of a little girl of four years old, whom I watched this evening. She had received a new blue dress and a new pink hat, the splendid attire had just been put on, and all were waiting for a candle, for my rays, shining in through the windows of the room, were not bright enough for the occasion, and further illumination was required. There stood the little maid stiff and upright as a doll, her arms stretched painfully straight out away from her dress, and her fingers apart, and oh, what happiness beamed from her eyes and from her whole countenance! 'To-morrow you shall go out in your new clothes,' said her mother; and the little one looked up at her hat and down at her frock, and smiled brightly. 'Mother,' she cried, 'what will the little dogs think when they see me in these splendid new things?'"

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"I have spoken to you of London," said the Moon, "that corpse of a city, exposed in the view of living towns. I know another a ghastlier and more strange, and this is not the corpse, but the spectre of a city. Whenever the jetty fountains splash into the marble basins, they seem to me to be telling the story of the floating city. Yes, the sparkling water may tell of her, the waves of the sea may sing of her fame. On the surface of the ocean a boat often floats, and this is her widow's bed. The lovely rooms of the sea is dead, the palace and the city are its monuments! Do not think this is a city! She has never heard the tramp of wheels or the clatter of horses in her streets, though within the fish swim, where the black girdle glides swiftly over the green water. I will show you the place," continued the Moon, "the largest square in it, and you will fancy yourself transported into the city of a fairy tale. The grass grows rank among the broad lagoons, and in the morning bright thousands of terns fly round the solitary lady tower. On three sides you find yourself surrounded by unwatered meads. In these the wind blows a smoking glass pipe, the handsome torch stands against the palm, and galls at the stained trophæe and

in marble, immortals of power that is gone. The flags hang
in like mourning veils. A girl rests there she has put
on her heavy pails filled with water, the yoke with which she
carried there rests on one of her shoulders, and she leans
against the mast of victory. This is not a fairy palace you see
nor you wonder, but a church the gilded domes and shining
is flash back my beams. the glorious bronze horses up yonder
we made our way, like the bronze horse in the fairy tale: they
come hither and gone hence, and have returned again. Do
you notice the variegated splendour of the walls and windows?
look as if genius had followed the caprices of a child, in the
ornament of these singular temples. Do you see the winged
on the pillar? The gold glitters still, but his wings are dead;
the lion is dead, for the King of the Sea is dead; the great
alls stand desolate, and where gorgeous painting hung of yore,
he naked wall now peers through. The Lazzaroni sleeps under
by the feet of the high nobility. From the deep wells, and per-
haps from the prisons by the Bridge of Sighs, rise the accents of
woe, as at the time when the tambourine was heard in the gay
gondolas, and the golden ring was cast from the Bucentaur to
Adria, the Queen of the Seas. Adria! shroud thyself in mists;
let the veil of thy widowhood shroud thy form, and clothe in the
weeds of woe the mausoleum of thy bridegroom—the marble,
spectral Venice!"

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

"I looked down upon a great theatre," said the Moon. "The
house was crowded, for a new actor was to make his first appear-
ance that night. My rays glided over a little window in the wall,
and I saw a painted face with the forehead pressed against the
panes. It was the hero of the evening. The knightly beard
curled crisply about the chin, but there were tears in the man's
eyes, for he had been hissed off, and indeed with reason. The
poor Incapable! But Incapables cannot be admitted into the
empire of Art. He had deep feelings, and loved his art enthusias-
tically, but the art loved not him. The prompter's bell sounded;
'the hero enters with a determined air,' so ran the stage direction
in his part, and he had to appear before an audience who turned
him into ridicule. When the piece was over, I saw a form wrapped
in a mantle creeping down the steps. It was the vanquished
knight of the evening. The scene-shifters whispered to one
another, and I followed the poor fellow home to his room. To
hang oneself is to die a mean death, and poison is not always at
hand, I know; but he thought of both. I saw how he looked at
his pale face in the glass, with eyes half closed, to see if he
should look well as a c

yet exceedingly affected. He thought of death, of suicide. I believe he pined himself, for he wept bitterly, and when a man has had his cry out he doesn't kill himself.

"Since that time a year had ruled by. Again a play was to be acted, but in a little theatre, and by a poor strolling company. Again I saw the well-remembered face with the pained cheeks and the crisp beard. He looked up at me and smiled. And yet he had been kissed off only a minute before—kissed off from a wretched theatre by a miserable audience. And tonight a shabby hearse rolled out of the town gate. It was a suicide—compunctedly disposed hero. The driver of the hearse was the only person present, for no one followed except my heart. In a corner of the churchyard the corpse of this suicide was shoved into the earth and others would soon be rank's growing over his grave and the sexton would throw thorns and weeds from the other graves upon it."

NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

"I come from I come" said the Moon. "in the midst of the city, upon one of the seven hills lie the ruins of the imperial palace. The wild fig tree grows in the crevices of the wall and covers the nakedness thereof with its broad grey-green leaves, tramping among heaps of rubbish, the sea-trails upon green laurels and seajews over the rock thrones. From this spot, whence the eagles of Rome once flew abroad whence they came now, and enraptured, one door leads into a little mean house built of clay between two pillars. The wind rises far, and a moaning gale and over the cracked window. An old woman and her little grandchildren live there. They sit now in the palace of the Caesars, and show to strangers the remains of its past glories. Of the spacious throne hall on a naked wall yet stands, and a black cyprus thorn its dark shadow on the wall where the throne once stood. The door lies several feet deep on the broken pavement; and the little maids, now the daughters of the imperial palace, often sit there on her stool when the evening has a ring. The keyhole of the door came by the side her turret window, through it she can see but for one, as far as the mighty capitol of St. Peter's.

"On this evening, as usual, the boys are round around and in the full beam of my light came the little granddaughters. On her head she carried on earthen plates of water. A large tub of water. Her feet were bare, her short frock as I live of it shone with blue. I heard her pretty round shoulders, her dark eyes, and black shining hair. She moved and the stars there were more, having been made up of rough blocks of broken marble and the capitals of a fallen giant. She resumed her place at good post, waiting, from before her feet but she was not to be moved at them.

troop of negroes are returning from a market in the interior of the land, the women, with copper buttons in their black train, and decked out in clothes dyed with indigo, drive the heavily-laden oxen, on whose backs slumber the naked black children. A negro leads a young lion which he has bought by a string. They approach the caravan, the young merchant sits pensive and motionless, thinking of his beautiful wife, dreaming, in the land of the blacks, of his white fragrant lily beyond the desert. He raises his head, and——"

But at this moment a cloud passed before the Moon, and then another. I heard nothing more from him this evening.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING

"I looked down on Tyrol," said the Moon, "and my beams caused the dark pines to throw long shadows upon the rocks. I looked at the pictures of St Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus that are painted there upon the walls of the houses, colossal figures reaching from the ground to the roof. St Florian was represented pouring water on the burning house, and the Lord hung bleeding on the great cross by the way side. To the present generation these are old pictures, but I saw when they were put up, and marked how one followed the other. On the brow of the mountain yonder is perched, like a swallow's nest, a lonely convent of nuns. Two of the sisters stood up in the tower tolling the bell; they were both young, and therefore their glances flew over the mountain out into the world. A travelling coach passed by below, the postillion wound his horn, and the poor nuns looked after the carriage for a moment with a mournful glance, and a tear gleamed in the eyes of the younger one. And the horn sounded faintly and more faint, and the convent bell drowned its expiring echoes."

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING

"I saw a little girl weeping," said the Moon. "she was weeping over the depravity of the world. She had received a most beautiful doll as a present. Oh, that was a glorious doll, so fair and delicate! She did not seem created for the sorrows of this world. But the brothers of the little girl those great naughty boys, had set the doll high up in the branches of a tree, and had run away."

"The little girl could not reach up to the doll, and could not help her down, and that is why she was crying. The doll must certainly have been crying too, for she stretched out her arms among the green branches, and looked quite mournful. Yes, these are the troubles of life of which the little girl had often heard tell. Alas, poor doll! it began to grow dark already, and suppose night were to come or completely! Was she to be left

them with his hands, and looked at the brisk little lad. 'Why, that is Bertel,' said he. And my eye gazed the poor room, for I have so much to see. At the same moment I looked at the halls of the Vatican, where the marble gods are enthroned. I thence upon the group of the Laocoon: the stone seemed to sigh. I pressed a silent kiss on the lips of the Muses, and they seemed to stir and move. But my rays lingered longest about the Nile group with the colossal god. Leaning against the Sphinx, he lies there thoughtful and meditative, as if he were thinking on the rolling centuries; and little love-gods sport with him and with the crocodiles. In the horn of plenty sits with folded arms a little tiny love-god contemplating the great solemn river-god, a true picture of the boy at the spinning-wheel,—the features were exactly the same. Charming and lifelike stood the little marble form, and yet the wheel of the year has turned more than a thousand times since the time when it sprang from the stone. Just as often as the boy in the little room turned the spinning-wheel had the great wheel murmured, before the age could again call forth marble gods equal to those he afterwards formed.

"Years have passed since all this happened," the Moon went on to say. "Yesterday I looked upon a bay on the eastern coast of Denmark. Glorious woods are there, and high trees, an old knightly castle with red walls, swans floating in the ponds, and in the background appears, among orchards, a little town with a church. Many boats, the crews all furnished with torches, glided over the silent expanse—but these fires had not been kindled for catching fish, for everything had a festive look. Music sounded, a song was sung, and in one of the boats a man stood erect, to whom homage was paid by the rest, a tall, sturdy man, wrapped in a cloak. He had blue eyes and long white hair. I knew him, and thought of the Vatican, and of the group of the Nile, and the old marble gods. I thought of the simple little room where little Bertel sat in his nightshirt by the spinning-wheel. The wheel of time has turned, and new gods have come forth from the stone. From the boats there arose a shout: 'Hurrah! hurrah for Bertel Thorwaldsen!'"

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"I will now give you a picture from Frankfurt," said the Moon. "I especially noticed one building there. It was not the house in which Goethe was born, nor the old council-house, through whose grated windows peered the horns of the oxen that were roasted and given to the people when the Emperors were crowned. No, it was a private house, plain in appearance, and painted green. It stood near the old Jews' Street. It was Rothschild's house.

"I looked through the open door. The staircase was brilliantly

Close wooden shutters covered the windows behind the walls of the houses, but through the windows of the temple a faint light glimmered. I looked in, and saw the quaint decorations within. From the floor to the ceiling pictures are painted in the most glaring colours and richly gilt—pictures representing the deeds of the gods here on earth. In each nine statues are placed, but they are almost entirely hidden by the coloured drapery and the banners that hang down. Before each idol (and they are all made of tin) stood a little altar of holy water, with flowers and burning wax lights on it. Above all the rest stood Fo, the chief deity, clad in a garment of yellow silk, for yellow is here the sacred colour. At the foot of the altar sat a living being, a young priest. He appeared to be praying, but in the midst of his prayer he seemed to fall into deep thought, and this must have been wrong, for his cheeks glowed and he held down his head. Poor Sou-hong! Was he, perhaps, dreaming of working in the little flower garden behind the high street wall? And did that occupation seem more agreeable to him than watching the wax lights in the temple? Or did he wish to sit at the rich feast, wiping his mouth with silver paper between each course? Or was his sin so great that, if he dared to utter it, the Celestial Empire would punish it with death? Had his thoughts ventured to fly with the ships of the barbarians, to their homes in far-distant England? No, his thoughts did not fly so far, and yet they were sinful, sinful as thoughts born of young hearts, sinful here in the temple, in the presence of Fo and the other holy gods.

"I know whither his thoughts had strayed. At the farther end of the city, on the flat roof paved with porcelain, on which stood the handsome vases covered with painted flowers, sat the beautiful Pu, of the little roguish eyes, of the full lips, and of the tiny feet. The tight shoe pained her, but her heart pained her still more. She lifted her graceful round arm, and her satin dress rustled. Before her stood a glass bowl containing four goldfish. She stirred the bowl carefully with a slender lacquered stick, very slowly, for she, too, was lost in thought. Was she thinking, perchance, how the fishes were richly clothed in gold, how they lived calmly and peacefully in their crystal world, how they were regularly fed, and yet how much happier they might be if they were free? Yes, that she could well understand, the beautiful Pu. Her thoughts wandered away from her home, wandered to the temple, but not for the sake of holy things. Poor Pu! Poor Sou-hong!

"Their earthly thoughts met, but my cold beam lay between the two like the sword of the cherub."

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING

"Taken by the high road," said the Moon, "is at the end opposite to it a great waggish dog whose stream coat was just being washed. I looked down between the bare rafters and through the open left into the air (others came to me). The timber came up on the beam, and the smoke rested in the empty air. In the middle of the shed would a tapering carriage, the passenger was outside, fast asleep, while the horses were being watered. The coachman stretched forward, though I am very sure that he had been most comfortable asleep and the last stage. The door of the carriage stood open and the two cushions of it had been turned over and over. The candle stood on the floor and had burned deep down into the holder. The wind blew, and through the shed it was nearer to the door than to the light. In the wooden floor on the ground were a number of leaves of parchment. The father and mother seemed to be reading of the burning of one that remained in the bottle. The four pale daughters were dreaming too for their eyes were wet with tears. The lamp stood at their heads, and the dog lay stretched at their feet."

THIRTIETH EVENING

"It was in a little provincial town," the Moon said, "it certainly happened last year, but that has nothing to do with the matter. I saw it quite fairly. To-day I read about it in the papers, but there it is not so clearly expressed. In the top corner of the house was the bear leader, eating his supper, the bear was tied up outside, behind the wood pile. Poor I know who was turned any harm, though he looked at it enough. Up in the garret three little children were playing by the light of my beams, the eldest was perhaps six years old, the youngest certainly not more than two. Teamp' Oalp' - somebody was coming upstairs, who might it be? The door was thrust open - it was him, the great shaggy Bruin! He had got tired of waiting down in the courtyard, and had found his way to the stairs. I saw it all," said the Moon. "The children were very much frightened at first at the great shaggy animal, each of them crept into a corner, but he found them all out, and smiled at them, but did them no harm. 'This must be a great dog,' they said, and began to stroke him. He lay down upon the ground, the youngest boy then crept on his back, and, bending down a little head of golden curls, gazed at him in the bear's shaggy skin. Presently the eldest boy took his drum, and beat it till it rattled again. The bear rose up on its hind legs and began to dance. It was a charming sight to behold. Each boy now took his gun, and the bear was obliged to have one too, and he held it up quite

properly. Here was a capital playmate they had four they began marching—one, two, one, two.

"Suddenly some one came to the door, which opened; mother of the children appeared. You should have seen her dumb terror, with her face as white as chalk, her mouth open, and her eyes fixed in a horrified stare. But the young boy nodded to her in great glee, and called out in his prattle, 'We're playing at soldiers.' And then the bear came running up."

THIRTY-FIRST EVENING.

The wind blew stormy and cold, the clouds flew hurriedly only for a moment now and then did the Moon become visible. He said, "I looked down from the silent sky upon the dark clouds, and saw the great shadows chasing each other across the earth. I looked upon a prison. A closed carriage stood before it; a prisoner was to be carried away. My rays pierced through the grated window towards the wall; the prisoner was scratching a few lines upon it, as a parting token, but he did not write words, but a melody, the outpouring of his heart. The door was opened and he was led forth, and fixed his eyes upon my round face. Clouds passed between us, as if he were not to see my face, but mine. He stepped into the carriage, the door was closed, the wheels cracked, and the horses galloped off into the thick forest, where my rays were not able to follow him; but as I glanced through the grated window, my rays glided over the notes, his last words, well engraved on the prison wall—where words fail, sounds often speak. My rays could only light up isolated notes, so the greater part of what was written there will ever remain dark to me. Was it the death-hymn he wrote there? Were these glad notes of joy? Did he drive away to meet his death? Or hasten to the embraces of his beloved? The rays of the Moon do not read all that is written by mortals."

THIRTY-SECOND EVENING.

"I love the children," said the Moon, "especially the quiet little ones—they are so droll. Sometimes I peep into the room, between the curtain and the window-frame, when they are not thinking of me. It gives me pleasure to see them dressing and undressing. First, the little round naked shoulder comes creeping out of the frock, then the arm, or I see how the stocking is drawn off, as a plump little white leg makes its appearance, and a little white foot that is fit to be kissed, and I kiss it too."

"But about what I was going to tell you. This evening I looked through a window, before which no curtain was drawn, for nobody lives opposite. I saw a whole troop of little ones, all of one family;

and among them was a little sister. She is only four years old, but can say her prayers as well as any of the rest. The mother sits by her bed every evening, and hears her say her prayers, and then she has a kiss, and the mother sits by the bed till the little one has gone to sleep, which generally happens as soon as ever she can close her eyes.

"This evening the two elder children were a little boisterous. One of them hopped about on one leg in his long white nightgown, and the other stood on a chair surrounded by the clothes of all the children, and declared he was acting *Grecian* statues. The third and fourth laid the clean linen carefully in the box for that is a thing that has to be done, and the mother sat by the bed of the youngest, and announced to all the rest that they were to be quiet, for little sister was going to say her prayers.

"I looked in, over the lamp, into the little maiden's bed, where she lay under the neat white coverlet, her hands looked demurely and her little face quite grave and serious. She was praying the Lord's Prayer aloud. But her mother interrupted in the middle of her prayer. 'How is it,' she asked, 'that when you have prayed for daily bread, you always add something I cannot understand? You must tell me what that is.' The little one lay silent, and looked at her mother in embarrassment. 'What is it you say after *our daily bread*?' 'Dear mother, don't be angry. I only say, and *plenty of butter on it*.'"

THE LITTLE SEA MAID



AR out in the sea the water is as blue as the petals of the most beautiful corn-flower, and clear as the purest glass. But it is very deep, deeper than any cable will sound; many steeples must be placed one above the other to reach from the ground to the surface of the water. And down there live the sea people.

Now, you must not believe there is nothing down there but the naked sand; no,—the strangest plants and flowers grow there, so pliable in their stalks and leaves that at the least motion of the water they move just as if they had life. All fishes, great and small, glide among the twigs, just as here the birds do in the trees. In the deepest spot of all lies the Sea King's castle: the walls are of coral and the tall gothic windows of the clearest amber; shells form the roof, and they open and shut according as the water flows. It looks lovely, for in each shell he gleaming

pearls, a single one of which would have great value in a Queen's diadem.

The Sea King below there had been a widower for many years, while his old mother kept house for him. She was a clever woman, but proud of her rank, so she wore twelve oysters on her tail, while the other great people were only allowed to wear six. Beyond this she was deserving of great praise, especially because she was very fond of her granddaughters, the little Sea Princesses. These were six pretty children, but the youngest was the most beautiful of all. Her skin was as clear and as fine as a rose leaf, her eyes were blue as the deepest sea, but, like all the rest, she had six feet, for her body ended in a fish tail.

All day long they could play in the castle, down in the halls, where living flowers grew out of the walls. The great amber windows were opened, and then the fishes swam in to them, just as the swallows fly in to us when we open our windows, but the fishes swam straight up to the Princesses, ate out of their hands, and let themselves be stroked.

Outside the castle was a great garden with bright red and dark blue flowers, the fruit glowed like gold, and the flowers like flames of fire, and they continually kept moving their stalks and leaves. The earth itself was the finest sand, but blue as the flame of brimstone, and its radiant light lay upon everything down there, as the sun's rays lie upon the air with the canopy of the

fragrance, for they had none down at the bottom of the sea, and that the trees were green, and that the fishes which one saw there among the trees could sing so loud and clear that it was a pleasure to hear them. What the grandmother called fishes were little birds, the Princess could not understand them in any other way, for she had never seen a bird.

"When you have reached your fifteenth year," said the grandmother, "you shall have leave to rise up out of the sea, to sit on the rocks in the moonlight, and to see the great ships sailing by. Then you will see forests and towns."

In the next year one of the sisters was fifteen years of age, but each of the others was one year younger than the next, so that the youngest had full five years to wait before she could come up from the bottom of the sea, and find how our world looked. But one promised to tell the others what she had seen and what she had thought the most beautiful on the first day of her visit; for their grandmother could not tell them enough—there was so much about which they wanted information.

No one was more anxious about these things than the youngest—just that one who had the longest time to wait, and who was always quiet and thoughtful. Many a night she stood by the open window, and looked up through the dark blue water at the fishes splashing with their fins and tails. Moon and stars she could see; they certainly shone quite faintly, but through the water they looked much larger than they appear in our eyes. When something like a black cloud passed among them, she knew that it was either a whale swimming over her head, or a ship with many people. They certainly did not think that a pretty little sea maid was standing down below stretching up her white hands towards the keel of their ship.

Now the eldest Princess was fifteen years old, and might mount up to the surface of the sea.

When she came back she had a hundred things to tell,—but the finest thing, she said, was to lie in the moonshine on a sand-bank in the quiet sea, and to look at the neighbouring coast, with the large town, where the lights twinkled like a hundred stars, and to hear the music and the noise and clamour of carriages and men, to see the many church steeples, and to hear the sound of the bells. Just because she could not get up to these, she longed for them more than for anything.

Oh, how the youngest sister listened! and afterwards when she stood at the open window and looked up through the dark blue water, she thought of the great city with all its bustle and noise; and then she thought she could hear the church bells ringing, even down to the depth where she was.

In the following year, the second sister received permission to mount upward through the water and swim whither she pleased. She rose up just as the sun was setting; and this spectacle, she

They wished themselves back again, and after a month had elapsed they said it was best of all down below, for there one felt so comfortably at home.

Many an evening hour the five sisters took one another by the arm and rose up in a row over the water. They had splendid voices, more charming than any mortal could have, and when a storm was approaching, so that they could apprehend that ships would go down, they swam on before the ships, and sang lovely songs, which told how beautiful it was at the bottom of the sea, and exhorted the sailors not to be afraid to come down. But these could not understand the words, and thought it was the storm sighing, and they did not see the splendours below, for if the ships sank they were drowned, and came as corpses to the Sea King's palace.

When the sisters thus rose up, arm in arm, in the evening time, through the water, the little sister stood all alone looking after them, and she felt as if she must weep, but the sea maid has no tears, and for this reason she suffers far more acutely.

"Oh, if I were only fifteen years old!" said she. "I know I shall love the world up there very much, and the people who live and dwell there."

At last she was really fifteen years old.

"Now, you see, you are growing up," said the grandmother, the old dowager. "Come, let me adorn you like your sisters."

And she put a wreath of white lilies in the little maid's hair, but each flower was half a pearl, and the old lady let eight oysters attach themselves to the Princess's tail, in token of her high rank.

"But that hurts so!" said the little sea maid.

"Yes, pride must suffer pain," replied the old lady.

Oh, how glad she would have been to shake off all the tokens of rank and lay aside the heavy wreath! Her red flowers in the garden suited her better; but she could not help it. "Farewell!" she said, and then she rose, light and clear as a water-bubble, up through the sea.

The sun had just set when she lifted her head above the sea, but all the clouds still shone like roses and gold, and in the pale red sky the evening stars gleamed bright and beautiful. The air was mild and fresh and the sea quite calm. There lay a great ship with three masts, one single sail only was set, for not a breeze stirred, and around in the shrouds and on the yards sat the sailors. There was music and singing, and as the evening closed in, hundreds of coloured lanterns were lighted up, and looked as if the flags of every nation were waving in the air. The little sea maid swam straight to the cabin window, and each time the sea lifted her up she could look through the panes, which were clear as crystal, and see many people standing within dressed in their best. But the handsomest of all was the young Prince

this way she at last came to the Prince, who could scarcely swim longer in that stormy sea. His arms and legs began to fail him, his beautiful eyes closed, and he would have died had the little sea maid not come. She held his head up over the water, and then allowed the waves to carry her and him whither they listed.

When the morning came the storm had passed by. Of the ship not a fragment was to be seen. The sun came up red and shining out of the water; it was as if its beams brought back the hue of life to the cheeks of the Prince, but his eyes remained closed. The sea maid kissed his high fair forehead and put back his wet hair, and he seemed to her to be like the marble statue in her little garden. She kissed him again and hoped that he might live.

Now she saw in front of her the dry land—high blue mountains, on whose summits the white snow gleamed as if swans were lying there. Down on the coast were glorious green forests, and a building—she could not tell whether it was a church or a convent—stood there. In its garden grew orange and citron trees, and high palms waved in front of the gate. The sea formed a little bay there, it was quite calm, but very deep. Straight towards the rock where the fine white sand had been cast up, she swam with the handsome Prince, and laid him upon the sand, taking especial care that his head was raised in the warm sunshine.

Now all the bells rang in the great white building, and many young girls came walking through the garden. Then the little sea maid swam farther out between some high stones that stood up out of the water, laid some sea foam upon her hair and neck, so that no one could see her little countenance, and then she watched to see who would come to the poor Prince.

In a short time a young girl went that way. She seemed to be much startled, but only for a moment, then she brought more people, and the sea maid perceived that the Prince came back to life and that he smiled at all around him. But he did not cast a smile at her, he did not know that she had saved him. And she felt very sorrowful, and when he was led away into the great building, she dived mournfully under the water and returned to her father's palace.

She had always been gentle and melancholy, but now she became touch more so. Her sisters asked her what she had seen the first time she rose up to the surface, but she would tell them nothing.

Many an evening and many a morning she went up to the place where she had left the Prince. She saw how the fruits of the garden grew ripe and were gathered, she saw how the snow melted on the high mountain, but she did not see the Prince, and so she always returned home more sorrowful still. Then her only comfort was to sit in her little garden, and to wind her

arm round the beautiful marble statue that resembled the Prince but she did not tend her flowers—they grew as if in a wilderness near the path, and they and their long leaves and stalks up to the very tops of trees, so that it became quite dark there.

At last she could no longer live it no longer, and told all to one of her sisters, and then the others heard of it too, but nobody knew it beyond those and a few other sea maids, who told the secret to their intimate friends. One of these knew who the Prince was, she too had seen the festival on board the ship; and she announces whence he came and where his kingdom lay.

"Come, little sister," said the other Princesses, and, taking their arms together, they rose up in a long row out of the sea, at the place where they knew the Prince's palace lay.

This palace was built of a kind of bright yellow stone, with great marble staircases, one of which led directly down into the sea. Over the roof rose splendid gilt cupolas, and between the pillars which surrounded the whole dwelling stood marble statues which looked as if they were alive. Through the clear glass in the high windows one looked into the glorious halls, where costly silk hangings and tapestries were hung up and all the walls were decked with splendid pictures, so that it was a perfect delight to see them. In the midst of the greatest of these halls a great fountain plashed, its jets shot high up towards the glass dome in the ceiling, through which the sun shone down upon the water and upon the lovely plants growing in the great basin.

Now she knew where he lived, and many an evening and many a night she spent there on the water. She swam far closer to the land than any of the others would have dared to venture; indeed, she went quite up the narrow channel under the splendid marble balcony, which threw a broad shadow upon the water. Here she sat and watched the young Prince, who thought himself quite alone in the bright moonlight.

Many an evening she saw him sailing, amid the sounds of music, in his costly boat with the waving flags—she peeped up through the green reeds, and when the wind caught her silver-white veil, and any one saw it, he thought it was a white swan spreading out its wings.

Many a night when the fishermen were on the sea with their orches, she heard much good told of the young Prince, and she rejoiced that she had saved his life when he was driven about, all dead, on the wild billows—she thought how quietly his head had reclined on her bosom, and how heartily she had kissed him; but he knew nothing of it, and could not even dream of her.

More and more she began to love mankind, and more and more he wished to be able to wander about among those whose world seemed far larger than her own. For they could fly over the sea ships, and mount up the high hills far above the clouds, and the lands they possessed stretched out in woods and fields farther

her eyes could reach. There was much she wished to know, her sisters could not answer all her questions; therefore she died to the old grandmother, and the old lady knew the upper world, which she rightly called "the countries above the sea," very well.

"If people are not drowned," asked the little sea maid, "can they live for ever? Do they not die as we die down here in the sea?"

"Yes," replied the old lady. "They too must die, and their life is even shorter than ours. We can live to be three hundred years old, but when we cease to exist here, we are turned into foam on the surface of the water, and have not even a grave down in the earth among those we love. We have not an immortal soul, we never receive another life; we are like the green seaweed, which when once cut through can never bloom again. Men, on the contrary, have a soul which lives for ever, which lives on after the body has become dust; it mounts up through the clear air, to all the shining stars! As we rise up out of the waters and hold all the lands of the earth, so they rise up to unknown regions and places which we can never see."

"Why did we not receive an immortal soul?" asked the little sea maid, sorrowfully. "I would gladly give all the hundreds of years I have to live, to be a human being only for one day, and have a hope of partaking the heavenly kingdom."

"You must not think of that," replied the old lady. "We feel ourselves far more happy and far better than mankind yonder."

"Then I am to die and be cast as foam upon the sea, not hearing the music of the waves, nor seeing the pretty flowers and the red sun? Can I not do anything to win an immortal soul?"

"No!" answered the grandmother. "Only if a man were to love you so that you should be more to him than father or mother, he should cling to you with his every thought and with all his life, and let the priest lay his right hand in yours with a promise of faithfulness here, and in all eternity, then his soul would be imparted to your body, and you would receive a share of the happiness of mankind. He would give a soul to you and yet retain his own. But that can never come to pass. What is considered beautiful here in the sea—the fish-tail—they would consider ugly on the earth; they don't understand it; there one must have two clumsy supports which they call legs, to be called beautiful."

Then the little sea maid sighed, and looked mournfully upon her fish-tail.

"Let us be glad!" said the old lady. "Let us dance and leap for the three hundred years we have to live. That is certainly long enough; after that we can rest ourselves all the better. This evening we shall have a Court ball."

It was a splendid sight, such as is never seen on earth. The

wall and the ceiling of the great dancing saloon were of the
 but transparent glass. Several hundreds of huge shells, pa-
 an I grass green, stood on each side in rows, filled with a bl-
 blue water up the whole hall and shone through the walls;
 the sea without was quite lit up, one could see all the in-
 creasing tide, great and small swimming towards the gla-
 wall. The scales gleamed with purple, while in other
 tones, like silver and gold. Through the midst of the ha-
 ll went a broad stream, and on this the sea men and sea women
 danced to their own charming songs. Such beautiful voices the
 tongue of the earth have not. The little sea maid sang the most
 sweetly of all, and the whole Court applauded with hands and
 feet, and for a moment she felt gay in her heart, for she knew
 she had the loveliest voice of all in the sea or on the earth. But
 when she thought again of the world above her, she could not
 forget the charming Prince, or her sorrow at not having an
 immortal voice like his. Therefore she crept out of her father's
 palace, and while everything within was joy and gladness, she
 sat melancholy in her little garden. Then she heard the bugle
 horn sounding through the waters, and thought, "Now he is
 certainly sailing above, he on whom my wishes hang, and in
 whose hand I should like to lay my life's happiness. I will dare
 everything to win him and an immortal soul. While my sisters
 dance yonder in my father's palace, I will go to the sea witch of
 whom I have always been so much afraid—perhaps she can
 counsel and help me."

Now the little sea maid went out of her garden to the foaming
 whirlpools behind which the old sorceress dwelt. She had never
 travelled that way before. No flowers grew there, no sea-grass;
 only the naked grey sand stretched out towards the whirlpools,
 where the water rushed round like roaring mill-wheels and tore
 down everything it seized into the deep. Through the midst of
 these rushing whirlpools she was obliged to pass to get into the
 domain of the witch; and for a long way there was no other road
 except one which led over warm gushing mud, thus the witch
 called her turf-moor. Behind it lay her house in the midst of a
 singular forest, in which all the trees and bushes were polypes—
 half animals, half plants. They looked like hundred-headed
 snakes growing up out of the earth. All the branches were long,
 slimy arms, with fingers like supple worms, and they moved limb
 by limb from the root to the farthest point, all that they could
 seize on in the water they held fast, and did not let it go. The
 little sea maid stopped in front of them quite frightened; her
 heart beat with fear, and she was nearly turning back, but then
 she thought of the Prince and the human soul, and her courage
 came back. She bound her long flying hair closely around her
 head, so that the polypes might not seize it. She put her hands
 together on her breast, and then shot forward as a fish shoots

through the water, among the ugly polypes, which stretched out their supple arms and fingers after her. She saw that each of them held something it had seized with hundreds of little arms like strong iron bands. People who had perished at sea and had sunk deep down, looked forth as white skeletons from among the polypes' arms; ships' oars and chests they also held fast, and skeletons of land animals, and a little sea woman whom they had caught and strangled; and this seemed the most terrible of all to our little Princess.

Now she came to a great marshy place in the wood, where fat water-snakes rolled about, showing their ugly cream coloured sides. In the midst of this marsh was a house built of white bones of shipwrecked men; there sat the sea witch feeding a bread out of her mouth, just as a person might feed a little canary bird with sugar. She called the ugly fat water-snakes her little huckens, and allowed them to crawl upwards and all about her.

"I know what you want," said the sea witch. "It is stupid of you, but you shall have your way, for it will bring you to grief, my pretty Princess. You want to get rid of your fish-tail, and to have two supports instead of it, like those the people of the earth walk with, so that the young Prince may fall in love with you, and you may get an immortal soul." And with this the witch laughed loudly and disagreeably, so that the toad and the water-snakes tumbled down to the ground, where they crawled about. "You come just in time," said the witch. "after to-morrow at sunrise I could not help you until another year had gone by. I will prepare a draught for you, with which you must swim to land to-morrow before the sun rises, and seat yourself there and drink it, then your tail will shrivel up and become what the people of the earth call legs, but it will hurt you—it will seem as if you were cut with a sharp sword. All who see you will declare you to be the prettiest human being they ever beheld. You will keep your graceful walk; no dancer will be able to move so lightly as you, but every step you take will be as if you trod upon sharp knives, and as if your blood must flow. If you will bear all this, I can help you."

"Yes," said the little sea maid, with a trembling voice, and she thought of the Prince and the immortal soul.

"But, remember," said the witch, "when you have once received a human form, you can never be a sea maid again, you can never return through the water to your sisters or to your father's palace, and if you do not win the Prince's love, so that he forgets father and mother for your sake, is attached to your heart and soul, and tells the priest to join your hands, you will not receive an immortal soul. On the first morning after he has married another, your heart will break and you will become foam on the water."

"I will do it," said the little sea maid; but she became as
as death.

"But you must pay me, too," said the witch; "and it is a
trifle that I ask. You have the finest voice of all here at
bottom of the water; with that you think to enchant him;
this voice you must give to me. The best thing you posse
will have for my costly draught! I must give you my own bi
in it, so that the draught may be sharp as a two-edged swor

"But if you take away my voice," said the little sea ma
"what will remain to me?"

"Your beautiful form," replied the witch, "your graceful w
and your speaking eyes: with those you can take captive a hun
heart. Well, have you lost your courage? Put out your li
tongue, and then I will cut it off for my payment, and then y
shall have the strong draught."

"It shall be so," said the little sea maid.

And the witch put on her pot to brew the draught.

"Cleanliness is a good thing," said she; and she cleaned o
the pot with the snakes, which she tied up in a big knot; then s
scratched herself, and let her black blood drop into it. Th
steam rose up in the strangest forms, enough to frighten th
beholder. Every moment the witch threw something else int
the pot, and when it boiled thoroughly, there was a sound lik
the weeping of a crocodile. At last the draught was ready. I
looked like the purest water.

"There you have it," said the witch.

And she cut off the little sea maid's tongue, so that now the
Princess was dumb, and could neither sing nor speak.

She could see her father's palace. The torches in the great hall
were extinguished, and they were certainly sleeping within, but
she did not dare to go to them, now that she was dumb and was
about to quit them for ever. She felt as if her heart would burst
with a sorrow. She crept into the garden, took a flower from each
bed of her waters, blew a thousand kisses towards the palace, and
tore up through the dark blue sea.

The sun had not yet risen when she beheld the Prince's sand
and mounted the splendid marble staircase. The moon shone
fair and clear. The little sea maid drank the burning sharp
draught, and it seemed as if a two-edged sword went through her
to the very heart. She fell down in a swoon, and lay as if she were
dead. When the sun shone out over the sea she awoke, and felt
a sharp pain, but just before her stood the handsome young
Prince. He fixed his coal black eyes upon her, so that she could
see her own, and then she perceived that her hair had turned
and that she had the prettiest pair of white feet a little girl could
have. But she had no father, no she shivered behind in her hot
heart. The Prince asked how she came there, and she answered
best she could, but very timidly, with her back bent, and her

she could not speak. Then he took her by the hand, and led her into the castle. Each step she took was, as the witch had told her, as if she had been treading on pointed needles and knives, but she bore it gladly. At the Prince's right hand she moved on, light as a soap bubble, and he, like all the rest, was astonished at her graceful swaying movements.

She now received splendid clothes of silk and muslin. In the castle she was the most beautiful creature to be seen, but she was dumb, and could neither sing nor speak. Lovely slaves, dressed in silk and gold, stepped forward, and sang before the Prince and his royal parents; one sang more charmingly than all the rest, and the Prince smiled at her and clapped his hands. Then the little sea maid became sad, she knew that she herself had sung far more sweetly, and thought, "Oh! he should only know that I have given away my voice for ever to be with him."

Now the slaves danced pretty waving dances to the loveliest music, then the little sea maid lifted her beautiful white arms, stood on the tips of her toes, and glided dancing over the floor as no one had yet danced. At each movement her beauty became more apparent, and her eyes spoke more directly to the heart than the songs of the slaves.

All were delighted, and especially the Prince, who called her his little foundling, and she danced again and again, although every time she touched the earth it seemed as if she were treading upon sharp knives. The Prince said that she should always remain with him, and she received permission to sleep on a velvet cushion before his door.

He had a page's dress made for her, that she might accompany him on horseback. They rode through the blooming woods, where the green boughs swept their shoulders and the little birds sang in the fresh leaves. She climbed with the Prince up the high mountains, and although her delicate feet bled so that even the others could see it, she laughed at it herself, and followed him until they saw the clouds sailing beneath them like a flock of birds travelling to distant lands.

At home in the Prince's castle, when the others slept at night, she went out on to the broad marble steps. It cooled her burning feet to stand in the cold sea-water, and then she thought of the dear ones in the deep.

Once, in the night-time, her sisters came arm in arm. Sadly they sang as they floated above the water, and she beckoned to them, and they recognized her, and told her how she had grieved them all. Then she visited them every night; and once she saw in the distance her old grandmother, who had not been above the surface for many years, and the Sea King with his crown upon his head. They stretched out their hands towards her, but did not venture so near the land as her sisters.

And she smiled at his tales, for she knew better than any one what happened at the bottom of the sea.

In the moonlight night, when all were asleep, except the steersman who stood by the helm, she sat on the side of the ship gazing down through the clear water. She fancied she saw her father's palace. High on the battlements stood her old grandmother, with the silver crown on her head, and looking through the rushing tide up to the vessel's keel. Then her sisters came forth over the water, and looked mournfully at her and wrung their white hands. She beckoned to them, smiled, and wished to tell them that she was well and happy; but the cabin boy approached her, and her sisters dived down, so that he thought the white objects he had seen were foam on the surface of the water.

The next morning the ship sailed into the harbour of the neighbouring King's splendid city. All the church bells sounded, and from the high towers the trumpets were blown, while the soldiers stood there with flying colours and flashing bayonets. Each day brought some festivity with it; balls and entertainments followed one another; but the Princess was not yet there. People said she was being educated in a holy temple far away, where she was learning every royal virtue. At last she arrived.

The little sea maid was anxious to see the beauty of the Princess, and was obliged to acknowledge it. A more lovely apparition she had never beheld. The Princess's skin was pure and clear, and behind the long dark eyelashes there smiled a pair of faithful dark blue eyes.

"You are the young lady who saved me when I lay like a corpse upon the shore!" said the Prince, and he folded his blushing bride to his heart. "Oh, I am too, too happy!" he cried to the little sea maid. The best hope I could have is fulfilled. You will rejoice at my happiness, for you are the most devoted to me of them all!"

And the little sea maid kissed his hand, and it seemed already to her as if her heart was broken, for his wedding morning was to bring death to her, and change her into foam on the sea.

All the church bells were ringing, and heralds rode about the streets announcing the betrothal. On every altar fragrant oil was burning in gorgeous lamps of silver. The priests swung their censers, and bride and bridegroom laid hand in hand, and received the bishop's blessing. The little sea maid was dressed in cloth of gold, and held up the bride's train, but her ears heard nothing of the festive music, her eye marked not the holy ceremony; she thought of the night of her death, and of all that she had lost in this world.

On the same evening the bride and bridegroom went on board the ship. The cannon roared, all the flags waved, in the midst of the ship a costly tent of gold and purple, with the most beauti-

ful cushions, had been set up, and there the married pair sleep in the cool still night.

The sails swelled in the wind and the ship glided smooth lightly over the clear sea. When it grew dark, colours were lighted and the sailors danced merry dances on deck. The little sea maid thought of the first time when she had come out of the sea, and beheld a similar scene of splendour and she joined in the whirling dance, and flitted on as a fairy when he is pursued; and all shouted and admired she had danced so prettily. Her delicate feet were cut at the ankles with knives, but she did not feel it, for her heart was wounded far more painfully. She knew this was the last evening on which she would see him for whom she had left her friends and her home, and given up her beautiful voice, and had suffered unheard-of sorrows every day, while he was utterly unconscious of all. It was the last evening she should breathe the same air with him, and behold the starry sky and the deep sea, and everlasting night without light or dream awaited her, for she had no soul, and could win no more. And everything was merriment and gladness on the ship till midnight, and she laughed and danced with thoughts of death in her heart. The Prince kissed his beautiful bride, and she gave him with his raven hair, and hand in hand they went to rest in the splendid tent.

It became quiet on the ship; only the helmsman stood by the helm, and the little sea maid leaned her white arms upon the gunwarks and gazed out towards the east for the morning dawn. The first ray, she knew, would kill her. Then she saw her sisters come out of the flood—they were pale like herself; their long beautiful hair no longer waved in the wind—it had been cut off.

"We have given it to the witch, that we might bring you back so that you may not die to-night. She has given us a knife; it is—look! how sharp! Before the sun rises you must thrust it into the heart of the Prince, and when the warm blood falls on your feet they will grow together again into a fish-tail, and you will become a sea maid again, and come back to us, and live three hundred years before you become dead salt sea foam. *Alas! haste!* He or you must die before the sun rises! Our old grandmother mourns so that her white hair has fallen off, as ours will under the witch's scissors. Kill the Prince and come back! *Alas! haste!* Do you see that red streak in the sky? In a few minutes the sun will rise, and you must die!"

And they gave a very mournful sigh, and vanished beneath the waves.

The little sea maid drew back the purple curtain from the tent and saw the beautiful bride lying with her head on the Prince's breast, and she bent down and kissed his brow, and gazed up at the sky where the morning red was gleaming brighter and brighter; then she looked at the sharp knife, and again fixed her eyes up

the Prince, who in his sleep murmured his bride's name. She only was in his thoughts, and the knife trembled in the sea maid's hand. But then she flung it far away into the waves—they gleamed red where it fell, and it seemed as if drops of blood spurted up out of the water. Once more she looked with half-extinguished eyes upon the Prince; then she threw herself from the ship into the sea, and felt her frame dissolving into foam.

Now the sun rose up out of the sea. The rays fell mild and warm upon the cold sea foam, and the little sea maid felt nothing of death. She saw the bright sun, and over her head sailed hundreds of glorious ethereal beings—she could see them through the white sails of the ship and the red clouds of the sky, their speech was melody, but of such a spiritual kind that no human ear could hear it, just as no human eye could see them, without wings they floated through the air. The little sea maid found that she had a frame like these, and was rising more and more out of the foam.

"Whither am I going?" she asked; and her voice sounded like that of the other beings, so spiritual, that no earthly music could be compared to it.

"To the daughters of the air!" replied the others. "A sea maid has no immortal soul, and can never gain one, except she win the love of a mortal. Her eternal existence depends upon the power of another. The daughters of the air have likewise no immortal soul, but they can make themselves one through good deeds. We fly to the hot countries, where the close pestilential air kills men, and there we bring coolness. We disperse the fragrance of the flowers through the air, and spread refreshment and health. After we have striven for three hundred years to accomplish all the good we can bring about, we receive an immortal soul and take part in the eternal happiness of men. You, poor little sea maid, have striven with your whole heart after the goal we pursue, you have suffered and endured; you have by good works raised yourself to the world of spirits, and can gain an immortal soul after three hundred years."

And the little sea maid lifted her glorified eyes towards God's sun, and for the first time she felt them fill with tears. On the ship there was again life and noise. She saw the Prince and his bride searching for her, then they looked mournfully at the pearly foam, as if they knew that she had thrown herself into the waves. Invisible, she kissed the forehead of the bride, fanned the Prince, and mounted with the other children of the air on the rosy cloud which floated through the ether.

After three hundred years we shall thus float into Paradise!

"And we may even get there sooner," whispered a daughter of the air. "Invisibly we float into the houses of men where children are, and for every day on which we find a good child that brings joy to its parents and deserves their love, our time of probation is shortened. The child does not know when we fly through the

room; and when we smile with joy at the child's conduct, a year is counted off from the three hundred; but when we see a naughty or a wicked child, we shed tears of grief, and for every tear a day is added to our time of trial."

THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

IT was far in January, and a terrible fall of snow was pelting down. The snow eddied through the streets and lanes; the window-panes seemed plastered with snow on the outside, snow plumped down in masses from the roofs; and a sudden hurry had seized on the people, for they ran, and jostled, and fell into each other's arms, and as they clutched each other fast for a moment, they felt that they were safe at least for that length of time. Coaches and horses seemed frosted with sugar. The footmen stood with their backs against the carriages, so as to turn their faces from the wind. The foot passengers kept in the shelter of the carriages, which could only move slowly on in the deep snow, and when the storm at last abated, and a narrow path was swept clean alongside the houses, the people stood still in this path when they met, for none like to take the first step aside into the deep snow to let the other pass him. Thus they stood silent and motionless, till, as if by tacit consent, each sacrificed one leg, and stepping aside, buried it in the deep snow-heap.

Now and then it grew calm. The sky looked as if it had been swept, and had become more lofty and transparent. The stars looked as if they were quite new, and some of them were amazingly bright and pure. It froze so hard that the snow creaked, and the upper rind of snow might well have grown hard enough to bear the sparrows in the morning dawn. These little birds hopped up and down where the sweeping had been done, but they found very little food, and were not a little cold.

"I beg!" said one of them to another, "they call this a new year, and it is worse than the last! We might just as well have kept the old one. I am dissatisfied, and I've right to be so."

"Yes, and the people ran about and fired all sorts of rockets to celebrate the New Year," said a shivering little sparrow, "and they threw peas and pots and hot tin snuffers, and were quite busy, some with fire because the last year was cold. I was glad of it, too, because I hoped we should have had warm days. But that I see is no use—nothing—it freezes much harder than before. People have made mistakes in celebrating the time."

"That they have!" a third put in, who was old, and had a white poll: "they've something they call the calendar—it's an invention of their own—and everything is to be arranged according to that, but it won't do. When spring comes, then the year begins, and I reckon according to that."

"But when will spring come?" the others inquired.

"It will come when the stork comes back. But his movements are very uncertain, and here in town no one knows anything about it. In the country they are better informed. Shall we fly out there and wait? There, at any rate, we shall be nearer to spring."

"Yes, that may be all very well," observed one of the Sparrows, who had been hopping about for a long time, chirping, without saying anything decided. "I've found a few comforts here in town, which I am afraid I should miss out in the country. Near this neighbourhood, in a courtyard, there lives a family of people, who have taken the very sensible notion of placing three or four flower pots against the wall, with their mouths all turned inwards, and the bottom of each pointing outwards. In each flower-pot a hole has been cut, big enough for me to fly in and out at it. I and my husband have built a nest in one of those pots, and have brought up our young family there. The family of people of course made the whole arrangement that they might have the pleasure of seeing us, or else they would not have done it. To please themselves they also strew crumbs of bread; and so we have food, and are in a manner provided for. So I think my husband and I will stay where we are, although we are very dissatisfied—but we shall stay."

"And we will fly out into the country to see if spring is not coming!"

And away they flew.

Out in the country it was hard winter, and the glass was a few degrees lower than in the town. The sharp winds swept across the snow-covered fields. The farmer, muffled in warm mittens, sat in his sledge, and beat his arms across his breast to warm himself, and the whip lay idle across his knees. The horses ran till they smoked again. The snow creaked, and the Sparrows hopped about in the ruts, and shivered, "Pip! when will spring come? it is very long in coming!"

"Very long," sounded from the next snow-covered hill, far over the field. It might be the echo which was heard, or perhaps the words were spoken by yonder wonderful old man, who sat in wind and weather high on the heap of snow. He was quite white, attired like a peasant in a coarse white coat of fustian; he had long white hair, and was quite pale, with big blue eyes.

"Who is that old man yonder?" asked the Sparrows.

"I know who he is," quoth an old Raven, who sat on the fence-rail, and was condescending enough to acknowledge that we are



SUMMER TIME

of blossoms over apple trees and peach trees, so that they stood in full beauty before their green leaves had fairly come forth.

And she clapped her hands, and the boy clapped his, and then flocks of birds came flying up, nobody knew whence, and they all twittered and sang "Spring has come."

That was beautiful to behold. Many an old granny crept forth over the threshold into the sunshine, and tripped gleefully about, casting a glance at the yellow flowers which shone everywhere in the fields, just as they used to do when she was young. The world grew young again to her, and she said, "It is a blessed day out here to-day!"

The forest still wore its brown-green dress, made of busk and thyme was already there, fresh and fragrant; there were violets in plenty, anemones and primroses came forth, and there was sap and strength in every blade of grass. That was a beautiful carpet on which no one could resist sitting down; there accordingly the young spring pair sat hand in hand, sang and smiled, and grew on.

A mild rain fell down upon them from the sky, but they did not notice it, for the rain drops were mingled with their own of joy. They kissed each other, and were betrothed as that should marry, and in the same moment the verdure of the woods was unfolded, and when the sun rose, the forest stood arrayed in green.

And hand in hand the betrothed pair wandered under the pendent ocean of fresh leaves, where the rays of the sun glimmered through the interstices in lovely ever changing hues. What purity, what refreshing balm in the delicate leaves! The lilies and streams rippled clearly and merrily among the green rushes and over the coloured pebbles. All nature seemed to say, "There is plenty, and there shall be plenty always!" As the cuckoo sang and the lark carolled, it was a charming scene; but the willows had woolly gloves over their blossoms: they were desperately careful, and that is wearisome.

And days went by and weeks went by, and the heat came that were whirling down. Hot waves of air came through the trees that became yellower and yellower. The white water-lily on the North spread its great green leaves over the glassy mirror of the woodland lakes, and the fishes sought out the shady spots beneath; and at the sheltered side of the wood, where the sun shone down upon the walls of the farm-house, warming the vines and roses, and the cherry trees, which hung full of juicy berries, almost hot with the fierce beams, there sat the love of Summer, the same being whom we have seen as a child, as a bride; and her glance was fixed upon the black gaps in the clouds, which in wavy outlines—blue-black and heavy—were piling themselves up, like mountains, higher and higher. They came from three sides, and growing like a petrified sea, they were swooping towards the forest, where every sound had been silenced as if by magic. Every breath of air was hushed, every bird mute. There was a seriousness, a suspense, throughout all; but in the highways and lanes, foot passengers, and riders in carriages were hurrying on to get under shelter. Suddenly there was a flashing of light, as if the sun were coming forth—flaming, burning, all-devouring! And the darkness was ended amid a rolling crash. The rain poured down in a deluge, was alternate darkness and blinding light, all was a deafening clamour. The young, brown, feathered

woods were hidden in a mist of waters, and still came darkness and light, and still silence and roaring followed one another, the grass and corn lay beaten down and swamped, looking as though they could never raise themselves again. But soon the rain fell only in gentle drops, the sun peered through the clouds, the water-drops glittered like pearls on the leaves, the birds sang, the fishes leaped up from the surface of the lake, the gnats danced in the sunshine, and yonder on the rock, in the salt heaving sea-water, sat Summer himself—a strong man with sturdy limbs and long dripping hair—there he sat, strengthened by the cool bath, in the warm sunshine. All nature round about was renewed, everything stood luxuriant, strong, and beautiful; it was summer, warm, lovely summer.

And pleasant and sweet was the fragrance that streamed upwards from the rich clover-field, where the bees swarmed round the old ruined place of meeting; the bramble wound itself around the altar stone, which, washed by the rain, glittered in the sunshine, and thither flew the Queen bee with her swarm, and prepared wax and honey. Only Summer saw it, he and his strong wife; for them the altar table stood covered with the offerings of nature.

And the evening sky shone like gold, shone as no church dome can shine; and in the interval between the evening and the morning red there was moonlight—it was summer.

And days went by, and weeks went by. The bright scythes of the reapers gleamed in the corn-fields; the branches of the apple trees bent down, heavy with red-and-yellow fruit. The hops smelt sweetly, hanging in large clusters; and under the hazel bushes where hung great bunches of nuts, rested a man and woman—Summer and his quiet consort.

"What wealth!" exclaimed the woman. "all around a blessing is diffused, everywhere the scene looks homelike and good; and yet—I know not why—I long for peace and rest—I know not how to express it. Now they are already ploughing again in the field. The people want to gain more and more. See, the storks flock together, and follow at a little distance behind the plough—the bird of Egypt that carried us through the air. Do you remember how we came as children to this land of the North? We brought with us flowers, and pleasant sunshine, and green to the woods; the wind has treated them roughly, and they have become dark and brown like the trees of the South, but they do not, like them, bear fruit."

"Do you wish to see the golden fruit?" said Summer. "then rejoice."

And he lifted his arm, and the leaves of the forest put on hues of red and gold, and beautiful tints spread over all the woodland. The rose bush gleamed with scarlet hips; the elder branches hung down with great heavy bunches of dark berries;

the wild chestnuts fell ripe from their dark husks; and in the depths of the forests the violets bloomed for the second time.

But the Queen of the Year became more and more silent, as paler and paler.

"It blows cold," she said, "and night brings damp mists. I long for the land of my childhood."

And she saw the storks fly away, one and all; and she stretched forth her hand towards them. She looked up at the nests, which stood empty. In one of them the long stalked corn-flower was growing; in another, the yellow mustard-seed, as if the nest were only there for its protection, and the Sparrows were flying up into the storks' nests.

"Pierp! where has the master gone? I suppose he can't bear it when the wind blows, and that therefore he has left the country. I wish him a pleasant journey!"

The forest leaves became more and more yellow, leaf fell down upon leaf, and the stormy winds of autumn howled. The year was now far advanced, and the Queen of the Year reclined upon the fallen yellow leaves, and looked with mild eyes at the gleaming star, and her husband stood by her. A gust swept through the leaves, which fell again in a shower, and the Queen was gone, but a butterfly, the last of the season, fluttered through the cold air.

The wet fogs came, an icy wind blew, and the long dark nights drew on apace. The Ruler of the Year stood there with locks white as snow, but he knew not it was his hair that gleamed so white—he thought snow-flakes were falling from the clouds; and soon a thin covering of snow was spread over the fields.

And then the church bells rang for the Christmas-time.

"The bells ring for the new-born," said the Ruler of the Year.

"Soon the new King and Queen will be born; and I shall go to rest, as my wife has done—to rest in the gleaming star."

And in the fresh green fir wood, where the snow lay, stood the Angel of Christmas, and consecrated the young trees that were to adorn his feast.

"May there be joy in the room and under the green boughs," said the Ruler of the Year. In a few weeks he had become a very old man, white as snow. "My time for rest draws near, and the young pair of the year shall now receive my crown and sceptre."

"But the might is still thine," said the Angel of Christmas; "the might and not the rest. Let the snow lie warmly upon the young seed. Learn to bear it, that another receives homage while thou yet reignest. Learn to bear being forgotten while yet alive. The hour of thy release will come when spring appears."

"And when will spring come?" asked Winter.

"It will come when the stork returns."

And with white locks and snowy beard, cold, bent, and hoary,

but strong as the wintry storm and firm as ice, old Winter sat on the snowy drift on the hill, looking towards the south, where he had before sat and gazed. The ice cracked, the snow creaked, the skaters skimmed to and fro on the smooth lakes, ravens and crows contrasted picturesquely with the white ground, and not a breath of wind stirred. And in the quiet air old Winter clenched his fists, and the ice was fathoms thick between land and land.

Then the Sparrows came again out of the town and asked, "Who is that old man yonder?"

And the Raven sat there again, or a son of his, which comes to quite the same thing, and answered them and said, "It is Winter the old man of the last year. He is not dead as the almanack says, but he is the guardian of Spring, who is coming."

"When will the spring come?" asked the Sparrows. "Then we shall have good times and a better rule. The old one was worth nothing."

And Winter nodded in quiet thought at the leafless forest where every tree showed the graceful form and bend of its twigs, and during the winter sleep the icy mists of the clouds came down, and the ruler dreamed of his youthful days and of the time of his manhood, and towards the morning dawn the whole world was clothed in glittering hoar frost. That was the summer dream of Winter, and the sun scattered the hoar frost from the boughs.

"When will spring come?" asked the Sparrows.

"The spring!" sounded like an echo from the hills on which the snow lay. The sun shone warmer, the snow melted, and the birds twittered, "Spring is coming!"

And aloft through the air came the first stork, and the second followed him. A lovely child sat on the back of each, and they alighted on the field, kissed the earth, and kissed the old alert man, and he disappeared, shrouded in the clouds' mist. And the story of the year was done.

"That is all very well," said the Sparrows, "it is very beautiful too, but it is not according to the almanack, and therefore it is irregular."

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THE RACERS.



PRIZE, or rather two prizes, had been appointed—a great one and a little one—for the greatest swiftness not in a single race, but for swiftness throughout an entire year.

"I got the first prize!" said the Hare. "there must be justice when relations and good friends are among the prize competitors."

"I should certainly have voted for myself, if I had not been among the judges," said the Mule, who had been one of the committee. "One must not only consider the rapidity of advance but every other quality also that is found—as for example, how much a candidate is able to draw—but I would not have put the prominently forward this time, nor the sagacity of the Hare in his flight, or the cunning with which he suddenly takes a leap to one side to bring people on a false track, so that they may not know where he has hidden himself. No, there is something else on which many lay great stress, and which one may not leave out of the calculation. I mean what is called the beauty. Now the beautiful particularly in my eyes. I looked at the beautiful well-grown ears of the Hare. It is quite a pleasure to see how long they are—it almost seemed to me as if I saw myself in the days of my childhood. And we voted for the Hare."

"But," said the Fly, "I'm not going to ask if I'm only going to say that I have overtaken more than one Hare. Quite lately I creased the hind legs of one. I was sitting on the engine of a railway train. I often do that for it is no carter's work or a man's business. As my Hare ran for a prize I was in front of the engine, he had no idea that I was present. He was obliged to give in and spring aside, and this springing, of course, crushed his hind legs, for I was upon it. The Hare, as the crowd told me, was certainly very fast, but I was not going to let him count upon getting the prize."

"It certainly appears to me," thought the White Mouse, "that the rabbit was a fast runner, but I don't know how to give him up now. It would have been quite as well if the hare had done so. It appears to me that the southern ought to have had the first prize and the second too. The southern flies with immense rapidity along the enormous push from the sun to ourselves, and arrives in such strength that a creature awakes as if such brains could possess that all we busy heads and brains are from a mere purpose. Our wonderful judges do not appear to have noticed that at all. If I were the southern, I would give up the idea of a prize, but that would only make them real and that they are as firm as things stand. I say nothing," thought the White Mouse, "May peace reign in the forest. It is pleasant to be as one to person, and to live to live as song and legend. The southern would not be at all."

"What is the best prize?" asked the Earthworm, who had overstepped the time, and now came up now.

"It consists in a free admission to a college garden," replied the Mule. "I perceived that as the prize. The Hare was obliged to have won it, and therefore I as an agreeable referee of members took especial notice of the actual age of him who was to get it. Now the Hare is provided for. The crowd may not get the prize and in a up some and making and for many long."

Poor little Eliza stood in the peasant's room and played with a green leaf, for she had no other playthings. And she pricked a hole in the leaf, and looked through it up at the sun, and it seemed to her that she saw her brothers' clear eyes; each time the warm sun shone upon her cheeks she thought of all the kisses they had given her.

Each day passed just like the rest. When the wind swept through the great rose hedges outside the house, it seemed to whisper to them, "What can be more beautiful than you?" But the roses shook their heads and answered, "Eliza!" And when the old woman sat in front of her door on Sunday and read in her hymn-book, the wind turned the leaves and said to the book, "Who can be more pious than you?" and the hymn-book said, "Eliza!" And what the rose bushes and the hymn book said was the simple truth.

When she was fifteen years old she was to go home. And when the Queen saw how beautiful she was, she became spiteful and filled with hatred towards her. She would have been glad to change her into a wild swan, like her brothers, but she did not dare to do so at once, because the King wished to see his daughter.

Early in the morning the Queen went into the bath, which was built of white marble, and decked with soft cushions and the most splendid tapestry; and she took three toads and kissed them, and said to the first,

"Sit upon Eliza's head when she comes into the bath, that she may become as stupid as you.—Seat yourself upon her fore head," she said to the second, "that she may become as ugly as you, and her father may not know her—Rest on her heart," she whispered to the third, "that she may receive an evil mind and suffer pain from it."

Then she put the toads into the clear water, which at once assumed a green colour; and calling Eliza, caused her to undress and step into the water. And while Eliza dived, one of the toads sat upon her hair, and the second on her forehead, and the third on her heart; but she did not seem to notice it, and as soon as she rose, three red poppies were floating on the water. If the creatures had not been poisonous, and if the witch had not kissed them, they would have been changed into red roses. But at any rate they became flowers, because they had rested on the girl's head, and forehead, and heart. She was too good and innocent for sorcery to have power over her.

When the wicked Queen saw that, she rubbed Eliza with walnut juice, so that the girl became dark brown, and smeared a hurtful ointment on her face, and let her beautiful hair hang in confusion. It was quite impossible to recognise the pretty Eliza.

When her father saw her he was much shocked, and declared this was not his daughter. No one but the yard dog and the

her long hair, she went to the bubbling spring, drank out of her hollow hand, and then wandered far into the wood, not knowing whither she went. She thought of her dear brothers, and thought that Heaven would certainly not forsake her. It is God who lets the wild apples grow, to satisfy the hungry. He showed her a wild apple tree, with the boughs bending under the weight of the fruit. Here she took her midday meal, placing props under the boughs, and then went into the darkest part of the forest. There it was so still that she could hear her own footsteps, as well as the rustling of every dry leaf which bent under her feet. Not one bird was to be seen, not one ray of sunlight could find its way through the great dark boughs of the trees, the lofty trunks stood so close together, that when she looked before her it appeared as though she were surrounded by sets of palings one behind the other. Oh, here was a solitude such as she had never before known!

The night came on quite dark. Not a single glowworm now gleamed in the grass. Sorrowfully she lay down to sleep. Then it seemed to her as if the branches of the trees parted above her head, and mild eyes of angels looked down upon her from on high.

When the morning came, she did not know if it really had been so or if she had dreamed it.

She went a few steps forward, and then she met an old woman with berries in her basket, and the old woman gave her a few of them. Eliza asked the dame if she had not seen eleven Princes riding through the wood.

"No," replied the old woman, "but yesterday I saw eleven swans swimming in the river close by, with golden crowns on their heads."

And she led Eliza a short distance farther, to a declivity, and at the foot of the slope a little river wound its way. The trees on its margin stretched their long leafy branches across towards each other, and where their natural growth would not allow them to come together, the roots had been torn out of the ground, and hung, intermingled with the branches, over the water.

Eliza said farewell to the old woman, and went beside the river to the place where the stream flowed out to the great open ocean.

The whole glorious sea lay before the young girl's eyes, but not one sail appeared on its surface, and not a boat was to be seen. How was she to proceed? She looked at the innumerable little pebbles on the shore, the water had worn them all round. Glass, ironstones, everything was there that had received its shape from the water, which was much softer than even her delicate hand.

"It rolls on unwearely, and thus what is hard becomes smooth. I will be just as unweared. Thanks for your lesson,

and the high church tower, beneath whose shade our mother lies buried. Here it seems to us as though the bushes and trees were our relatives; here the wild horses career across the steppe, as we have seen them do in our childhood; here the charcoal-burner sings the old songs to which we danced as children, here is our fatherland; hither we feel ourselves drawn, and here we have found you, our dear little sister. Two days more we may stay here; then we must away across the sea to a glorious land, but which is not our native land. How can we bear you away? for we have neither ship nor boat."

"In what way can I release you?" asked the sister, and they conversed nearly the whole night, only slumbering for a few hours.

She was awakened by the rustling of the swans' wings above her head. Her brothers were again enchanted, and they flew in wide circles and at last far away, but one of them, the youngest, remained behind, and the swan laid his head in her lap, and she stroked his wings, and the whole day they remained together. Towards evening the others came back, and when the sun had gone down they stood there in their own shapes.

"To-morrow we fly far away from here, and cannot come back until a whole year has gone by. But we cannot leave you thus! Have you courage to come with us? My arm is strong enough to carry you in the wood; and should not all our wings be strong enough to fly with you over the sea?"

"Yes, take me with you," said Eliza.

The whole night they were occupied in weaving a net of the pliable willow bark and tough reeds, and it was great and strong. On this net Eliza lay down; and when the sun rose, and her brothers were changed into wild swans, they seized the net with their beaks, and flew with their beloved sister, who was still asleep, high up towards the clouds. The sunbeams fell exactly upon her face, so one of the swans flew over her head, that his broad wings might overshadow her.

They were far away from the shore when Eliza awoke: she was still dreaming, so strange did it appear to her to be carried high through the air and over the sea. By her side lay a branch with beautiful ripe berries and a bundle of sweet-tasting roots. The youngest of the brothers had collected them and placed them there for her. She smiled at him thankfully, for she recognized him; he it was who flew over her and shaded her with his wings.

They were so high that the greatest ship they descried beneath them seemed like a white seagull lying upon the waters. A great cloud stood behind them—it was a perfect mountain; and upon it Eliza saw her own shadow and those of the eleven swans, there they flew on, gigantic in size. Here was a picture, a more splendid one than she had ever yet seen. But as the sun rose higher and the cloud was left farther behind them, the floating shadowy images vanished away.

The whole day they flew onward through the air, like a whirling arrow, but their flight was slower than it was wont to be, for they had their sister to carry. Bad weather came on; the evening drew near; Eliza looked anxiously at the setting sun, for the lonely rock in the ocean could not be seen. It seemed to her as if the swans beat the air more strongly with their wings. Alas! she was the cause that they did not advance fast enough. When the sun went down, they must become men and fall into the sea and drown. Then she prayed a prayer from the depths of her heart; but still she could descry no rock. The dark clouds came nearer in a great black threatening body, rolling forward like a mass of lead, and the lightning burst forth, flash upon flash.

Now the sun just touched the margin of the sea. Eliza's heart trembled. Then the swans darted downwards, so swiftly that thought they were falling, but they paused again. The sun half hidden below the water. And now for the first time she saw the little rock beneath her, and it looked no larger than a might look, thrusting his head forth from the water. The rock sank very fast; at last it appeared only like a star; and then foot touched the firm land. The sun was extinguished like a last spark in a piece of burned paper, her brothers were stand around her, arm in arm, but there was not more than just enough room for her and for them. The sea beat against the rock as if it went over her like small rain; the sky glowed in continual fire and peal on peal the thunder rolled; but sister and brothers held each other by the hand and sang psalms, from which they gained comfort and courage.

In the morning twilight the air was pure and calm. As soon as the sun rose the swans flew away with Eliza from the island. The sea still ran high, and when they soared up aloft, the white foam looked like millions of white swans swimming upon the water.

When the sun mounted higher, Eliza saw before her, as if floating in the air, a mountainous country with shining masses of ice on its water, and in the midst of it rose a castle, apparently a mile long, with row above row of elegant columns, while beneath waved the palm woods and bright flowers as large as mill-wheels. She asked if this was the country to which they were bound; but the swans shook their heads, for what she beheld was the gorgeous ever-changing palace of Fata Morgana, and into this they might bring no human being. As Eliza gazed at it, mountains, woods and castle fell down, and twenty proud churches, all nearly alike, with high towers and pointed windows, stood before them. She fancied she heard the organs sounding, but it was the sea she heard. When she was quite near the churches they changed to a fleet sailing beneath her, but when she looked down it was only a sea-mist gliding over the ocean. Thus she had a continual change before her eyes, till at last she saw the real land to which

they were bound. There arose the most glorious blue mountains, with cedar forests, cities, and palaces. Long before the sun went down she sat on the rock, in front of a great cave overgrown with delicate green trailing plants looking like embroidered carpets.

"Now we shall see what you will dream of here to-night," said the youngest brother; and he showed her to her bed-chamber.

"Heaven grant that I may dream of a way to release you," she replied.

And this thought possessed her mightily, and she prayed ardently for help; yes, even in her sleep she continued to pray. Then it seemed to her as if she were flying high in the air to the cloudy palace of Fata Morgana; and the fairy came out to meet her, beautiful and radiant; and yet the fairy was quite like the old woman who had given her the berries in the wood, and had told her of the swans with golden crowns on their heads.

"Your brothers can be released," said she. "But have you courage and perseverance? Certainly, water is softer than your delicate hands, and yet it changes the shape of stones; but it feels not the pain that your fingers will feel; it has no heart, and cannot suffer the agony and torment you will have to endure. Do you see the stinging-nettle which I hold in my hand? Many of the same kind grow around the cave in which you sleep: those only, and those that grow upon churchyard graves, are serviceable, remember that. Those you must pluck, though they will burn your hands into blisters. Break these nettles to pieces with your feet, and you will have flax, of this you must plait and weave eleven shirts of mail with long sleeves: throw these over the eleven swans, and the charm will be broken. But recollect well, from the moment you begin this work until it is finished, even though it should take years to accomplish, you must not speak. The first word you utter will pierce your brothers' hearts like a deadly dagger. Their lives hang on your tongue. Remember all this!"

And she touched her hand with the nettle; it was like a burning fire, and Elza woke with the smart. It was broad daylight; and close by the spot where she had slept lay a nettle like the one she had seen in her dream. She fell upon her knees and prayed gratefully, and went forth from the cave to begin her work.

With her delicate hands she groped among the ugly nettles. These stung like fire, burning great blisters on her arms and hands, but she thought she would bear it gladly if she could only release her dear brothers. Then she bruised every nettle with her bare feet and plaited the green flax.

When the sun had set her brothers came, and they were frightened when they found her dumb. They thought it was some new sorcery of their wicked stepmother's; but when they saw her hands, they understood what she was doing for their sake,

and the youngest brother wept. And where his tears dropped she felt no pain, and the burning blisters vanished.

She passed the night at her work, for she could not sleep till she had delivered her dear brothers. The whole of the following day, while the swans were away, she sat in solitude, but never had time flown so quickly with her as now. One shirt of mail was already finished, and now she began the second.

Then a hunting-horn sounded among the hills, and she was struck with fear. The noise came nearer and nearer; she heard the barking dogs, and timidly she fled into the cave, bound into a bundle the nettles she had collected and prepared, and sat upon the bundle.

Immediately a great dog came bounding out of the ravine, and then another, and another they barked loudly, ran back, and then came again. Only a few minutes had gone before all the huntsmen stood before the cave, and the handsomest of them was the King of the country. He came forward to *Eliza*, for he had never seen a more beautiful maiden.

"How did you come hither, you delighted child?" he asked.

Eliza shook her head, for she might not speak—it would cost her brothers their deliverance and their lives. And she hid her hands under her apron, so that the King might not see what she was suffering.

"Come with me," said he. "You cannot stop here. If you are as good as you are beautiful, I will dress you in velvet and silk, and place the golden crown on your head, and you shall dwell in my richest castle, and rule."

And then he lifted her on his horse. She wept and wrung her hands; but the King said,

"I only wish for your happiness: one day you will thank me for this."

And then he galloped away among the mountains with her on his horse, and the hunters galloped at their heels.

When the sun went down, the fair regal city lay before them, with its churches and cupolas; and the King led her into the castle, where great fountains plashed in the lofty marble halls, and where walls and ceilings were covered with glorious pictures. But she had no eyes for all this—she only wept and mourned. Passively she let the women put royal robes upon her, and weave pearls in her hair, and draw dainty gloves over her blistered fingers.

When she stood there in full array, she was dazzlingly beautiful, so that the Court bowed deeper than ever. And the King chose her for his bride, although the archbishop shook his head and whispered that the beautiful fresh maid was certainly a witch, who blinded the eyes and led astray the heart of the King.

the King gave no ear to this, but ordered that the music
the costliest dishes should be served, and the

most beautiful maidens should dance before them. And she was led through fragrant gardens into gorgeous halls; but never a smile came upon her lips or shone in her eyes there she stood, a picture of grief. Then the King opened a little chamber close by, where she was to sleep. This chamber was decked with splendid green tapestry, and completely resembled the cave in which she had been. On the floor lay the bundle of flax which she had prepared from the nettles, and under the ceiling hung the shirt of mail she had completed. All these things one of the huntsmen had brought with him as curiosities.

"Here you may dream yourself back in your former home," said the King. "Here is the work which occupied you there, and now, in the midst of all your splendour, it will amuse you to think of that time."

When Eliza saw this that lay so near her heart, a smile played round her mouth and the crimson blood came back into her cheeks. She thought of her brothers' deliverance, and kissed the King's hand, and he pressed her to his heart, and caused the marriage feast to be announced by all the church bells. The beautiful dumb girl out of the wood became the Queen of the country.

Then the archbishop whispered evil words into the King's ear, but they did not sink into the King's heart. The marriage was to take place; the archbishop himself was obliged to place the crown on her head, and with wicked spite he pressed the narrow circlet so tightly upon her brow that it pained her. But a heavier ring lay close around her heart—sorrow for her brothers, she did not feel the bodily pain. Her mouth was dumb, for a single word would cost her brothers their lives, but her eyes glowed with love for the kind, handsome King, who did everything to rejoice her. She loved him with her whole heart, more and more every day. Oh that she had been able to confide in him and tell him of her grief! But she was compelled to be dumb, and finish her work in silence. Therefore at night she crept away from his side, and went quietly into the little chamber which was decorated like the cave, and wove one shirt of mail after another. But when she began the seventh she had no flax left.

She knew that in the churchyard nettles were growing that she could use; but she must pluck them herself, and how was she to go out there?

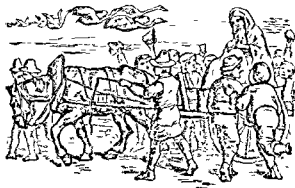
"Oh, what is the pain in my fingers to the torment my heart endures?" thought she. "I must venture it, and help will not be denied me!"

With a trembling heart, as though the deed she purposed doing had been evil, she crept into the garden in the moonlight night, and went through the lanes and through the deserted streets to the churchyard. There, on one of the broadest tombstones, she saw sitting a circle of vampires. These hideous wretches took

resumed her work and prayed. The street boys sang jeering songs about her, and not a soul comforted her with a kind word.

But towards evening there came the whirring of swans' wings close by the grating—it was the youngest of her brothers. He had found his sister, and she sobbed aloud with joy, though she knew that the approaching night would probably be the last she had to live. But now the work was almost finished, and her brothers were here.

Now came the archbishop, to stay with her in her last hour, for he had promised the king to do so. And she shook her head, and with looks and gestures she begged him to depart, for in this night she must finish her work, or else all would be in vain, all



Eliza carried to Execution

her tears, her pain, and her sleepless nights. The archbishop withdrew uttering evil words against her; but poor Eliza knew she was innocent, and continued her work.

It was still twilight, nor till an hour afterwards would the sun rise. And the eleven brothers stood at the castle gate, and demanded to be brought before the King. That could not be, they were told, for it was still almost night; the King was asleep, and might not be disturbed. They begged, they threatened, and the sentries came, yes, even the King himself came out, and asked what was the meaning of this. At that moment the sun rose, and no more were the brothers to be seen, but eleven wild swans flew away over the castle.

All the people came flocking out at the town gate, for they



The Man and the Washwoman

—all his own work, certainly he had given himself a slight cut, but he had stuck a bit of newspaper on the place.

"Harkye, youngster!" he cried.

The youngster in question was no other than the son of the poor washwoman, who was just going past the house, and he pulled off his cap respectfully. The peak of the said cap was

broken in the middle, for the cap was arranged so that it could be rolled up and crammed into his pocket. In his poor but clean and well-mended attire, with heavy wooden shoes on his feet, the boy stood there, as humble and abashed as if he stood opposite the King himself.

"You're a good boy," said Mr. Mayor. "You're a civil boy. I suppose your mother is rinsing clothes down yonder in the river? I suppose you are to carry that thing to your mother that you have in your pocket? That's a bad affair with your mother. How much have you got in it?"

"Half a quartern," stammered the boy, in a frightened voice.

"And this morning she had just as much," the mayor continued.

"No," replied the boy, "it was yesterday."

"Two halves make a whole. She's good for nothing! It's a sad thing with that kind of people! Tell your mother that she ought to be ashamed of herself, and mind you don't become a drunkard—but you will become one, though. Poor child—there, go!"

Accordingly the boy went on his way. He kept his cap in his hand, and the wind played with his yellow hair, so that great locks of it stood up straight. He turned down by the street corner, into the little lane that led to the river, where his mother stood by the washing bench, beating the heavy linen with the mallet. The water rolled quickly along, for the flood gates at the mill had been drawn up, and the sheets were caught by the stream, and threatened to overturn the bench. The washer-woman was obliged to lean against the bench to support it.

"I was very nearly sailing away," she said. "It is a good thing that you are come, for I have need to return to my work in time. For six hours I've been standing in the water. Have you brought anything for me?"

The boy produced the bottle, and the mother put it to her mouth and took a little.

"Oh, how that revives one!" said she. "how it warms! It is very good for a dry neck, and not so dear. And you are boy! you are a good boy! You are shivering in your thin clothes—to be sure, but I shall not be that. Give me a little more. You are not to have a pottle, but only a little sip, for you must not give it all to me, my poor dear child."

And she tipped up to the bridge on which the boy stood, and the water dripped from the straw running shoe that she had on, and from her gown.

"and hold as much as ever I can," she said. "I shall do it, if I can only manage to bring you up honestly and lawfully."

While a somewhat older woman came towards them

She was poor enough to behold, lame of one leg, and with a large false curl hanging down over one of her eyes, which was a blind one. The curl was intended to cover the eye, but it only made the defect more striking. This was a friend of the laundress. She was called among the neighbours, "Lame Martha with the curl."

"Oh, you poor thing! How you work standing there in the water!" cried the visitor. "You really require something to warm you; and yet malicious folks cry out about the few drops you take!"

And in a few minutes' time the mayor's late speech was reported to the laundress, for Martha had heard it all, and she had been angry that a man could speak as he had done to a woman's own child, about the few drops the mother took, and she was the more angry, because the mayor on that very day was giving a great feast, at which wine was drunk by the bottle—good wine, strong wine.

"A good many will take more than they need—but that's not called drinking. *They* are good, but *you* are good for nothing!" cried Martha, indignantly.

"Ah, so he spoke to you, my child?" said the washerwoman; and her lips trembled as she spoke. "So he says you have a mother who is good for nothing? Well, perhaps he's right, but he should not have said it to the child. Still, I have had much misfortune from that house."

"You were in service there when the mayor's parents were alive, and lived in that house. That is many years ago—many bushels of salt have been eaten since then, and we may well be thirsty," and Martha smiled. "The mayor has a great dinner party to-day. The guests were to have been put off, but it was too late, and the dinner was already cooked. The footman told me about it. A letter came a little while ago, to say that the younger brother had died in Copenhagen."

"Died!" repeated the laundress—and she became pale as death.

"Yes, certainly," said Martha. "Do you take that so much to heart? Well, you must have known him years ago, when you were in service in the house."

"Is he dead? He was such a good, worthy man! There are not many like him." And the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Good gracious! everything is whirling around me—it was too much for me. I feel quite ill." And she leaned against the plank.

"Good gracious, you are ill indeed!" exclaimed the other woman. "Come, come, it will pass over presently. But no, you really look seriously ill. The best thing will be for me to lead you home."

"But my linen yonder—"

"I will take care of that. Come, give me your arm. The boy

SHE WAS GOOD FOR NOTHING.

can stay here and take care of it, and I'll come back and finish the washing, that's only a trifle."

The laundress's limbs shook under her. "I've stood too long in the cold water," she said faintly, "and I have eaten and drunk nothing since this morning. The fever is in my bones. O kind Heaven, help me to get home! My poor child!" And she burst into tears.

The boy wept too, and soon he was sitting alone by the river, beside the damp linen. The two women could make only slow progress. The laundress dragged her weary limbs along, and tottered through the lane and round the corner into the street where stood the house of the mayor, and just in front of his mansion she sank down on the pavement. Many people assembled round her, and lame Martha ran into the house to get help. The mayor and his guests came to the window.

"That's the washerwoman," he said. "She has taken a glass too much. She is good for nothing. It's a pity for the pretty son she has. I really like the child very well, but the mother is good for nothing."

Presently the laundress came to herself, and they led her into her poor dwelling, and put her to bed. Kind Martha heated a mug of beer for her, with butter and sugar, which she considered the best medicine, and then she hastened to the river, and rinsed the linen—badly enough, though her will was good. Strictly speaking, she drew it ashore, wet as it was, and laid it in a basket.

Towards evening she was sitting in the poor little room with the laundress. The mayor's cook had given her some roasted potatoes and a fine piece of fat ham, for the sick woman, and Martha and the boy discussed these viands while the patient enjoyed the smell, which she pronounced very nourishing.

And presently the boy was put to bed, in the same bed in which his mother lay, but he slept at her feet, covered with an old quilt made up of blue and white patches. Soon the patient felt a little better. The warmed beer had strengthened her, and the fragrance of the provisions pleased her also.

"Thanks, you kind soul," she said to Martha. "I will tell you all when the boy is asleep. I think he has dropped off already. How gentle and good he looks as he lies there with his eyes closed. He does not know what his mother has suffered, and Heaven grant that he may never know it. I was in service a long time, the father of the mayor. It happened that the youngest of the sons the student, and home. I was young then, a wild girl but honest that I may tell you in the face of Heaven. The student was merry and kind, good and brave. I very dearly loved him. He was the son of the house, and I was

a maid, but we formed an attachment to each other, honestly and honourably. And he told his mother of it, for she was in his eyes as a Deity on earth; and she was wise and gentle. He went away on a journey, but before he started he put his gold ring on my finger; and directly he was gone my mistress called me. With a firm yet gentle seriousness she spoke to me, and it seemed as if Wisdom itself were speaking. She showed me clearly, in spirit and in truth, the difference there was between him and me.

"Now he is charmed with your pretty appearance," she said, "but your good looks will leave you. You have not been educated as he has. You are not equals in mind, and there is the misfortune. I respect the poor," she continued "in the sight of God they may occupy a higher place than many a rich man can fill, but here on earth we must beware of entering a false track as we go onward, or our carriage is upset, and we are thrown into the road. I know that a worthy man wishes to marry you—an artisan—I mean Erich the glovemake. He is a widower without children, and is well to do. Think it over."

"Every word she spoke cut into my heart like a knife, but I knew that my mistress was right, and that knowledge weighed heavily upon me. I kissed her hand, and wept bitter tears, and I wept still more when I went into my room and threw myself on my bed. It was a heavy night that I had to pass through. Heaven knows what I suffered and how I wrestled! The next Sunday I went to the Lord's house to pray for strength and for guidance. It seemed like a Providence, that as I stepped out of church Erich came towards me. And now there was no longer a doubt in my mind. We were suited to each other in rank and in means, and he was even then a thriving man. Therefore I went up to him, took his hand, and said, 'Are you still of the same mind towards me?' 'Yes, ever and always,' he replied. 'Will you marry a girl who honours and respects, but who does not love you—though that may come later?' I asked again. 'Yes, it will come!' he answered. And upon this we joined hands. I went home to my mistress. I wore the gold ring that her son had given me at my heart. I could not put it on my finger in the day-time, but only in the evening when I went to bed. I kissed the ring again and again, till my lips almost bled, and then I gave it to my mistress; and told her the banns were to be put up next week for me and the glovemake. Then my mistress put her arms round me and kissed me. *She* did not say that I was good for nothing; but perhaps I was better then than I am now, though the misfortunes of life had not yet found me out. In a few weeks we were married; and for the first year the world went well with us: we had a journeyman and an apprentice, and you, Martha, lived with us as our servant."

"Oh, you were a dear, good mistress," cried Martha. "Never shall I forget how kind you and your husband were!"

one of the delicate feathery darts that form its downy tassel, be blown away. She now produced it, quite uninjured, admired its beautiful form, its peculiar construction, and its beauty, which was to be scattered by the wind.

"Look, with what singular beauty Providence has provided," she said. "I will paint it, together with the Apple Branch, and the beauty all have admired; but this humble flower has been just as much from Heaven in a different way; and, as they are, both are children of the kingdom of beauty."

And the Sunbeam kissed the humble flower, and the blooming Apple Branch, whose leaves appeared covered with roseate blush.

EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

IT is more than a hundred years ago. Behind the wood, by the great lake, stood a baronial mansion. Round about it lay a deep garden, which grew reeds and grass. Close by the bridge, at the entrance-gate, rose an old willow tree that bent over the water.

Up from the hollow lane sounded the clang of hoofs, the trampling of horses; therefore the little girl who kept the bridge, hastened to drive her charges away from the bridge, and her hunting company should come galloping up. They came with such speed that the girl was obliged to climb up the bridge, and perch herself on the coping-stone of the bridge, lest she should be ridden down. She was still half a child, and had a pretty figure, and a gentle expression in her face, with clear eyes. The noble baron took no note of this, but as he galloped over the little goose-herd, he reversed the whip he held in his hand, and in rough sport gave her such a push in the chest, that she fell backwards into the ditch.

"Everything in its place!" he cried; "into the place you belong!" And he laughed aloud, for this was intended for a joke. The company joined in his mirth: the whole party shouted and laughed, and the dogs barked their loudest.

Fortunately for herself, the poor girl in falling seized the hanging branches of the willow tree, by means of which she was herself suspended over the muddy water, and as soon as the baron and his company had disappeared through the castle gate, she broke

was the hand of a pedlar, who had seen from a short distance what had happened, and who now hurried up to give aid.

"Everything in its right place!" he said, mimicking the gracious baron; and he drew the little maiden up to the firm ground. He would have restored the broken branch to the place from which it had been torn, but "everything in its place" cannot always be managed, and therefore he stuck the piece in the ground. "Grow and prosper till you can furnish a good flute for them up yonder," he said; for he would have liked to play the "rogue's march" for my lord the baron and my lord's whole family. And then he betook himself to the castle, but not into the ancestral hall, he was too humble for that. He went to the servants' quarters, and the men and maids turned over his stock of goods, and bargained with him, and from above, where the guests were at table, came a sound of roaring and screaming that was intended for song, and indeed they did their best. Loud laughter, mingled with the barking and howling of dogs, sounded through the windows, for there was feasting and carousing up yonder. Wipe and strong old ale foamed in the jugs and glasses, and the dogs sat with their masters and dined with them. They had the pedlar summoned upstairs, but only to make fun of him. The wine had mounted into their heads, and the sense had flown out. They poured wine into a stocking, that the pedlar might drink with them, but that he must drink quickly; that was considered a rare jest, and was a cause of fresh laughter. And then whole farms, with oxen and peasants too, were staked on a card, and lost and won.

"Everything in its right place!" said the pedlar, when he had made his escape out of what he called "the Sodom and Gomorrah up yonder." "The open high road is my right place," he said; "I did not feel at all happy there."

And the little maiden who sat keeping the geese nodded at him in a friendly way, as he strode along beside the hedges.

Days and weeks went by; and it became manifest that the branch which the pedlar had stuck into the ground by the castle moat remained fresh and green, and even brought forth new twigs. The little goose-girl saw that the branch must have taken root, and rejoiced greatly at the circumstance; for this tree, she said, was now her tree.

The tree certainly came forward well, but everything else belonging to the castle went very rapidly back, what with feasting and gambling—for these two are like wheels, upon which no man can stand securely.

Six years had not passed away before the noble lord passed out the gate, a beggared man, and the mansion was bought by the castle dealer; and this purchaser was the very man who had made a jest of there, for whom wine had been poured once being; but honesty and industry are good winds to speed into a ship.

mansion, the pedlar and the goose-girl, who had met for time in this spot, and had afterwards become the founders of a noble family to which the young barons belonged.

"They would not be ennobled, the good old folks!" : "They kept to the motto, 'Everything in its right place' accordingly they thought it would be out of place for them to purchase a title with money. My grandfather, the first of the name, was their son. He is said to have been a very learned man, popular with Princes and Princesses, and a frequent guest at Court festivals. The others at home love him best; but, I know how, there seems to be something about that first patriarch which draws my heart towards them. How comfortable, how peaceful it must have been in the old house, where the mistress sat spinning-wheel among her maids, and the old master read from the Bible!"

"They were charming, sensible people," said the clergyman.

And with this the conversation naturally fell upon nobility and noble citizens. The young man scarcely seemed to belong to the class, so well did he speak concerning the purpose and meaning of nobility. He said,

"It is a great thing to belong to a family that has distinguished itself, and thus to have, as it were, in one's blood, a spur which urges one on to make progress in all that is good. It is difficult to have a name that serves as a card of admission in the highest circles. Nobility means that which is great and noble, and it is a coin that has received a stamp to indicate what it is. It is the fallacy of the time, and many poets have frequently maintained this fallacy, that nobility of birth is accompanied by foolishness, and that the lower you go among the poor, the more you do everything around you shine. But that is not my view. I consider it entirely false. In the higher classes many beautiful and kindly traits are found. My mother told me one or two, and I could tell you many others.

"My mother was on a visit to a great family in town. Her grandmother, I think, had been housekeeper to the Countess. The great nobleman and my mother were alone in a room, when the former noticed that an old woman came limping on crutches into the courtyard. Indeed, she was accustomed to come every Sunday, and carry away a gift with her. 'Ah, that is the poor old lady,' said the nobleman. 'walking is a great deal to her;' and before my mother understood what he meant, he had gone out of the room and run down the stairs, to save the old woman the toilsome walk, by carrying to her the gift she came to receive.

"Now that was only a small circumstance, but, like the widow's two mites in the Scripture, it has a sound that finds an echo

the poet should show and point out; especially in these times should he sing of it, for that does good, and pacifies and unites men. But where a bit of mortality, because it has a genealogical tree and a coat of arms, rears up like an Arabian horse, and prances in the street, and says in the room, 'People out of the street have been here,' when a commoner has been—that is nobility in decay, and become a mere mask—a mask of the kind that Thespis created; and people are glad when such an one is turned into satire."

This was the speech of the clergyman's son. It was certainly rather long, but then the flute was being finished while he made it.

At the castle there was a great company. Many guests came from the neighbourhood and from the capital. Many ladies, some tastefully and others tastelessly dressed, were there, and the great hall was quite full of people. The clergymen from the neighbourhood stood respectfully congregated in a corner, which made it look almost as if there were to be a burial there. But it was not so, for this was a party of pleasure, only that the pleasure had not yet begun.

A great concert was to be performed, and consequently the little baron had brought in his willow flute, but he could not get a note out of it, nor could his papa, and therefore the flute was worth nothing. There was instrumental music and song, both of the kind that delight the performers the most—quite charming.

"You are a performer?" said a cavalier—his father's son and nothing else—to the tutor. "You play the flute and make it too—that's genius. That should command, and should have the place of honour."

"No, indeed," replied the young man, "I only advance with the times, as every one is obliged to do."

"Oh, you will enchant us with the little instrument, will you not?"

And with these words he handed to the clergyman's son the flute cut from the willow tree by the pool, and announced aloud that the tutor was about to perform a solo on that instrument.

Now, they only wanted to make fun of him, that was easily seen; and therefore the tutor would not play, though indeed he could do so very well; but they crowded round him and importuned him so strongly, that at last he took the flute and put it to his lips.

That was a wonderful flute! A sound as sustained as that which is emitted by the whistle of a steam engine, and much stronger, echoed far over courtyard, garden, and wood, miles away into the country, and simultaneously with the tone came a rushing wind that roared, "Everything in its right place!" And papa flew as if carried by the wind straight out of the hall and into the shepherd's cot; and the shepherd flew, not into the

hall, for there he could not come—no, but into the room of the servants, among the smart lackeys who trotted about there in silk stockings; and the proud servants were struck motionless with horror at the thought that such a personage dared to sit down to table with them.

But in the hall the young baroness flew up to the place of honour at the top of the table, where she was worthy to sit; and the young clergyman's son had a seat next to her; and there the two sat as if they were a newly-married pair. An old Count of one of the most ancient families in the country remained untouched in his place of honour; for the flute was just, as men ought to be. The witty cavalier, the son of his father and nothing else, who had been the cause of the flute-playing, flew head-over-heels into the poultry-house—but not alone.

For a whole mile round about the sounds of the flute were heard, and singular events took place. A rich banker's family, driving along in a coach and four, was blown quite out of the carriage, and could not even find a place on the footboard at the back. Two rich peasants who in our times had grown too high for their corn-fields, were tumbled into the ditch. It was a very dangerous flute, that: luckily, it burst at the first note; and that was a good thing, for then it was put back into the owner's pocket. "Everything in its right place."

The day afterwards not a word was said about this marvellous event; and thence has come the expression, "pocketing the flute." *Everything was in its usual order, only that the two old portraits of the dealer and the goose-girl hung on the wall in the banqueting-hall. They had been blown up yonder, and as one of the real connoisseurs said they had been painted by a master's hand, they remained where they were, and were restored. "Everything in its right place."*

And to that it will come; for *kerraffer* is long—longer than this story.

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER.

THERE was once a regular student: he lived in a garret, and nothing at all belonged to him; but there was also once a regular huckster—he lived on the ground floor, and the whole house was his; and the Goblin kept with him, for *on the huckster's table on Christmas Eve there was always a dish of plum porridge, with a great piece of butter floating in the middle.* The huckster could accomplish that, and consequently

*The student's bargain*

the Goblin stuck to the huckster's shop, and that was very interesting.

One evening the student came through the back door to buy candles and cheese for himself. He had no one to send, and that's why he came himself. He procured what he wanted and paid for it, and the huckster and his wife both nodded a "good evening" to him; and the woman was one who could do more than merely nod—she had an immense power of tongue. And the student nodded too, and then suddenly stood still, reading the sheets of paper in which the cheese had been wrapped. It was a leaf torn

out of an old book, a book that ought not to have been a book that was full of poetry.

"Yonder lies some more of the same sort," said the student. "I gave an old woman a little coffee for the books; 1 groschen, and you shall have the remainder."

"Yes," said the student, "give me the book in cheese. I can eat my bread and butter without cheese; but it would be a sin to tear the book up entirely. You are a capital practical man, but you understand no more about books than I do about the cask yonder."

Now, that was an insulting speech, especially toward the huckster, but the huckster laughed and the student laughed, for said in fun. But the Goblin was angry that any one should say such things to a huckster who lived in his own shop and sold the best butter.

When it was night, and the shop was closed and all were asleep, the Goblin came forth, went into the bed-room, and took the good lady's tongue, for she did not want that while she was asleep, and whenever he put this tongue upon any object in the room, the said object acquired speech and language, and could express its thoughts and feelings as well as the lady herself had done; but only one object could use it at a time, and that was a good thing, otherwise they would have interrupted each other.

And the Goblin laid the tongue upon the Cask in which the old newspapers were lying.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you don't know what poetry means?"

"Of course I know it," replied the Cask. "poetry is so common that it always stands at the foot of a column in the new newspaper and is sometimes cut out. I dare swear I have more poetry than the student, and I'm only a poor tub compared with the huckster!"

Then the Goblin put the tongue upon the coffee-mill, and how it began to go! And he put it upon the butter and on the cash-box—they were all of the waste-paper opinion, and the opinion of the majority must be respected.

"Now I shall tell it to the student!"

And with these words the Goblin went quite quietly up the stairs to the garret, where the student lived. The student was still a candle burning, and the Goblin peeped through the key-hole, and saw that he was reading in the torn book that he had carried up out of the shop downstairs.

But how light it was in his room! Out of the book shot a beam, expanding into a thick stem, and into a mighty tree, grew upward and spread its branches far over the student. The leaf was fresh, and every blossom was a beautiful female

orbs; every fruit was a gleaming star, and there was a glorious sound of song in the student's room.

Never had the little Goblin imagined such splendour, far less had he ever seen or heard anything like it. He stood still on tiptoe, and peeped in till the light went out in the student's garret. Probably the student blew it out, and went to bed, but the little Goblin remained standing there nevertheless, for the music still sounded on, soft and beautiful—a splendid cradle song for the student who had lain down to rest.

"This is an incomparable place," said the Goblin. "I never expected such a thing! I should like to remain here with the student."

And then the little man thought it over—and he was a sensible little man too—but he sighed, "The student has no patience." And then he went down again to the huckster's shop, and it was a very good thing that he got down there again at last, for the Cask had almost worn out the good woman's tongue, for it had spoken out at one side everything that was contained in it, and was just about turning itself over, to give it out from the other side also, when the Goblin came in and restored the tongue to its owner. But from that time forth the whole shop, and on the cash-box down to the firewood, took its tone from the Cask, and paid him such respect, and thought so much of him, that when the huckster afterwards read the critical articles on theatricals and art in the paper, they were persuaded the information came from the Cask itself.

But the Goblin could no longer sit quietly and contentedly listening to all the wisdom down there, so soon as the light glimmered from the garret in the evening he felt as if the rats were strong cables drawing him up, and he was obliged to go and peep through the keyhole, and there a feeling of greatness rolled around him, such as we feel beside the ever-heaving sea when the storm rushes over it, and he burst into tears. He did not know himself why he was weeping, but a peculiar feeling of pleasure mingled with his tears. How wonderful a power it must be to sit with the student under the same tree! But that might not be—he was obliged to be content with the view through the keyhole, and to be glad of that. There he stood on the cold landing place, with the autumn wind blowing down from the hole—it was cold, very cold, but the little man's skin only felt that when the light in the room was extinguished, and the tones of the voice died away. But then he shivered, and crept down again to his warm corner, where it was honest and comfortable.

And when Christmas came, and brought with it the porridge and the great lump of butter, why, then he thought the huckster the better man.

But in the middle of the night the Goblin was awakened by a terrible tumult and knocking against the window shutters. People

rapped noisily without, and the watchman blew his horn, for a great fire had broken out—the whole street was full of smoke and flame. Was it in the house itself or at a neighbour's? Where was it? Terror seized on all. The huckster's wife was so bewildered that she took her gold earrings out of her ears and put them in her pocket, that at any rate she might have something; the huckster ran up for his share-papers, and the maid for her black silk mantilla, for she had found means to purchase one. Each wanted to save the best thing they possessed; the Goblin wanted to do the same thing, and in a few leaps he was up the stairs and into the room of the student, who stood quite quiet at the open window, looking at the conflagration that was raging in the house of the neighbour opposite. The Goblin seized upon the wonderful book which lay upon the table, popped it into his red cap, and held the cap tight with both hands. The great treasure of the house was saved, and now he ran up and away, quite on to the roof of the house, on to the chimney. There he sat, illuminated by the flames of the burning house opposite, both hands pressed tightly over his cap, in which the treasure lay; and now he knew the real feelings of his heart, and knew to whom it really belonged. But when the fire was extinguished, and the Goblin could think calmly again, why, then

"I must divide myself between the two," he said; "I can't quite give up the huckster, because of the porridge!"

Now, that was spoken quite like a human creature. We all of us visit the huckster for the sake of the porridge.

THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

WE have before taken little journeys together, and now we want to take a longer one. Whether 'To Delphi,' or Mycene, or Delphi? There are a hundred places of whose names the heart beats with the desire of travel. On horse back we go up the mountain paths, through briars and thorny brakes. A single trail, her mass an appearance like a white cascade. He rides forward with his gun, a pack horse carries a trunk, a tent, and provisions, and a few armed soldiers him at a distance. He has with him a guide, a horse, a pack horse, and a long day's journey. The last is into his double of place. It is a great walk with the guide, a horse, a pack horse, and a long day's journey. A horse, a pack horse, and a long day's journey. It is a great walk with the guide, a horse, a pack horse, and a long day's journey.

lead across swollen streams; take care that you are not washed away!

What is your reward for undergoing these hardships? The fullest, richest reward—Nature manifests herself here in all her greatness, every spot is historical, and the eye and the thoughts are alike delighted. The poet may sing it, the painter portray it in rich pictures, but the air of reality which sinks deep into the soul of the spectator, and remains there—neither painter nor poet can produce.

In many little sketches I have endeavoured to give an idea of a small part of Athens and its environs—but how colourless the picture seems! How little does it exhibit Greece, the mourning genius of beauty, whose past greatness and whose sorrow the stranger never forgets!

The lonely herdsman yonder on the hills would perhaps by a simple recital of an event in his life, better enlighten the stranger who wishes in a few features to behold the land of the Hellenes, than any picture could do.

"Then," says my Muse—"let him speak."

A custom, a good, peculiar custom, shall be the subject of the mountain shepherd's tale. It is called

THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Our rude house was put together of clay, but the door posts were columns of fluted marble found near the spot where the breast was erected. The roof reached almost down to the ground. It was now dark brown and ugly, but it had originally consisted of blooming olive and fresh laurel branches brought from beyond the mountain. Around our dwelling was a narrow gorge, whose walls of rock rose steeply upwards, showing naked and black, and round their summits often hung clouds, like white living figures. Never did I hear a singing bird there, never did the men there dance to the sound of the bagpipe, but the spot was sacred from the old times—even its name reminded of this, for it was called *Delphi*! The dark solemn mountains were all covered with snow, the highest, which gleamed the longest in the red light of evening, was *Parnassus*, the brook which roiled from it near our house was once sacred also. Now the ass treads it with its feet, but the stream runs on and on, and becomes clear again. How I can remember every spot in the holy solitude! In the midst of the hut a fire was kindled, and when the hot ashes lay there red and glowing, the bread was baked in them. When the snow was piled so high around our hut as almost to hide it, my mother appeared most cheerful, then she would hold my head between her hands, and sing the songs she never sang at other times, for the Turks, our masters would not allow it. She sang

"On the summit of Olympus, in the forest of dwarf firs, lay an

old stag. His eyes were heavy with tears; he wept blue-red tears; and there came a roebuck by, and said, 'thee, that thou weepest those blue and red tears?' An answered, 'The Turk has come to our city: he has wil the chase, a goodly pack.' 'I will drive them away: islands,' cried the young roebuck, 'I will drive them av the islands into the deep sea!' But before evening s the roebuck was slain, and before night the stag was hi dead." And when my mother sang thus, her eyes beca and on the long eyelashes hung a tear; but she hid it, a our black bread in the ashes. Then I would clench m; cry, "We will kill the Turks!"

But she repeated from the song the words,

"I will drive them across the islands into the deep s before evening sank down the roebuck was slain, and b night came the stag was hunted and dead."

For several days and nights we had been lonely in our h my father came home. I knew he would bring me she the Gulf of Lepanto, or perhaps even a bright gleamin This time he brought us a child, a little half-naked gul, carried under his sheep-skin cloak. It was wrapped in a all that the little creature possessed when this was taken she lay in my mother's lap, were three silver coins, fastene dark hair. My father told us that the Turks had killed th parents, and he told us so much about them that I drea the Turks all night. He himself had been wounded, a mother bound up his arm. The wound was deep, and th sheep-skin was stiff with frozen blood. The little maiden be my sister. How radiantly beautiful she looked! Li mother's eyes were not more gentle than hers. Anastasia was called, was to be my sister, because her father ha united to mine by the old custom which we still keep. Th sworn brotherhood in their youth, and chosen the most b and virtuous girl in the neighbourhood to consecrate thei of friendship. I often heard of this strange good custom.

So now the little girl was my sister. She sat in my lap, brought her flowers and the feathers of the mountain bu I drank together of the waters of Parnassus, and dwelt togeth many a year under the laurel roof of the hut, while my fa sang winter after winter of the stag who wept red tears. I yet I did not understand that it was my own countrymen's many sorrows were mirrored in those tears.

One day there came three Frankish men. Their dress de crent from ours. They had tents and beds with them on horses, and more than twenty Turks, all armed with sword la musketry, as weapons I them. For they were friends of the p and had letters from his own monarch as escort for them. I was called to see and bewail the, but when I returned and

snow and the clouds, and to look at the strange black steep rock near our hut. They could not find room in it, nor could they endure the smoke that rolled along the ceiling and found its way out at the low door, therefore they pitched their tents on the small space outside our dwelling roasted lambs and birds, and poured out strong sweet wine, of which the Lurks were not allowed to partake.

When they departed, I accompanied them for some distance, carrying my little sister Anastasia wrapped in a goat skin, on my back. One of the Farkish gentlemen made me stand in front of a rock, and drew me and her too, as we stood there so that we looked like one creature. I never thought of this, but Anastasia and I were really one. She was always sitting on my lap or riding in the goat skin at my back and when I died she appeared in my dreams.

Two nights afterwards, other Lurks armed with horse and muskets came into our tent. They were Farkish boys, the one my mother told me. They only stayed a short time. My sister Anastasia sat on the knee of the first Lurk when they were gone she had not three but only two years. They wrapped tobacco in strips of goat skin and ate it. I remember they were undecided as to whether to go or stay.

But they had to make a choice. The first Lurk and his father went with them. Soon afterwards we heard the noise of drums. The noise was renewed, and soldiers appeared. They entered and took my mother, and myself and my sister Anastasia away. They declared that they were here to take us to the city and that my father had acted as the spy. We were all taken away. We must go with them. These soldiers were very kind and brought in. I saw my father's corpse when they were taken. I fell asleep. When I awoke we were in a great city. The city was not worse than ours in our own house. The people were very kind and much wine poured from a large ask. We had a better fare at home.

How long we were kept prisoners I do not know. Days and nights went by. When we were taken to the city of the holy Easter feast. I carried a small book with me. My mother was ill and could not go. We were taken away. We went into a church that gleamed with gold and silver. A garden ground. They were pictures of angels and saints. But it seemed to me that our little Anastasia was with me. In the middle of the floor stood a great cross with a figure of the Lord Christ is pictured there in the form of a beautiful young man. And my mother and the great a woman. All the people kissed each other. Each one had a burning taper in his hand, and I received one myself. And so did little Anastasia. The bagpipes sounded, men danced hand in hand from the church.

to her, and perhaps she does not love me. Brother, think of this: I have seen her daily; she has grown up beside me, and has become a part of my soul!"

"And she shall be thine!" he exclaimed, "thine! I may not deceive thee, nor will I do so. I also love her, but to-morrow I depart. In a year we shall see each other once more, and then you will be married, wilt you not? I have a little gold of my own: it shall be thine. Thou must, thou shalt take it."

And we wandered home silently across the mountains. It was late in the evening when we stood at my mother's door.

Anastasia held the lamp upwards as we entered: my mother was not there. She gazed at Aphantides with a beautifully mournful gaze.

"To-morrow you are going from us," she said. "I am very sorry for it."

"Sorry," he repeated, and in his voice there seemed a trouble as great as the grief I myself felt. I could not speak but he seized her hand, and said, "Our brother would love you, and he is dear to you, is he not? His very silence is a proof of his affection."

Anastasia trembled and burst into tears. Then I saw no one but her, thought of none but her and threw my arms around her, and said, "I love thee!" She pressed her lips to mine, and flung her arms round my neck, but she had fallen to the ground, and all was dark around us, dark as the heart of Aphantides.

Before daybreak he arose, kissed us all, said farewell and went away. He had given all his money to my mother for us. Anastasia was my betrothed, and a few days afterwards she became my wife.

THE BOTTLE-NECK.

IN a narrow crooked street, among other shades of poverty, stood an especially narrow and tall house built of timber, which time had knocked about in such fashion that it seemed to be out of joint in every direction. The house was inhabited by poor people, and the deepest poverty was to be seen in the garret lodging in the gable, where, in front of the only window, hung an old bent birdcage, which had not even a proper water glass, but only a bottle neck reversed, with a cork stuck in the mouth, to do duty for one. An old maid stood by the window: she had hung the cage with green clockwork, and a little clock-

folds round my hips, the red jacket fitted tight and close, the tassel on my fez cap was silver, and in my girdle gleamed a knife and my pistols. Aphtanides was clad in the blue garb worn by Greek sailors; on his chest hung a silver plate with the figure of the Virgin Mary; his scarf was as costly as those worn by rich lords. Every one could see that we were about to go through a solemn ceremony. We stepped into the little simple church, where the evening sunlight, streaming through the door, gleamed on the burning lamp and the pictures on golden ground. We knelt down on the altar steps, and Anastasia came before us. A long white garment hung loose over her graceful form; on her white neck and bosom hung a chain, covered with old and new coins, forming a kind of collar. Her black hair was fastened in a knot, and confined by a head dress made of silver and gold coins that had been found in an old temple. No Greek girl had more beautiful ornaments than she. Her countenance glowed, and her eyes were like two stars.

We all three prayed silently, and then she said to us,

"Will you be friends in life and in death?"

"Yes," we replied.

"Will you, whatever may happen, remember this: my brother is a part of myself. My secrets are his, my happiness his. Self-sacrifice, patience—everything in me belongs to him as to me."

And we again answered, "Yes."

Then she joined our hands and kissed us on the forehead, and we again prayed silently. Then the priest came through the door near the altar and blessed us all three, and a song, sung by the other holy men, sounded from behind the altar screen, and the bond of eternal friendship was concluded. When we rose, I saw my mother standing by the church door weeping heartily.

How cheerful it was now, in our little hut, and by the spring of Delphi! On the evening before his departure, Aphtanides sat thoughtful with me on the declivity of a mountain, his arm round my waist, and mine was round his neck, we traced the shores of Greece, and of the men whom the country could trust. Every thought of our souls lay clear before us, and I washed his hand.

"One thing you must still know, one thing that I have had been a secret between myself and Heaven. My whole soul is filled with love—with a love no deeper than the love I bear to my mother and to thee."

"And would she love me?" asked Aphtanides, and I his hand and said, "Yes, she would."

"I love Aphtanides," I replied—and his hand tightened on mine, and we became joint as a creature. I knew it, I was immortal and true. And I loved my mother and myself. I loved them to the end of the world, and eternally. I have never known of it.

to her, and perhaps she does not love me. Brother, think of this: I have seen her daily; she has grown up beside me, and has become a part of my soul!"

"And she shall be thine!" he exclaimed, "thine! I may not deceive thee, nor will I do so. I also love her; but to-morrow I depart. In a year we shall see each other once more, and then you will be married, will you not? I have a little gold of my own: it shall be thine. Thou must, thou shalt take it."

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"To-morrow you are going from us," she said. "I am very sorry for it."

"Sorry!" he repeated, and in his voice there seemed a trouble as great as the grief I myself felt. I could not speak, but he seized her hand, and said, "Our brother yonder loves you, and he is dear to you, is he not? His very silence is a proof of his affection."

Anastasia trembled and burst into tears. Then I saw no one but her, thought of none but her, and threw my arms around her, and said, "I love thee!" She pressed her lips to mine, and flung her arms round my neck, but the lamp had fallen to the ground, and all was dark around us—dark as the heart of Aphtanides.

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THE BOTTLE-NECK

IN a narrow crooked street, among other abodes of poverty, stood an especially narrow and tall house built of timber, which time had knocked about in such fashion that it seemed to be out of joint in every direction. The house was inhabited by poor people, and the deepest poverty was apparent in the garret lodging in the gable, where, in front of the only window, hung an old bent birdcage, which had not even a proper water-glass, but only a bottle-neck reversed, with a cork stick in the mouth, to do duty for one. An old maid stood by the window: she had hung the cage with green chickweed; and a little claf-

unpacked with the other bottles in the cellar of the wine merchant, and rinsed out for the first time; and that was a strange sensation. There it lay, empty and without a cork, and felt strangely unwell, as if it wanted something, it could not tell what. At last it was filled with good costly wine, and it was provided with a cork, and sealed down. A ticket was placed on it marked "first quality," and it felt as if it had carried off the first prize at an examination, for, you see, the wine was good and the bottle was good. When one is young, that's the time for poetry! There was a singing and sounding within it, of things which it could not understand—of green sunny mountains, whereon the grape grows, where many vine-dressers, men and women, sing and dance and rejoice. "Ah, how beautiful is life!" There was a singing and sounding of all this in the bottle, as in a young poet's brain; and many a young poet does not understand the meaning of the song that is within him.

One morning the bottle was bought, for the tanner's apprentice was dispatched for a bottle of wine—"of the best." And now it was put in the provision basket, with ham and cheese and sausages; the finest butter and the best bread were put in the basket too—the tanner's daughter herself packed it. She was young and very pretty, her brown eyes laughed, and round her mouth played a smile as elegant as that in her eyes. She had delicate hands, beautifully white, and her neck was whiter still, you saw at once that she was one of the most beautiful girls in the town and still she was not engaged.

The provision basket was in the lap of the young girl when the family drove out into the forest. The Bottle-neck looked out from the folds of the white napkin. There was red wax, upon the cork, and the bottle looked straight into the girl's face. It also looked at the young sailor who sat next to the girl. He was a friend of old days, the son of the portrait painter. Quite lately he had passed with honour through his examination as mate, and to-morrow he was to sail away in a ship, far off to a distant land. There had been much talk of this while the basket was being packed; and certainly the eyes and mouth of the tanner's pretty daughter did not wear a very joyous expression just then.

The young people sauntered through the green wood, and talked to one another. What were they talking of? No, the bottle could not hear that, for it was in the provision basket. A long time passed before it was drawn forth; but when that happened, there had been pleasant things going on, for all were laughing, and the tanner's daughter laughed too, but she spoke less than before, and her cheeks glowed like two roses.

The father took the full bottle and the corkscrew in his hand. Yes, it's a strange thing to be drawn thus, the first time! The Bottle-neck could never afterwards forget that impressive moment; and indeed there was quite a convulsion within him when

strengthened the weak, and it gave liberally so long as it had a drop left. That was a pleasant time, and the bottle sang when it was rubbed with the cork; and it was called the Great Lark, "Peter Jensen's Lark."

Long days and months rolled on, and the bottle already stood empty in a corner, when it happened—whether on the passage out or home the bottle could not tell, for it had never been ashore—that a storm arose; great waves came careering along, darkly and heavily, and lifted and tossed the ship to and fro. The mainmast was shivered, and a wave started one of the planks, and the pumps became useless. It was black night. The ship sank; but at the last moment the young mate wrote on a leaf of paper, "God's will be done! We are sinking!" He wrote the name of his betrothed, and his own name, and that of the ship, and put the leaf in an empty bottle that happened to be at hand: he corked it firmly down, and threw it out into the foaming sea. He knew not that it was the very bottle from which the goblet of joy and hope had once been filled for him, and now it was tossing on the waves with his last greeting and the message of death.

The ship sank, and the crew sank with her. The bottle sped on like a bird, for it bore a heart, a loving letter within itself. And the sun rose and set; and the bottle felt as at the time when it first came into being in the red gleaming oven—it felt a strong desire to leap back into the light.

It experienced calms and fresh storms, but it was hurled against no rock, and was devoured by no shark, and thus it drifted on for a year and a day, sometimes towards the north, sometimes towards the south, just as the current carried it. Beyond this it was its own master, but one may grow tired even of that.

Its written page, the last farewell of the bridegroom to his betrothed, would only bring sorrow if it came into her hands, but where were the hands so white and delicate, which had once spread the cloth on the fresh grass in the green wood, on the betrothal day? Where was the tanner's daughter? Yes, where was the land, and which land might be nearest to her dwelling? The bottle knew not, it drove onward and onward, and was at last tired of wandering, because that was not in its way, but yet it had to travel until at last it came to land—to a strange land. It understood not a word of what was spoken here, for this was not the language it had heard spoken before; and one loses a good deal if one does not understand the language.

The bottle was fished out and examined on all sides. The leaf of paper within it was discovered, and taken out, and turned over and over, but the people did not understand what was written thereon. They saw that the bottle must have been thrown overboard, and that something about this was written on the paper, but what were the words? That question remained unanswered.

and the paper was put back into the bottle, and the latter was deposited in a great cupboard in a great room in a great house.

Whenever strangers came, the paper was brought out and turned over and over, so that the inscription, which was only written in pencil, became more and more illegible, so that at last no one could see that there were letters on it. And for a whole year more the bottle remained standing in the cupboard; and then it was put into the loft, where it became covered with dust and cobwebs. Ah, how often it thought of the better days, the times when it had poured forth red wine in the green wood, where it had been rocked on the waves of the sea, and when it had carried a secret, a letter, a parting sigh, safely enclosed in its bosom.

For full twenty years it stood up in the loft, and it might have remained there longer, but that the house was to be rebuilt. The roof was taken off, and then the bottle was noticed, and they spoke about it, but it did not understand their language; for one cannot learn a language by being shut up in a loft, even if one stays there twenty years.

"If I had been down in the room," thought the Bottle, "I might have learned it."

It was now washed and rinsed, and indeed this was requisite. It felt quite transparent and fresh, and as if its youth had been renewed in this its old age. but the paper it had carried so faithfully had been destroyed in the washing.

The bottle was tided with seeds, though it scarcely knew what they were. It was corked and well wrapped up. No light nor lantern was it vouchsafed to behold, much less the sun or the moon, and yet, it thought, when one goes on a journey one ought to see something—but though it saw nothing, it did what was most important—it travelled to the place of its destination, and was there unpacked.

"It has to be said they have taken over London with that but it's a hard thing to say - and yet it is quite likely taken." But it was not known.

[illegible]

Out in the garden there was a great festival. Flaming lamps hung like garlands, and paper lamps shone transparent, like great tulips. The evening was lovely, the weather still and clear, the stars twinkled; it was the time of the new moon, but in reality the whole moon could be seen as a bluish-grey disc with a golden rim round half its surface, which was a very beautiful sight for those who had good eyes.

The illumination extended even to the most retired of the garden walks, at least so much of it, that one could find one's way there. Among the leaves of the hedges stood bottles, with a light in each, and among them was also the bottle we know, and which was destined one day to finish its career as a bottle neck, a bird's drinking-glass. Everything here appeared lovely to our bottle, for it was once more in the green wood, amid joy and feasting, and heard song and music, and the noise and murmur of a crowd especially in that part of the garden where the lamps blazed and the paper lanterns displayed their many colours. Thus it stood, in a distant walk certainly, but that made it the more important, for it bore its light, and was at once ornamental and useful, and that is as it should be—in such an hour one forgets twenty years spent in a loft, and it is right one should do so.

There passed close to it a pair, like the pair who had walked together so long ago in the wood, the sailor and the tanner's daughter, the bottle seemed to experience all that over again. In the garden were walking not only the guests, but other people who were allowed to view all the splendour; and among these latter came an old maid who seemed to stand alone in the world. She was just thinking, like the bottle, of the green wood, and of a young betrothed pair—of a pair which concerned her very nearly, a pair in which she had an interest, and of which she had been a part in that happiest hour of her life—the hour one never forgets, if one should become ever so old a maid. But she did not know our bottle, nor did the bottle recognize the old maid—it is thus we pass each other in the world, meeting again and again, as these two met, now that they were together again in the same town.

From the garden the bottle was dispatched once more to the wine merchant's, where it was filled with wine, and sold to the aeronaut, who was to make an ascent in his balloon on the following Sunday. A great crowd had been assembled to witness the sight, military music had been provided, and many other preparations had been made. The bottle saw everything from a basket in which it lay next to a live rabbit, which latter was quite bewildered because he knew he was to be taken up into the air, and let down again in a parachute, but the bottle knew nothing of the "up" or the "down;" it only saw the balloon swelling up bigger and bigger, and at last, when it could swell no more, beginning to rise, and to grow more and more restless.

The ropes that held it were cut, and the huge machine floated aloft with the aeronaut and the basket containing the bottle and the rabbit, and the music wound, and all the people cried, "Hurrah!"

"This is a wonderful passage, up into the air!" thought the little "this is a new way of sailing—at any rate, up here we cannot strike upon anything."

Thousands of people gazed up at the balloon, and the old maid looked up at it also. She stood at the open window of the garret, in which hung the cage with the little chaffinch, who had no water-glass as yet, but was obliged to be content with an old cup. In the window stood a mirror in a pot, and it had been put a little aside that it might not fall out, for the old maid was leaning out of the window to look, and she distinctly saw the aeronaut in the balloon, and how he let down the rabbit in the parachute, and then drank to the health of all the spectators, and at length hurled the bottle high in the air. She never thought that this was the identical bottle which she had already once seen thrown aloft in honour of her and of her friend on the day of rejoicing in the green wood, in the time of her youth.

The bottle had no respite for thought, for it was quite startled at thus suddenly reaching the highest point in its career. Steeples and roofs lay far, far beneath, and the people looked like mites.

But now it began to descend with a much more rapid fall than that of the rabbit, the bottle threw somersaults in the air, and felt quite young, and quite free and unfettered; and yet it was half full of wine, though it did not remain so long. What a journey! The sun shone on the bottle, all the people were looking at it; the balloon was already far away, and soon the bottle was far away too, for it fell upon a roof and broke, but the pieces had got such an impetus that they could not stop themselves, but went jumping and rolling on till they came down into the courtyard and lay there in smaller pieces yet; the Bottle-neck only managed to keep whole, and that was cut off as clean as if it had been done with a diamond.

"That would do capitally for a bird-glass," said the cellarmen; but they had neither a bird nor a cage; and to expect them to provide both because they had found a bottle-neck that might be made available for a glass, would have been expecting too much; but the old maid in the garret, perhaps it might be useful to her; and now the Bottle-neck was taken up to her, and was provided with a cork. The part that had been uppermost was now turned downwards, as often happens when changes take place; fresh water was poured into it, and it was fastened to the cage of the little bird, which sang and twittered right merrily.

"Yes, it's very well for you to sing," said the Bottle-neck. And it was considered remarkable for having been in the balloon—for that was all they knew of its history. Now it hung

there as a bird-glass, and heard the murmuring and noise of the people in the street below, and also the words of the old maid in the room within. An old friend has just come to visit her, and they talked—not about the Bottle-neck, but about the myrtle in the window.

"No, you certainly must not spend a dollar for your daughter's bridal wreath," said the old maid. "You shall have a beautiful little nosegay from me, full of blossoms. Do you see how splendidly that tree has come on? yes, that has been raised from a spray of the myrtle you gave me on the day after my betrothal, and from which I was to have made my own wreath when the year was past; but that day never came! The eyes closed that were to have been my joy and delight through life. In the depths of the sea he sleeps sweetly, my dear one! The myrtle has become an old tree, and I become a yet older woman, and when it faded at last, I took the last green shoot, and planted it in the ground, and it has become a great tree, and now at length the myrtle will serve at the wedding—as a wreath for your daughter."

There were tears in the eyes of the old maid. She spoke of the beloved of her youth, of their betrothal in the wood, many thoughts came to her, but the thought never came, that quite close to her, before the very window, was a remembrance of those times—the neck of the bottle which had shouted for joy when the cork flew out with a bang on the betrothal day. But the Bottle-neck did not recognize her, for he was not listening to what this old maid said—and still that was because he was thinking of her.



IB AND CHRISTINE.

NOT far from the clear stream Gudenau, in North Jutland, in the forest which extends by its banks and far into the country, a great ridge of land rises and stretches along like a wall through the wood. By this ridge, westward, stands a farm house, surrounded by poor land, the sandy soil is seen through the spare rye and wheat-ears that grow upon it. Some years have elapsed since the time of which we speak. The people who lived here cultivated the fields, and moreover kept three sheep, a pig, and two oxen, in fact, they supported themselves quite comfortably, for they had enough to live on if they took things as they came. Indeed, they could have managed to save enough to keep two horses; but, like the other peasants of the neighbourhood, they said, "The horse eats itself up"—that

to the bottom of the stream, and looked like little wooded islands. The water-lilies rocked themselves on the river. It was a splendid excursion; and at last they came to the great eel-weir, where the water rushed through the flood-gates; and Ib and Christine thought this was beautiful to behold.

In those days there was no manufactory there, nor was there any town—only the old great farm yard, with its scanty fields, with few servants and a few head of cattle, could be seen there; and the rushing of the water through the weir, and the cry of the wild ducks, were the only signs of life in Silkeborg. After the firewood had been unloaded, the father of Christine bought a whole bundle of eels and a slaughtered sucking-pig, and all was put into a basket and placed in the stern of the boat. Then they went back again up the stream; but the wind was favourable, and when the sails were hoisted it was as good as if two horses had been harnessed to the boat.

When they had arrived at a point in the stream where the assistant-boatman dwelt, a little way from the bank, the boat was moored, and the two men landed, after exhorting the children to sit still. But the children did not do that, or at least they obeyed only for a very short time. They must be peeping into the basket in which the eels and the sucking-pig had been placed, and they must needs pull the sucking-pig out, and take it in their hands, and feel and touch it all over, and as both wanted to hold it at the same time, it came to pass that they let it fall into the water, and the sucking-pig drifted away with the stream—and here was a terrible event!

Ib jumped ashore, and ran a little distance along the bank, and Christine sprang after him.

"Take me with you!" she cried.

And in a few minutes they were deep in the thicket, and could no longer see either the boat or the bank. They ran on a little farther, and then Christine fell down on the ground and began to cry; but Ib picked her up.

"Follow me!" he cried. "Yonder lies the house."

But the house was not yonder. They wandered on and on, over the dry, rustling, last year's leaves, and over fallen branches that crackled beneath their feet. Soon they heard a loud piercing scream. They stood still and listened, and presently the scream of an eagle sounded through the wood. It was an ugly scream, and they were frightened at it, but before them, in the thick wood, the most beautiful blueberries grew in wonderful profusion. They were so inviting that the children could not do otherwise than stop; and they lingered for some time, eating the blueberries till they had quite blue mouths and blue cheeks. Now again they heard the cry they had heard before.

"We shall get into trouble about the pig," said Christine.

"Come, let us go to our house," said Ib: "it is here in the wood."

IB AND CHRISTINE.



Ib and Christine meet the gipsy.

And Ib gave her the second rat also. The third was a black thing.

"That one you can keep," said Christine, "and it is a pretty one too."

"What is in it?" inquired Ib.

"The best of all things for you," replied the gipsy woman.

he looked after the field. He did it all alone, for his mother kept no farm-servant, and his father had died long ago.

Only seldom he got news of Christine from some passing postilion or eel-fisher. But she was well off at the rich tankeeper's, and after she had been confirmed, she wrote a letter to her father and sent a kind message to Ib and his mother, and in the letter there was mention made of certain linen garments and a fine new gown, which Christine had received as a present from her employers. This was certainly good news.

Next spring, there was a knock one day at the door of our Ib's old mother, and behold, the boatman and Christine stepped into the room. She had come on a visit to spend the day—a carriage had to come from the Herning inn to the next village, and she had taken the opportunity to see her friends once again. She looked as handsome as a real lady, and she had a pretty gown on, which had been well sewn and made expressly for her. There she stood, in grand array, and Ib was in his working clothes. He could not utter a word—he certainly seized her hand, and held it fast in his own, and was heartily glad, but he could not get his tongue to obey him. Christine was not embarrassed, however, for she went on talking and talking, and, moreover, kissed Ib on his mouth in the heartiest manner.

"Did you know me again directly, Ib?" she asked, but even afterwards, when they were left quite by themselves, and he stood there still holding her hand in his, he could only say,

"You look quite like a real lady, and I am so uncouth. How often I have thought of you, Christine, and of the old times!"

And arm in arm they sauntered up the great ridge, and looked across the stream towards the heath, towards the great hills overgrown with bloom. It was perfectly silent, but by the time they parted it had grown quite clear to him that Christine must be his wife. Had they not, even in their childhood, been called the betrothed pair? To him they seemed to be really engaged to each other, though neither of them had spoken a word on the subject. Only for a few more hours could they remain together, for Christine was obliged to go back into the next village, from whence the carriage was to start early next morning for Herning. Her father and Ib escorted her as far as the village. It was a fair moonlight evening, and when they reached their destination, and Ib still held Christine's hand in his own, he could not make up his mind to let her go. His eyes brightened, but still the words came halting over his lips. Yet they came from the depths of his heart, when he said,

"If you have not become too grand, Christine, and if you can make up your mind to live with me in my mother's house as my wife, we must become a wedded pair some day; but we can wait awhile yet."

"Yes, let us wait for a time, Ib," she replied; and he kissed

IB AND CHRISTINE.

ame into his mind which the gipsy woman had given him, and of which he had given two to Christine. Yes, it was right—they were wishing nuts, and in one of them lay a carriage with two horses, and in the other very elegant clothing. All those luxuries would now be Christine's in the capital. The nut had thus come true. And to him, Ib, the nut had only black earth. The gipsy woman had said this was "the best all for him." Yes, it was right—that also was coming. The black earth was the best for him. Now he understood what had been the woman's meaning. In the black earth, the dark grave, would be the best happiness for him.

And once again years passed by, not very many, but they seemed long years to Ib. The old innkeeper and his wife died, and with the whole of their property, many thousands of dollars, came on. Yes, now Christine could have the golden carriage and plenty of fine clothes.

During the two long years that followed no letter came to Christine, and when her father at length received one from her, it was not written in prosperity, by any means. Poor Christine neither she nor her husband had understood how to keep their money together, and there seemed to be no blessing with it, because they had not sought it.

And again the summer bloomed and faded. The winter wept for many years across the heath, and over the ridge beneath which Ib dwelt, sheltered from the rough winds. The spring came alone bright, and Ib guided the plough across his field, when one day it glided over what appeared to be a fire stone. Some one like a great black ship came out of the ground, and when Ib dug it up it proved to be a piece of metal, and the place from which the plough had cut the stone gleamed brightly with ore. It was a great golden armlet of ancient workmanship that he had found. He had disturbed a "Hun's Grave," and discovered the treasure buried in it. Ib showed what he had found to the clergyman, who explained its value to him, and then he betook him to the local judges, who reported the discovery to the king, who kept the museum, and recommended Ib to deliver up the treasure to the king.

"You have found in the earth the best thing you could find," said the judge.

"The best thing?" thought Ib. "The very best thing found in the earth! Well, if that is the best, the gipsy woman was correct in what she prophesied to me."

So Ib travelled with the ferry-boat from Aarhus to Copenhagen. To him, who had but once or twice passed beyond the river rolled by his home, this seemed like a voyage across the ocean. And he arrived in Copenhagen.

The value of the gold he had found was paid over to him.

And as we went in, the maiden, at the window, looked out, and saw the old woman, tall and thin, which led to a little girl, her daughter. The old woman, however, was heavy and slow, and her weight was heavy on her, so there was a heavy sigh, and then she turned her back to the light with the old woman, and she was the mother of the child who lay dying in the mother's bed.

"I shall be very dear to you," said Ib. "This little girl has brought me here, but I am a stranger in this city. Are there no one who knows of her, whom I could tell of you?" And he turned to the old woman and smoothed her pillow.

It was the old woman's death.

For years her name had not been mentioned, for the mention of her would have disturbed the peace of mind, and she had had nothing to do with her. The wealth which her husband had made for her, and which had made her proud and arrogant. He had given her a certain appointment, had travelled for half a year in foreign lands, and on his return had incurred debts, and yet lived in an expensive fashion. His carriage had been over more and more, so to speak, until at last it turned over completely. The many merry companions and table friends he had entertained, declared it served him right, for he had kept house like a madman, and one morning his corpse was found in the canal.

The icy hand of death was already on Christine. Her youngest child, only a few weeks old, expected in prosperity and born in misery, was already in its grave, and it had come to this with Christine herself, that she lay sick to death and forsaken in a miserable room, amid a poverty that she might well have borne in her childish days, but which now oppressed her painfully, since she had been accustomed to better things. It was her eldest child, also a little Christine, that here suffered hunger and poverty with her, and whom Ib had now brought home.

"I am unhappy at the thought of dying and leaving the poor child here alone," she said. "Ah, what is to become of the poor thing?" And not a word more could she utter.

And Ib brought out another match, and lighted up a piece of candle he found in the room, and the flame illumined the wretched dwelling. And Ib looked at the little girl, and thought how Christine had looked when she was young—and he felt that for her sake he would be fond of this child, which was as yet a stranger to him. The dying woman gazed at him, and her eyes opened wider and wider—did she recognize him? He never knew, for no further word passed over her lips.

And it was in the forest by the river Gudenau, in the region of the heath. The air was thick and dark, and there were no blossoms on the heath-plant, but the autumn tempests whirled the yellow leaves from the wood into the stream, and out over the heath towards the hut of the boatman, in which strangers now dwelt, but beneath the ridge, safe beneath the protection of the high trees, stood the little farm, trimly whitewashed and painted, and within it the turf blazed up cheerily in the chimney; for within was sunlight, the beaming sunlight of a child's two eyes, and the tones of the spring birds sounded in the words that came from the child's rosy lips—she sat on Ib's knee, and Ib was to her both father and mother, for her own parents were dead, and had vanished from her as a dream vanishes alike from children and grown men. Ib sat in the pretty neat house for he was a prosperous man, while the mother of the little girl rested in the churchyard at Copenhagen, where she had died in poverty.

Ib had money, and was said to have provided for the future. He had won gold out of the black earth, and he had a Christine for his own, after all.

THE SNOW MAN

"IT'S so wonderfully cold that my whole body crackles," said the Snow Man. "This is a kind of wind that can blow life into one, and how the grinning one up yonder is staring at me." He meant the sun, which was just about to set. "It shall not make me wink—I shall manage to keep the pieces."

He had two triangular pieces of tile in his head instead of eyes. His mouth was made of an old rake, and consequently was furnished with teeth.

He had been born amid the joyous shouts of the boys, and welcomed by the sound of sledge bells and the slashing of whips. The sun went down, and the full moon rose, round, large, clear, and beautiful in the blue air.

"There it comes again from the other side," said the Snow Man. He intended to say the sun is showing himself again. "Ah! I have cured him of staring. Now let him hang up there and shine, that I may see myself. If I only knew how I could manage to move from this place, I should like so much to move. If I could, I would slide along yonder on the ice, just as I see the boys slide, but I don't understand it. I don't know how to run."

"Away! away!" barked the old Yard Dog. He was quite hoarse, and could not pronounce the genuine "bow-wow." He had got the hoarseness from the time when he was an indoor dog, and lay by the fire. "The sun will teach you to run! I saw that last winter in your predecessor, and before that in *his* predecessor. Away! away!—and away they all go."

"I don't understand you comrade," said the Snow Man. "That thing up yonder is to teach me to run?" He meant the moon. "Yes, it was running itself, when I saw it a little while ago, and now it comes creeping from the other side."

"You know nothing at all," retorted the Yard Dog. "But then you've only just been patched up. What you see yonder is the moon, and the one that went before was the sun. It will come again to-morrow, and will teach you to run down into the ditch by the wall. We shall soon have a change of weather: I can feel that in my left hind leg, for it pricks and pains me. the weather is going to change."

"I don't understand him," said the Snow Man, "but I have a feeling that he's talking about something disagreeable. The one who stared so just now, and whom he called the sun, is not my friend. I can feel that."

"Away! away!" barked the Yard Dog, and he turned round three times, and then crept into his kennel to sleep. The weather really changed. Towards morning, a thick damp fog lay over the whole region, later there came a wind, an icy wind. The cold seemed quite to seize upon one; but when the sun rose, what splendour! Trees and bushes were covered with hoar frost, and looked like a complete forest of coral, and every twig seemed covered with gleaming white buds. The many delicate ramifications, concealed in summer by the wealth of leaves, now made their appearance. It seemed like a lace-work, gleaming white. A snowy radiance sprang from every twig. The birch waved in the wind—it had life, like the rest of the trees in summer. It was wonderfully beautiful. And when the sun shone, how it all gleamed and sparkled, as if diamond-dust had been strewn everywhere, and big diamonds had been dropped on the

snowy carpet of the earth! or one could imagine that countless little lights were gleaming, whiter than even the snow itself.

"That is wonderfully beautiful," said a young girl, who came with a young man into the garden. They both stood still near the Snow Man, and contemplated the glittering trees. "Summer cannot show a more beautiful sight," said she, and her eyes sparkled.

"And we can't have such a fellow as this in summer-time," replied the young man, and he pointed to the Snow Man. "He is capital."

The girl laughed, nodded at the Snow Man, and then danced away over the snow with her friend—over the snow that cracked and crackled under her tread as if she was walking on starch.

"Who were those two?" the Snow Man inquired of the Yard Dog. "You've been longer in the yard than I. Do you know them?"

"Of course I know them," replied the Yard Dog. "She has stroked me, and he has thrown me a meat bone. I don't bite those two."

"But what are they?" asked the Snow Man.

"Lovers!" replied the Yard Dog. "They will go to live in the same kennel, and gnaw at the same bone. Away! away!"

"Are they the same kind of beings as you and I?" asked the Snow Man.

"Why, they belong to the master," retorted the Yard Dog. "People certainly know very little who were only born yesterday. I can see that in you. I have age and information. I know every one here in the house, and I know a time when I did not lie out here in the cold, fastened to a chain. Away! away!"

"The cold is charming," said the Snow Man. "Tell me, tell me.—But you must not clank with your chain, for it jars within me when you do that."

"Away! away!" barked the Yard Dog. "They told me I was a pretty little fellow then I used to lie in a chair covered with velvet, up in master's house, and sit in the lap of the mistress of all. They used to kiss my nose, and wipe my paws with an embroidered handkerchief. I was called 'Ami—dear Ami—sweet Ami.' But afterwards I grew too big for them, and they gave me away to the housekeeper. So I came to live in the basement storcy. You can look into that from where you are standing, and you can see into the room where I was master, for I was master at the housekeeper's. It was certainly a smaller place than upstairs, but I was more comfortable, and was not continually taken hold of and pulled about by children as I had been. I received just as good food as ever, and even better. I had my own cushion, and there was a stove, the finest thing in the world at this season. I went under the stove, and could lie down quite beneath it. Ah! I still dream of that stove. Away! away!"

In the morning the window-panes of the basement lodging were covered with ice. They bore the most beautiful ice-flowers that any snow man could desire; but they concealed the stove. The window-panes would not thaw, he could not see the stove, which he pictured to himself as a lovely female being. It crackled and whistled to him and around him; it was just the kind of frosty weather a snow man must thoroughly enjoy. But he did not enjoy it, and, indeed, how could he enjoy himself when he was stove-sick?

"That's a terrible disease for a Snow Man," said the Yard Dog. "I have suffered from it myself, but I got over it. Away! away!" he barked; and he added, "the weather is going to change."

And the weather did change; it began to thaw.

The warmth increased, and the Snow Man decreased. He said nothing and made no complaint—and that's an infallible sign.

One morning he broke down. And, behold, where he had stood, something like a broomstick remained sticking up out of the ground. It was the pole round which the boys had built him up.

"Ah! now I can understand why he had such an intense longing," said the Yard Dog. "Why, there's a shovel for cleaning out the stove fastened to the pole. The Snow Man had a stove-rake in his body, and that's what moved within him. Now he has got over that too. Away! away!"

And soon they had got over the winter.

"Away! away!" barked the hoarse Yard Dog, but the girls in the house sang

"Green thyme! from your house come out
Willow! your woolly fingers stretch out
Lark and cuckoo cheerfully sing
For in February is coming the spring
And with the cuckoo I'll sing too,
Come thou, dear sun, come out, cuckoo!"

And nobody thought any more of the Snow Man.

UNDER THE WILLOW TREE.

THE region round the little town of Kjøge is very bleak and bare. The town certainly lies by the sea-shore, which is always beautiful, but just there it might be more beautiful than it is: all around are flat fields, and it is a long way to the forest. But when one is very much at home in a place, one

UNDER THE WILLOW TREE.

always finds something beautiful, and something that one long
 or in the most charming spot in the world that is strange to us.
 We confess that, by the utmost boundary of the little town, where
 some humble gardens skirt the streamlet that falls into the sea,
 it must be very pretty in summer, and this was the opinion of the
 two children from neighbouring houses, who were playing there,
 and forcing the way through the gooseberry bushes to get to
 one another. In one of the gardens stood an elder tree, and in
 the other an old willow, and under the latter especially the chil-
 dren were very fond of playing. They were allowed to play there,
 though, indeed, the tree stood close beside the stream, and they
 might easily have fallen into the water. But the eye of God watches
 over the little ones. If it did not, they would be badly off. And,
 moreover, they were very careful with respect to the water: in
 fact, the boy was so much afraid of it, that they could not lure
 him into the sea in summer, when the other children were splash-
 ing about in the waves. Accordingly he was famously jeered and
 mocked at, and had to bear the jeering and mockery as best he
 could. But once Joanna, the neighbour's little girl, dreamed she
 was sailing in a boat, and Knud waded out to join her. The
 water rose first to his neck, and afterwards closed over his head,
 so that he disappeared altogether. From the time when the teasing
 Knud heard of this dream, he would no longer bear the teasing
 of the other boys. He might go into the water now, he said, for
 Joanna had dreamed it. He certainly never carried the idea into
 practice, but the dream was his great guide, for all that.
 Their parents, who were poor people, often took tea together,
 and Knud and Joanna played in the gardens and on the high
 road where a row of willows had been planted beside the short-
 ing ditch. These trees, with their polished tops, certainly did not
 look beautiful, but they were not put there for ornament, but for
 use. The old willow tree in the garden was much handsomer,
 and therefore the children were fond of sitting under it. In the
 town itself there was a great market place, and at the time of the
 fair this place was covered with whole streets of tents and booths,
 containing the ribbons, linens, and everything that a person could
 wish for. There was great crowding, and generally the weather
 was rainy, but it did not destroy the fragrance of the honey-cakes,
 and the gingerbread of which there was a booth quite full, and
 the best of it was that the rain which fell on this booth came every
 year to lodge during the fair time in the dwelling of little Knud's
 father. The market there came a present of a lot of gingerbread
 every now and then, and of course Joanna received her share of
 the gift. But perhaps the most charming thing of all was that
 the gingerbread dealer knew all sorts of tales, and could even
 relate histories about his own gingerbread cakes. And one even-
 ing, in particular, he told a story about them which made such a
 deep impression on the children that they never forgot it, and



And eventually they take up the Gingerbread Maidens.

for that reason it is perhaps advisable that we should hear it too, more especially as the story is not long.

"On the shop-board," he said, "lay two gingerbread cakes, one in the shape of a man with a hat, the other of a maiden without a bonnet; both their faces were on the side that was uppermost, for they were to be looked at on that side, and not on the other; and,

was dead, and the father intended to marry again, in the capital, where he had been promised a living as a messenger, which was to be a very lucrative office. And the neighbours separated regretfully, the children weeping heartily, but the parents promised that they should at least write to one another once a year.

And Knud was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, for the big boy could not be allowed to run wild any longer, and moreover he was confirmed.

Ah, how gladly on that day of celebration would he have been in Copenhagen with little Joanna! but he remained in Hjøge, and had never yet been to Copenhagen, though the little town is only five Danish miles distant from the capital, but far across the bay, when the sky was clear, Knud had seen the towers in the distance, and on the day of his confirmation he could distinctly see the golden cross on the principal church glittering in the sun.

Ah, how often his thoughts were with Joanna! Did she think of him? Yes! Towards Christmas there came a letter from her father to the parents of Knud, to say that they were getting on very well in Copenhagen, and especially might Joanna look forward to a brilliant future on the strength of her fine voice. She had been engaged in the theatre in which people sing and was already earning some money, out of which she sent her dear neighbours of Hjøge a dollar for the merry Christmas Eve. They were to drink her health, she had herself added in a postscript, and in the same postscript there stood further, "A kind greeting to Knud."

The whole family wept, and yet all this was very pleasant -- those were joyful tears that they shed. Knud's thoughts had been occupied every day with Joanna, and now he knew that she also thought of him, and the nearer the time came when his apprenticeship would be over, the more clearly did it appear to him that he was very fond of Joanna, and that she must be his wife; and when he thought of this, a smile came upon his lips, and he drew the thread twice as fast as before, and pressed his foot against the knee-strap. He ran the awl far into his finger, but he did not care for that. He determined not to play the dumb lover, as the two gingerbread lovers had done: the story should teach him a lesson.

And now he was a journeyman, and his knapsack was packed ready for his journey. At length, for the first time in his life, he was to go to Copenhagen, where a master was already waiting for him. How glad Joanna would be! She was now seventeen years old, and he nineteen.

Already in Hjøge he had wanted to buy a gold ring for her; but he recollected that such things were to be had far better in Copenhagen. And now he took leave of his parents, and on a rainy day, late in the autumn, went forth on foot out of the town of his birth. The leaves were falling down from the trees, and

so well with his thoughts; and then she sang a simple song, but through her singing it became like a history, and seemed to be the outpouring of her very heart. Yes, certainly she was fond of Knud. The tears coursed down his cheeks—he could not restrain them, nor could he speak a single word—he seemed to himself as if he were struck dumb; and yet she pressed his hand, and said,

“You have a good heart, Knud—remain always as you are now.”

That was an evening of matchless delight to Knud, to sleep after it was impossible, and accordingly Knud did not sleep.

At parting Joanna's father had said, “Now you won't forget us altogether! Don't let the whole winter go by without once coming to see us again,” and therefore he could very well go again the next Sunday, and resolved to do so. But every evening when working hours were over—and they worked by candlelight there—Knud went out through the town—he went into the street in which Joanna lived, and looked up at her window, it was almost always lit up, and one evening he could see the shadow of her face quite plainly on the curtain—and that was a grand evening for him. His master's wife did not like his galivanting abroad every evening, as she expressed it, and she shook her head; but the master only smiled.

“He is only a young fellow,” he said.

But Knud thought to himself “On Sunday I shall see her and I shall tell her how completely she reigns in my heart and soul, and that she must be my little wife. I know I am only a poor journeyman shoemaker, but I shall work and strive—yes I shall tell her so. Nothing comes of silent love. I have learned that from the cakes.”

And Sunday came round, and Knud sallied forth—but unluckily, they were all invited out for that evening, and were obliged to tell him so. Joanna pressed his hand, and said,

“Have you ever been to the theatre? You must go once. I shall sing on Wednesday, and if you have time on that evening, I will send you a ticket—my father knows where your master lives.”

How kind that was of her! And on Wednesday at noon he received a sealed paper, with no words written in it, but the ticket was there, and in the evening Knud went to the theatre for the first time in his life. And what did he see? He saw Joanna, and how charming and how beautiful she looked! She was certainly married to a stranger, but that was all in the play—something that was only make-believe, as Knud knew very well. If it had been real, he thought, she would never have had the heart to send him a ticket that he might go and see it. And all the people shouted and applauded, and Knud cried out “hurrah!”

Even the King smiled at Joanna, and seemed to delight in her. Ah, how small Knud felt! but then he loved her so dearly, and

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ght that she loved him too; but it was for the man to speak first word, as the gingerbread maiden in the child's story had left him; and there was a great deal for him in that story. So soon as Sunday came, he went again. He felt as if he were going into a church. Joanna was alone, and received him—it did not have happened more fortunately. "I had an idea of 'It is well that you are come,' she said. "I had an idea of sending my father to you, only I felt a presentiment that you would be here this evening, for I must tell you that I start for France on Friday. I must go there, if I am to become efficient." It seemed to Knud as if the whole room were whirling round and round with him. He felt as if his heart would presently burst, no tear rose to his eyes, but still it was easy to see how sorrowful he was.

"You honest, faithful soul!" she exclaimed. And these words of hers loosened Knud's tongue. He told her how constantly he loved her, and that she must become his wife; and as he said this, he saw Joanna change colour and turn pale. She let his hand fall, and answered, seriously and mournfully, "Knud, do not make yourself and me unhappy. I shall always be a good sister to you, one in whom you may trust, but I shall never be anything more."

And she drew her white hand over his hot forehead. "Heaven gives us strength for much," she added, "if we only endeavour to do our best."

At that moment the stepmother came into the room; and Joanna said quickly, "Knud is quite inconsolable because I am going away. Come, be a man," she continued, and laid her hand upon his shoulder; and it seemed as if they had been talking of the journey, and nothing else. "You are a chick," she added. "but now you must be good and reasonable, as you used to be under the willow tree, when we were both children."

But Knud felt as if the whole world had slid out of its course and his thoughts were like a loose thread fluttering to and fro in the wind. He stayed, though he could not remember if she had asked him to stay, and she was kind and good, and poured out his tea for him, and sang to him. It had not the old tone, as yet it was wonderfully beautiful, and made his heart feel ready to burst. And then they parted. Knud did not offer her his hand, but she seized it, and said, "Surely you will shake hands with your sister at parting, old playfellow!"

And she smiled through the tears that were rolling over her cheeks, and she repeated the word "brother"—and certainly there was good consolation in that—and thus they parted. She sailed to France, and Knud wandered about the muddy streets of Copenhagen. The other journeymen in the workshop

asked him why he went about so gloomily, and told him he should go and amuse himself with them, for he was a young fellow.

And they went with him to the dancing-rooms. He saw many handsome girls there, but certainly not one like Joanna, and here where he thought to forget her, she stood more vividly than ever before the eyes of his soul. "Heaven gives us strength for great deal, if we only try to do our best," she had said, and his thoughts came into his mind, and he folded his hands. The violins played, and the girls danced round in a circle, and he was quite startled, for it seemed to him as if he were in a place to which he ought not to have brought Joanna—for she was there with him, in his heart; and accordingly he went out. He ran through the streets, and passed by the house where she had dwelt; it was dark there, dark everywhere, and empty, and lonely. The world went on in its course, but Knud pursued his lone way, unheedingly.

The winter came, and the streams were frozen. Everything seemed to be preparing for a burial. But when spring returned, and the first steamer was to start, a longing seized him to go awa far, far into the world, but not to France. So he packed his knapsack, and wandered far into the German land, from city to city without rest or peace, and it was not till he came to the glorious old city of Nuremberg that he could master his restless spirit, and in Nuremberg, therefore, he decided to remain.

Nuremberg is a wonderful old city, and looks as if it were cut out of an old picture-book. The streets seem to stretch themselves along just as they please. The houses do not like standing in regular ranks. Gables with little towers, arabesques, and pillars, start out over the pathway, and from the strange peaked roofs water-spouts, formed like dragons or great slim dogs, extend far over the street.

Here in the market-place stood Knud, with his knapsack on his back. He stood by one of the old fountains, that are adorned with splendid bronze figures, scriptural and historical, rising up between the gushing jets of water. A pretty servant-maid was just filling her pails, and she gave Knud a refreshing draught, and as her hand was full of roses, she gave him one of the flowers, and he accepted it as a good omen.

From the neighbouring church the strains of the organ were sounding: they seemed to him as familiar as the tones of the organ at home at Kjoge, and he went into the great cathedral. The sunlight streamed in through the stained glass windows, between the two lofty slender pillars. His spirit became prayerful, and peace returned to his soul.

And he sought and found a good master in Nuremberg, with whom he stayed, and in whose house he learned the German language.

The old moat round the town has been converted into a num

ber of little kitchen gardens; but the high walls are standing yet with their heavy towers. The ropemaker twists his ropes on a gallery or walk built of wood, inside the town wall, where elder bushes grow out of the clefts and cracks, spreading their green twigs over the little low houses that stand below; and in one of these dwelt the master with whom Knud worked; and over the little garret window at which Knud sat the elder tree waved its branches.

Here he lived through a summer and a winter; but when the spring came again he could bear it no longer. The elder was in blossom, and its fragrance reminded him so of home, that he fancied himself back in the garden at Kjøge; and therefore Knud went away from his master, and dwelt with another, farther in the town, over whose house no elder bush grew.

His workshop was quite close to one of the old stone bridges, by a low water-mill, that rushed and foamed always. Without, rolled the roaring stream, hemmed in by houses, whose old decayed gables looked ready to topple down into the water. No elder grew here—there was not even a flower-pot with its little green plant, but just opposite the workshop stood a great old willow tree, that seemed to cling fast to the house, for fear of being carried away by the water, and which stretched forth its branches over the river, just as the willow at Kjøge spread its arms across the streamlet by the gardens there.

Yes, he had certainly gone from the "Elder-Mother" to the "Willow-Father." The tree here had something, especially on moonlight evenings, that went straight to his heart—and that something was not in the moonlight, but in the old tree itself.

Nevertheless, he could not remain. Why not? Ask the willow tree, ask the 'blooming elder.' And therefore he bade farewell to his master in Nuremberg, and journeyed onward.

To no one did he speak of Joanna—in his secret heart he hid his sorrow, and he thought of the deep meaning in the old childish story of the two cakes. Now he understood why the man had a bitter almond in his breast—he himself felt the bitterness of it; and Joanna, who was always so gentle and kind, was typified by the honey-cake. The strap of his knapsack seemed so tight across his chest that he could scarcely breathe, he loosened it, but was not relieved. He saw but half the world around him; the other half he carried about him and with himself. And thus it stood with him.

Not till he came in sight of the high mountains did the world appear freer to him, and now his thoughts were turned without, and tears came into his eyes.

The Alps appeared to him as the folded wings of the earth, how if they were to unfold themselves, and display their variegated pictures of black woods, foaming waters, clouds, and masses of snow? At the last day he thought, the world will lift up its

great wings, and mount upwards towards the sky, and burst like a soap-bubble in the glance of the Highest!

"Ah," sighed he, "that the Last Day were come!"

Silently he wandered through the land, that seemed to him as an orchard covered with soft turf. From the wooden balconies of the houses the maidens who sat busy with their lace making nodded at him, the summits of the mountains glowed in the red sun of the evening, and when he saw the green lakes gleaming among the dark trees, he thought of the coast by the Bay of Kjøge, and there was a longing in his bosom, but it was pain no more.

There where the Rhine rolls onward like a great billow, and bursts, and is changed into snow-white, gleaming, cloud-like masses, as if clouds were being created there, with the rainbow fluttering like a loose band above them, there he thought of the water-mill at Kjøge, with its rushing, foaming water.

Gladly would he have remained in the quiet Rhenish town, but here too were too many elder trees and willows, and therefore he journeyed on, over the high, mighty mountains, through shattered walls of rock, and on roads that clung like swallows' nests to the mountain-side. The waters foamed on in the depths, the clouds were below him, and he strode on over thistles, Alpine roses, and snow, in the warm summer sun, and saying farewell to the lands of the North, he passed on under the shade of blooming chestnut trees, and through vineyards and fields of maize. The mountains were a wall between him and all his recollections, and he wished it to be so.

Before him lay a great glorious city which they called *Milano*, and here he found a German master who gave him work. They were an old pious couple, in whose workshop he now laboured. And the two old people became quite fond of the quiet journeyman, who said little, but worked all the more and led a pious Christian life. To himself also it seemed as if Heaven had lifted the heavy burden from his heart.

His favourite pastime was to mount now and then upon the mighty marble church, which seemed to him to have been formed of the snow of his native land, fashioned into roofs, and pinnacles, and decorated open halls from every corner and every point the white statues smiled upon him. Above him was the blue sky, below him the city and the widespreading Lombard plains, and towards the north the high mountains clad with perpetual snow; and he thought of the church at Kjøge, with its red ivy-covered walls, but he did not long to go thither. Here, beyond the mountains, he would be buried.

He had dwelt here a year, and three years had passed away since he left his home, when one day his master took him into the city, not to the circus where riders exhibited, but to the opera, where was a hall worth seeing. There were seven storeys, from

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of which beautiful silken curtains hung down, and from the
d to the dizzy height of the roof sat elegant ladies, with
ets of flowers in their hands, as if they were at a ball, and
gentlemen were in full dress, and many of them decorated
gold and silver. It was as bright there as in the brilliant
shine, and the music rolled gloriously through the building.
Everything was much more splendid than in the theatre at
penhagen, but then Joanna had been there, and—could it
? Yes, it was like magic—she was here also! for the curtain
se, and Joanna appeared, dressed in silk and gold, with a crown
on her head she sang as he thought none but angels could
ng, and came far forward, quite to the front of the stage, and
miled as only Joanna could smile, and looked straight down at
Knud. Poor Knud seized his master's hand, and called out aloud,
—“Joanna!” but no one heard but the master, who nodded his
head, for the loud music sounded above everything.

“Yes, yes, her name is Joanna,” said the master.
And he drew forth a printed playbill, and showed Knud her
name— for the full name was printed there.

No, it was not a dream! All the people applauded and threw
wreaths of flowers to her, and every time she went away they
called her back, so that she was always coming and going.
In the street the people crowded round her carriage, and drew
it away in triumph. Knud was in the foremost row, and shouted
as joyously as any; and when the carriage stopped before her
brilliantly lighted house, Knud stood close beside the door of the
carriage. It flew open, and she stepped out. The light fell upon
her dear face, as she smiled, and made a kindly gesture of thanks,
and appeared deeply moved. Knud looked straight into her face,
and she looked into his, but she did not know him. A man with
a star glittering on his breast gave her his arm—and it was
whispered about that the two were engaged.

Then Knud went home and packed his knapsack. He was
determined to go back to his own home, to the elder and willow
trees—ah, under the willow tree! A whole life is sometimes
lived through in a single hour.
The old couple begged him to remain, but no words could i
duce him to stay. It was in vain they told him that winter was
coming, and pointed out that snow had already fallen in the
mountains; he said he could march on, with his knapsack on
his back, in the wake of the slow-moving carriage, for which
they would have to clear a path.
So he went away towards the mountains, and marched up them
and down them. His strength was giving way, but still he saw
no village, no house. He marched on towards the north. The
gleamed above him, his feet stumbled, and his head grew
Deep in the valley stars were shining too, and it seemed
as there were another sky below him. He felt he was ill. The

stars below him became more and more numerous, and glowed brighter and brighter, and moved to and fro. It was a little town whose lights beamed there; and when he understood that, he exerted the remains of his strength, and at last reached the shelter of a humble inn.

That night and the whole of the following day he remained there, for his body required rest and refreshment. It was thawing, and there was rain in the valley. But early on the second morning came a man with an organ, who played a tune of home, and now Knud could stay no longer. He continued his journey towards the north, marching onward for many days with haste and hurry, as if he were trying to get home before all were dead there, but to no one did he speak of his longing for no one would have believed in the sorrow of his heart, the deepest a human heart can feel. Such a grief is not for the world, for it is not amusing; nor is it even for friends, and moreover he had no friends—a stranger, he wandered through strange lands towards his home in the north.

It was evening. He was walking on the public high road. The frost began to make itself felt, and the country soon became flatter, containing mere field and meadow. By the road-side grew a great willow tree. Everything reminded him of home, and he sat down under the tree—he felt very tired, his head began to nod, and his eyes closed in slumber, but still he was conscious that the tree stretched its arm above him, and in his wandering fancy the tree itself appeared to be an old, mighty man—it seemed as if the "Willow-Father" himself had taken up his tired son in his arms, and were carrying him back into the land of home, to the bare bleak shore of Kjøge, to the garden of his childhood. Yes, he dreamed it was the willow tree of Kjøge that had travelled out into the world to seek him, and that now had found him, and had led him back into the little garden by the streamlet, and there stood Joanna, in all her splendour, with the golden crown on her head, as he had seen her last, and she called out "Welcome!" to him.

And before him stood two remarkable shapes, which looked much more human than he remembered them to have been in his childhood, they had changed also, but they were still the two cakes that turned the right side towards him, and looked very well.

"We thank you," they said to Knud. "You have loosened our tongues, and have taught us that thoughts should be spoken out freely, or nothing will come of them, and now something has indeed come of it—we are betrothed."

Then they went hand in hand through the streets of Kjøge, and they looked very respectable in every way: there was no fault to find with them. And they went on, straight towards the church, and Knud and Joanna followed them; they also were walking hand in hand; and the church stood there as it had

CHARMING.

always stood, with its red walls, on which the green ivy grew; and the great door of the church flew open, and the organ pealed, and they walked up the long aisle of the church.

"This makes ten," said the cake couple; and made room for Joanne and Kneel, who knelt by the altar, and she bent her head over him, and tears fell from her eyes, but they were icy cold, for it was the ice around her heart that was melting—melting by his strong love—and the tears fell upon his burning cheeks, and he awoke, and was lying under the old willow tree in the strange land, in the cold winter evening—and icy hail was falling from the clouds and beating on his face.

"That was the most delicious hour of my life!" he said, "and it was but a dream—oh, let me dream again!"

And he closed his eyes once more, and slept and dreamed. Towards morning there was a great fall of snow. The wind dashed the snow over him, but he slept on. The villagers came forth to go to church, and by the road-side sat a journeyman. He was dead—frozen to death under the willow tree!

paper, that absorbed all that was spoken, and asked for more. She was very appreciative and incredibly ignorant - a kind of female Calicut House.

"I should like to see Rome," she said. "It must be a lovely city, with all the strangers who are continually arriving there. Now, do give us a description of Rome. How does the city look when you come in by the gate?"

"I cannot very well describe it," replied the sculptor. "A great open place, and in the midst of it an obelisk, which is a thousand years old."

"An obelisk!" exclaimed the lady, who had never met with the word *obelisk*.

A few of the guests could hardly keep from laughing, nor could the sculptor quite keep his countenance, but the smile that rose to his lips faded away, for he saw, close by the inquisitive dame, a pair of dark blue eyes - they belonged to the daughter of the speaker, and any one who has such a daughter cannot be silly. The mother was like a fountain of questions, and the daughter, who listened but never spoke, might pass for the beautiful Narsid of the fountain. How charming she was! She was a study for the sculptor to contemplate, but not to converse with; and, indeed, she did not speak, or only very seldom.

"Has the Pope a large family?" asked the lady.

And the young man considerably answered, as if the question had been better put.

"No, he does not come of a great family."

"That's not what I mean," the widow persisted. "I mean, has he a wife and children?"

"The Pope is not allowed to marry," said the gentleman.

"I don't like that," was the lady's comment.

She certainly might have put more sensible questions, but if she had not spoken in just the manner she used, would her daughter have leaned so gracefully upon her shoulder, looking straight out with the almost immortal smile upon her face?

Then Mr. Alfred spoke again, and told of the glory of colour in Italy, of the purple hills, the blue Mediterranean, the azure sky of the South, whose brightness and glory was only to be surpassed in the North by a maiden's deep blue eyes. And this he said with a peculiar application, but she who should have understood his meaning, looked as if she were quite unconscious of it, and that again was charming!

"Italy!" sighed a few of the guests.

"Oh, to travel!" sighed others.

"Charming! charming!" chorused they all.

"Yes, if I win a hundred thousand dollars in the lottery," said the head tax-collector's lady, "then we will travel. I and my daughter, and you, Mr. Alfred; you must be our guide. We'll all three travel together, and one or two good friends more." And

ded in such a friendly way at the company, that each one
 imagine he or she was the person who was to be taken to
 "Yes, we will go to Italy" but not to those parts where
 the robbers--we'll keep to Rome, and to the great high roads
 one is safe."

the daughter sighed very quietly. And how much may
 one little sigh, or be placed in it? The young man placed
 deal in it. The two blue eyes lit up that evening in honour
 n, must conceal treasures--treasures of the heart and mind
 her than all the glories of Rome; and when he left the party
 might he had lost his heart--lost it completely, to the young

the house of the head tax-collector's widow was now the one
 ch Mr. Alfred the sculptor most assiduously frequented; and
 was understood that his visits were not intended for that lady,
 ough he and she were the people who kept up the conversa-
 n: he came for the daughter's sake. They called her Kala.
 er name was really Calen Malena, and these two names had
 en contracted into the one name, Kala. She was beautiful;
 ut a few said she was rather dull, and probably slept late of a
 morning.

"She has always been accustomed to that," her mother said.
 "She's a beauty, and they always are easily tired. She sleeps
 rather late, but that makes her eyes so clear?"
 What a power lay in the depths of those dark blue eyes! "Still
 waters run deep." The young man felt the truth of this proverb,
 and his heart had sunk into the depths. He spoke and told his
 adventures, and the mamma was as simple and eager in her
 questioning as on the first evening of their meeting.

It was a pleasure to hear Alfred describe anything. He spoke
 of Naples, of excursions to Mount Vesuvius, and showed coloured
 prints of several of the eruptions. And the head tax-collector's
 widow had never heard of them before, or taken time to consider
 the question.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed. "So that is a burning
 mountain! But is it not dangerous to the people round about?"
 "Whole cities have been destroyed," Alfred answered; "for
 instance, Pompeii and Herculaneum."
 "But the poor people!—And you saw all that with your own
 eyes?"

"No, I did not see any of the eruptions represented in these
 pictures, but I will show you a picture of my own of an eruption
 I saw."

He laid a pencil sketch upon the table, and mamma, who had
 been absorbed in the contemplation of the highly-coloured prints,
 threw a glance at the pale drawing, and cried in astonishment,
 "Did you see it throw up white fire?"

For a moment Alfred's respect for Kala's mamma suffered a

sudden dimention; but, dazzled by the light that shrouded Kala, he soon found it quite natural that the old lady should have eyes for colour. After all, it was of no consequence for Kala's hair; Marina had the best of all things, namely, Kala's beard.

And Alfred and Hala were betrothed which was natural enough, and the betrothal was announced in the newspapers of the town. Marjorie purchased its columns in the paper, so that she might cut out the paragraph and send it to her friends and acquaintances. And the betrothed pair were 24, 3, and the mother-in-law elect was happy too for it seemed as though she herself with Thelma set

'For you are a continuation of Tharwa's - the last of the Alford.'

And it seemed to Alfred that marriage had its greater reward: a clever thing, Julia said nothing but her eyes alone besought smiled, for every movement was graceful, and she was beautiful that cannot be too often repeated.

Alfred undertook to take a load of kaka and of his mother-in-law. They sat to him across the lake and saw him as he rowed and smoothed the red clay with his fingers.

* I suppose it is only upon our own and immediate law
that you undertake this common-law work and don't leave
your servant to do all that sticking together.

"No, it is necessary that I should mould the clay myself" he replied.

"Ah, yes, you are so very polite," remarks I, as she and I have
while we wait his hand, a second by the way.

And he unfolded to each of them the inner secret of his ex-
ecration, pointing out how the living stone is higher in the scale
than the dead creature, how the plant may develop leaves and
mineral the animal beyond the plant, as I may say, in the ani-
mal. He strove to show them how a man's soul begets his inner
most in outward form, and how it was the wisest and best to
serve that beauteous soul to man, and to be a man.

പിന്നീട് വന്നു കിട്ടിയ കൃഷി തരങ്ങൾ x_2 മുതൽ x_7 വരെ (1) ക്ക് ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തി
 (2) ക്ക്, x_1 ക്ക് ഉൾപ്പെടുന്നതല്ല എന്നും ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിയ കൃഷി തരങ്ങൾ x_8 മുതൽ x_{10} വരെ

"It's a hard decision that I can't help it because I've
+ on what my opinion is, & they will receive as I would like
I continue to hold firm."

And when he had finished all his work, good and bad and honest, he always gave me back to me, however every feature pointed to me, he would say, "and in the eyes of his mother, and in every movement of his face, he told the same story as the first day of his life, and the two became eyes and thus it is as he said that we speak much, for he and she were one, and he was always talking of her.

Source: *See the Introduction*, which lists the sources of the data.

are obliged to run after! You must do it for decency's sake, for you're sure to be asked when you come back, and then you're sure to be told that you've omitted to see what was best worth seeing. I got tired at last of those endless Madonnas. one seemed to be turning a Madonna oneself!"

"And what bad living you get!" said Kala.

"Yes," replied mamma, "no such thing as a honest meat soup. It's miserable trash, their cookery."

And the travelling fatigued Kala she was always fatigued that was the worst of it. Sophy was taken into the house, where her presence was a real advantage.

Mamma-in-law acknowledged that Sophy understood both housewifery and art, though a knowledge of the latter could not be expected from a person of her limited means, and she was moreover, an honest, faithful girl, she showed that thoroughly while Kala lay sick—fading away.

While the case is everything, the case should be strong or else all is over. And all was over with the case—Kala died.

"She was beautiful," said mamma, "she was quite different from the antiques, for they are so damaged. A beauty ought to be perfect, and Kala was a perfect beauty."

Alfred wept, and mamma wept, and both of them were mourning. The black dress suited mamma very well, and she wore mourning the longest. Moreover, she had soon to experience another grief in seeing Alfred marry Sophy, who had no appearance at all.

"He's gone to the very extreme," cried mamma-in-law, "he has gone from the most beautiful to the ugliest, and has forgotten his first wife. Men have no endurance. My husband was of a different stamp, and he died before me."

"Pygmalion received his Galatea," said Alfred. "yes, that's what they said in the wedding song. I had once really fallen in love with the beautiful statue, which awoke to life in my arms, but the kindred soul which Heaven sends down to us, the angel who can feel and sympathize with and elevate us, I have not found and won till now. You came, Sophy, not in the glory of outward beauty, though you are fair, fairer than is needful. The chief thing remains the chief. You came to teach the sculptor that his work is but clay and dust, only an outward form in a fabric that passes away, and that we must seek the essence, the internal spirit. Poor Kala! ours was but wayfarers' life. Yonder, where we shall know each other by sympathy, we shall be half-strangers."

"That was not lovingly spoken," said Sophy, "not spoken like a true Christian. Yonder, where there is no giving in marriage, but where, as you say, souls attract each other by sympathy; there where everything beautiful develops itself and is elevated,

THE BUTTERFLY.

soul may acquire such completeness that it may sound more
moniously than mine, and you will then once more utter
the first rapturous exclamation of your love, 'Beautiful—most
autiful' "

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE Butterfly wished for a bride; and, as may well be ima-
gined, he wanted to select a very pretty one from among
the flowers, therefore he threw a critical glance at all
the flower-beds, and found that every flower sat quietly and de-
murely on her stalk, just as a maiden ought to sit before she is
engaged, but there were a great many of them, and the choice
threatened to become wearisome. The Butterfly did not care to
take much trouble, and consequently he flew off on a visit to the
daisies. The French call this floweret "Marguerite," and they
know that Marguerite can prophesy, when lovers pluck off its
leaves, and ask of every leaf they pluck some question concern-
ing their lovers. "Heartily? Painfully? Loves me much? A
little? Not at all?" and so on. Every one asks in his own
language. The Butterfly came to Marguerite too, to inquire; but
he did not pluck off her leaves—he kissed each of them, for he
considered that most is to be done with kindness.
"Darling Marguerite daisy! Pray, pray tell me, shall I get
the wisest woman among the flowers. Which will be my bride?
this one or that? Which will be my bride?" When I know that,
I will directly fly to her and propose for her."

But Marguerite did not answer him. She was angry that he
had called her a "woman," when she was yet a girl, and there
is a great difference. He asked for the second and for the third
time, and when she remained dumb, and answered him not a
word, he would wait no longer, but flew away to begin his wooing
at once.

It was in the beginning of spring; the crocus and the snowdrop
were blooming around.

"They are very pretty," thought the Butterfly. "Charming
little lasses, but a little too much of the school-girl about them."

Like all young lads, he looked out for the elder girls.
Then he flew off to the anemones. These were a little too
bitter for his taste, the violet somewhat too sentimental, the hine
blossoms were too small, and, moreover, they had too many re-
lations; the apple blossoms—they looked like roses, but they
bloomed to-day, to fall off to-morrow, to fall beneath the first

THE BUTTERFLY.

wind that blew; and he thought that a marriage with the last too short a time. The Pease Blossom pleased him all. she was white and red, and graceful and delicate longed to the domestic maidens who look well, and at time are useful in the kitchen. He was just about to offer, when close by the maiden he saw a pod at whose a withered flower.

"Who is that?" he asked

"That is my sister," replied the Pease Blossom.

"Oh, indeed, and you will get to look like her!" he And away he flew, for he felt quite shocked.

The honeysuckle hung forth blooming from the he there was a number of girls like that, with long faces and complexions. No, he did not like her

But which one did he like?

The spring went by, and the summer drew towards it was autumn, but he was still undecided.

And now the flowers appeared in their most gorgeous but in vain—they had lost the fresh fragrant air of youth the heart demands fragrance, even when it is no longer and there is very little of that to be found among the and dry chrysanthemums, therefore the Butterfly turned Mint on the ground.

You see, this plant has no blossom, but indeed it is all over, full of fragrance from head to foot, with flower every leaf

"I shall take her," said the Butterfly

And he made an offer to her.

But the Mint stood silent and stiff, listening to him. she said,

"Friendship, if you please, but nothing more. I am old, you are old, but we may very well live for one another, by marrying—no—don't let us appear ridiculous at our age.

And thus it happened that the Butterfly had no wife. He had been too long choosing and that is a bad plan. Butterfly became what we call an old bachelor

It was late in autumn, with rain and cloudy weather. There flew cold over the backs of the old willow trees, so they creaked again. It was no weather to be flying about in clothes, nor, indeed, was the Butterfly in the open air. He got under shelter by chance, where there was fire in the stove the heat of summer. He could live well enough, but he

"It's not enough merely to live. One must have fire, sunshine, and a little flower"

And he flew against the window-frame, and was seen admired, and then stuck upon a pin and placed in the curiosities; they could not do more for him.

"Now I am perched on a stalk, like the flowers," said

ANNE LISBETH.

utterly. "It certainly is not very pleasant. It must be some-
thing like being married, for one is stuck fast."
And he consoled himself in some measure with the thought
"That's very poor comfort," said the potted Plants in the
room.
"But," thought the Butterfly, "one cannot well trust these
potted Plants. They've had too much to do with mankind."

ANNE LISBETH.

ANNE LISBETH had a colour like milk and blood; young,
fresh, and merry, she looked beautiful, with gleaming
white teeth and clear eyes; her footstep was light in the
dance, and her mind was lighter still. And what came of it all?
Her son was an ugly brat! Yes, he was not pretty; so he was
put out to be nursed by the labourer's wife. Anne Lisbeth was
taken into the count's castle, and sat there in the splendid room
arrayed in silks and velvets; not a breath of wind might blow
upon her, and no one was allowed to speak a harsh word to her.
No, that might not be, for she was nurse to the count's child,
which was delicate and fair as a Prince, and beautiful as an angel,
and how she loved this child! Her own boy was provided for at
the labourer's, where the mouth boiled over more frequently than
the pot, and where, in general, no one was at home to take care
of the child. Then he would cry, but what nobody knows, that
nobody cares for; he would cry till he was tired, and then he fell
asleep; and in sleep one feels neither hunger nor thirst. A capital
invention is sleep.

With years, just as weeds shoot up, Anne Lisbeth's child grew,
but yet they said his growth was stunted, but he had quite
become a member of the family in which he dwelt; they had
received money to keep him. Anne Lisbeth was rid of him for
good. She had become a town lady and had a comfortable home
of her own; and out of doors she wore a bonnet when she went
out for a walk; but she never walked out to see the labourer—
that was too far from the town, and indeed she had nothing to
go for; the boy belonged to the labouring people, and she said
he could eat his food, and he should do something to earn his
food, and consequently he kept Mat's red cow. He could already
idle and make himself useful.
The dog, by the yard gate of the nobleman's mansion, sits
in the sunshine on the top of the kennel, and barks at

every one who goes by; if it rains he creeps into his house, and there he is warm and dry. Anne Lisbeth's boy sat in the sunshine on the fence of the field, and cut out a pole-pen. In the spring he knew of three strawberry plants that were in blossom, and would certainly bear fruit, and that was his most hopeful thought; but they came to nothing. He sat out in the rain in foul weather, and was wet to the skin, and afterwards the cold wind dried the clothes on his back. When he came to the lordly farm yard he was hustled and cuffed, for the men and maids declared he was horribly ugly; but he was used to that—loved by nobody!



anne Lisbeth's boy

That was how it went with Anne Lisbeth's boy, and how could it go otherwise? It was, once for all, his fate to be loved by nobody.

Till now a "land crab," the land at last threw him overboard. He went to sea in a wretched vessel, and sat by the helm, while the skipper sat over the grog-can. He was dirty and ugly, half-frozen and half-starved: one would have thought he had never had enough; and that really was the case.

It was late in autumn, rough, wet, windy weather; the wind

must go to my darling, to my sweet count's child. Yes, he certainly must long to see me too, the young count; he thinks of me and loves me as in those days when he hung his angel arms round my neck and cried 'Anne Lisbeth!' It sounded like music. Yes, I must make an effort and see him again."

She drove across the country in a grazer's cart and then got out and continued her journey on foot and so reached the count's castle. It was great and magnificent as it had always been and the garden looked the same as of old, but all the people there were strangers to her, not one of them knew where she was, and they did not know of what consequence she had once been there, but she felt sure the countess would be able to know where her darling boy too. How she longed to see him!

Now Anne Lisbeth was at her journey's end, but she was kept waiting a considerable time, and for this she was very impatient, and slowly. But before the great people were to take she was called in and accosted very graciously. She was to see her sweet boy after dinner, and then she was to be seated in a chair.

How tall and slender and thin he had grown! He had still his beautiful eyes and the angel sweet mouth. He was a statue, but he said not a word, certainly he did not know her. He turned round, and was about to go away, but she seized his hand and pressed it to her mouth.

"Good, good!" said he, and with that he went. And he was — he who ruled her every thought, — he whom she had loved best and who was her whole earthly pride.

Anne Lisbeth went out of the castle into the open highway and she felt very mournful. He had been so kind and so gentle, but had not a word nor a thought for her, he whom she had once carried day and night, and whom she still carried in her dreams.

A great black roan shot down in front of her on the highway, and croaked and croaked again.

"Ha!" she said, "what kind of old women are they?"

She came past the hut of the labourers. The wife stood at the door, and the two women spoke to one another.

"You look well," said the woman. "You are young, and fat, you're well off."

"Oh, yes," answered Anne Lisbeth.

"The boat went down with them," continued the woman. "Hans skipper and the boys were both drowned. There's an end of them. I am sure that the boys would be able to help me out with a few dollars. He'll never come any more, those Anne Lisbeths."

"So they were drowned?" Anne Lisbeth repeated, and then nothing more was said on the subject.

Anne Lisbeth was very low-spirited because her count-child had shown no disposition to speak with her who loved him so well and who had journeyed all that way to get a sight of him, and

miles than the other, and that the weather was clear and the moon shone, she determined to make her way on foot, and to start at once, that she might be at home by next day.

The sun had set, and the evening bells, tolled in the towers of the village churches, still sounded through the air; but no, it was not the bells, but the cry of the frogs in the marshes. Now they were silent, and all around was still; not a bird was heard, for they were all gone to rest; and even the owl seemed to be at home: deep silence reigned on the margin of the forest and by the sea-shore. As Anne Lisbeth walked on she could hear her own footsteps on the sand: there was no sound of waves in the sea; everything out in the deep waters had sunk to silence. All was quiet here, the living and the dead creatures of the sea.

Anne Lisbeth walked on "thinking of nothing at all," as the saying is, or rather, her thoughts wandered; but thoughts had not wandered away from her, for they are never absent from us, they only slumber. But those that have not yet stirred come forth at their time, and begin to stir sometimes in the heart and sometimes in the head, and seem to come upon us as if from above.

It is written that a good deed bears its fruit of blessing, and it is also written that sin is death. Much has been written and much has been said which one does not know or think of in general; and thus it was with Anne Lisbeth. But it may happen that a light arises within one, and that the forgotten things may approach.

All virtues and all vices lie in our hearts. They are in mine and in thine, they lie there like little grains of seed; and then from without comes a ray of sunshine or the touch of an evil hand, or maybe you turn the corner and go to the right or to the left, and that may be decisive; for the little seed-corn perhaps is stirred, and it swells and shows up, and it bursts, and pours its sap into all your blood, and then your career has commenced. There are fermenting thoughts, which one does not feel when one walks on with slumbering senses, but they are there, fermenting in the heart. Anne Lisbeth walked on thus with her senses half in slumber, but the thoughts were fermenting within her. From one Storee Lucway to the next there comes much that weighs upon the heart—the reckoning of a whole year, much is forgiven, sins against Heaven in word and in thought, against our neighbour, and against our own conscience. We don't think of these things, and Anne Lisbeth did not think of them. She had committed no crime against the law of the land, she was very respectable, an honoured and well placed person, that she knew. And as she walked along by the margin of the sea, what was it she saw lying there? An old hat, a man's hat. Now, where might that have been washed overboard? She came nearer,

clung to her, and in her mind a great space opened for thoughts that had never before been there.

Here in the North the beech wood often buds in a single night, and in the morning sunlight it appears in its full glory of youthful green; and thus in a single instant can the consciousness unfold itself of the sin that has been contained in the thoughts, words, and works of our past life. It springs up and unfolds itself in a single second when once the conscience is awakened, and God wakens it when we least expect it. Then we find no excuse for ourselves—the deed is there, and bears witness against us, the thoughts seem to become words, and to sound far out into the world. We are horrified at the thought of what we have carried within us, and have not stilled over what we have sown in our thoughtlessness and pride. The heart hides within itself all the virtues and likewise all the vices, and they grow even in the shallowest ground.

Anne Lisbeth now experienced all the thoughts we have clothed in words. She was overpowered by them, and sank down, and crept along for some distance on the ground. "A grave! dig me a grave!" it sounded again in her ears, and she would gladly have buried herself if in the grave there had been forgetfulness of every deed. It was the first hour of her awakening—full of anguish and horror. Superstition alternately made her shudder with cold and made her blood burn with the heat of fever. Many things of which she had never liked to speak came into her mind. Silent as the cloud shadows in the bright moonshine, a spectral apparition flitted by her—she had heard of it before. Close by her galloped four snorting steeds, with fire spurring from their eyes and nostrils, they dragged a red hot coach, and within it sat the wicked proprietor who had ruled here a hundred years ago. The legend said that every night at twelve o'clock he drove into his castle yard and out again. There! there! He was not pale, as dead men are said to be, but black as a coal. He nodded at Anne Lisbeth and beckoned to her. "Hold fast! hold fast! then you may ride again in a nobleman's carriage, and forget your own child!"

She gathered herself up, and hastened to the churchyard, but the black crosses and the black ravens started before her eyes and she could not distinguish one from the other. The ravens croaked, as the raven had done that she saw in the day time, but now she understood what they said. "I am the raven-mother. I am the raven mother!" each raven croaked, and Anne Lisbeth now understood that the name also applied to her, and she fancied she should be transformed into a black bird, and be obliged to cry what they cried, if she did not dig the grave.

And she threw herself on the earth, and with her hands dug a grave in the hard ground, so that the blood ran from her fingers, "A grave! dig me a grave!" it still sounded, she was fearful

that the clock in the tower, and the first red streak appear in
east, before she had finished her work, and then she would be
And it was such a reward, and she dreamed in the east, and
grave was only half dug. An icy hand passed over her head

and she felt a cold towards her heart.

"O half a grave," a voice was said, and fled away.
Then it flew over the sea. It was the ocean spectre;
enchanting and overpowering, Anne Lisbeth came to the grave
and her senses returned.

It was bright day when she came to herself, and two men
raising her up, but she was not lying in the churchyard, to
the sea-shore, where she had dug a deep hole in the sand
cut her hand against a broken glass, whose sharp stem was
in a little painted mark of wood. Anne Lisbeth was in a
convulsion had she felt the words of superstition, and had
out these words, and she fancied she had only half a soul, and
her child had taken the other half down into the sea.
would she be able to bring herself aloft to the mercy of He
till she had recovered this other half, which was now held
the deep water. Anne Lisbeth got back to her former home
was no longer the woman she had been: her thoughts were
fused like a tangled skein, only one thread, only one thought
had disentangled, namely, that she must carry the spectre
sea-shore to the churchyard, and dig a grave for him, that
she might win back a soul.

Many a night she was missed from her home; and so
always found on the sea-shore, waiting for the spectre.
way a whole year passed by; and then one night she was
again, and was not to be found; the whole of the next day
waited in fruitless search.

Towards evening, when the clerk came into the church
the vesper bell, he saw by the altar Anne Lisbeth, who had
the whole day there. Her physical forces were almost exhausted,
but her eyes gleamed brightly, and her cheeks had a red
The last rays of the sun shone upon her, and gleamed
altar on the bright buckles of the Bible which lay there,
at the words of the prophet Joel: "Render your hearts,
your garments, and turn unto the Lord!" That was just as
the people said, as many things happen by chance.

In the face of Anne Lisbeth, illumined by the sun, no
rest were to be seen. She said she was happy, for now
conquered. Last night the spectre of the shore, her own
had come to her, and had said to her,

"Thou hast dug me only half a grave, but thou hast
a year and a day, buried me altogether in thy heart, and
that a mother can best hide her child!"

And her lost soul back again, and

THE LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK TREE. 4

"Now I am in the house of God," she said, "and in that house we are happy."

And when the sun had set, Anne Lisbeth's soul had risen to that region where there is no more anguish, and Anne Lisbeth's troubles were over.

THE LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK TREE

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

IN the forest, high up on the steep shore, hard by the open sea-coast, stood a very old Oak Tree. It was exactly three hundred and sixty-five years old, but that long time was not more for the Tree than just as many days would be for us men. We wake by day and sleep through the night, and then we have our dreams. It is different with the Tree, which keeps awake through three seasons of the year, and does not get to sleep till winter comes. Winter is its time for rest, its night and the long day which is called spring, summer, and autumn.

On many a warm summer day the Ephemera, the fly that lives but for a day, had danced around his crown—had lived, enjoyed, and felt happy, and then rested for a moment in quiet bliss as the tiny creature, on one of the great fresh Oak leaves, and then the Tree always said,

"Poor little thing! Your whole life is but a single day! How very short! It's quite melancholy."

"Melancholy! Why do you say that?" the Ephemera would then always reply. "It's wonderfully bright, warm, and beautiful all around me, and that makes me rejoice."

"But only one day, and then it's all done!"

"Done!" repeated the Ephemera. "What's the meaning of *done*? Are you *done*, too?"

"No; I shall perhaps live for thousands of your days, and my day is whole seasons long! It's something so long, that you can't at all manage to reckon it out."

"No? then I don't understand you. You say you have thousands of my days; but I have thousands of moments in which I can be merry and happy. Does all the beauty of this world cease when you die?"

"No," replied the Tree; "it will certainly last much longer—far longer than I can possibly think."

"Well, then we have the same time, only we reckon differently."



gnarled and crooked the branches were that shot forth from its trunk. Crows and rooks came and took their seat by turns in the boughs, and spoke of the hard times which were beginning, and of the difficulty of getting a living in winter.

It was just at the holy Christmas time when the Tree dreamed its most glorious dream.

The Tree had a distinct feeling of the festive time, and fancied he heard the bells ringing from the churches all around, and yet it seemed as if it were a fine summer's day, mild and warm. Fresh and green he spread out his mighty crown, the sunbeams played among the twigs and the leaves, the air was full of the fragrance of herbs and blossoms, gay butterflies chased each other to and fro. The ephemeral insects danced as if all the world were created merely for them to dance and be merry in. All that the Tree had experienced for years and years, all that had happened around him, seemed to pass by him again, as in a festive pageant. He saw the knights of ancient days ride by with their noble dames on gallant steeds, with plumes waving in their bonnets and falcons on their wrists. The hunting horn sounded, and the dogs barked. He saw hostile warriors in coloured jerkins and with shining weapons, with spear and halbert, pitching their tents and striking them again. The watch-fires flamed up anew, and men sang and slept under the branches of the Tree. He saw loving couples meeting near his trunk happily, in the moonshine, and they cut the initials of their names in the grey-green bark of his stem. Once—long years had rolled by since then—citherns and Æolian harps had been hung up on his boughs by merry wanderers, now they hung there again, and once again they sounded in tones of marvellous sweetness. The wood-pigeons cooed, as if they were telling what the Tree felt in all this, and the cuckoo called out to tell him how many summer days he had yet to live.

Then it appeared to him as if new life were rippling down into the remotest fibre of his root, and mounting up into his highest branches, to the tops of the leaves. The Tree felt that he was stretching and spreading himself, and through his root he felt that there was life and motion even in the ground itself. He felt his strength increase, he grew higher, his stem shot up unceasingly, and he grew more and more, his crown became fuller and spread out; and in proportion as the Tree grew, he felt his happiness increase, and his joyous hope that he should reach even higher—quite up to the warm brilliant sun.

Already had he grown high up above the clouds, which floated past beneath his crown like dark troops of passage-birds, or like great white swans. And every leaf of the Tree had the gift of sight, as if it had eyes wherewith to see: the stars became visible in broad daylight, great and sparkling, each of them sparkled like a pair of eyes, mild and clear. They recalled to his memory

And the Ephemera danced and floated in the air, and rejoiced in her delicate wings of gauze and velvet, and rejoiced in the balmy breezes laden with the fragrance of the meadows and of wild roses and elder flowers, of the garden hedges, wild thyme, and mint, and daisies; the scent of these was all so strong that the Ephemera was almost intoxicated. The day was long and beautiful, full of joy and of sweet feeling, and when the sun sank low the little fly felt very agreeably tired of all its happiness and enjoyment. The delicate wings would not carry it any more, and quietly and slowly it glided down upon the soft grass blade, nodded its head as well as it could nod, and went quietly to sleep—and was dead.

"Poor little Ephemera!" said the Oak. "That was a terribly short life!"

And on every summer day the same dance was repeated, the same question and answer, and the same sleep. The same thing was repeated through whole generations of Ephemera, and all of them felt equally merry and equally happy.

The Oak stood there awake through the spring morning, the noon of summer, and the evening of autumn; and its time of rest, its night, was coming on apace. Winter was approaching.

Already the storms were singing their "good night! good night!" Here fell a leaf, and there fell a leaf.

"We'll rock you, and dandle you! Go to sleep! go to sleep! We sing you to sleep, we shake you to sleep, but it does you good in your old twigs, does it not? They seem to crack for very joy. Sleep sweetly! sleep sweetly! It's your three hundred and sixty-fifth night. Properly speaking, you're only a stripling as yet! Sleep sweetly! The clouds strew down snow, there will be quite a coverlet, warm and protecting, around your feet. Sweet sleep to you, and pleasant dreams!"

And the old Oak Tree stood there, denuded of all its leaves, to sleep through the long winter, and to dream many a dream, always about something that had happened to it, just as in the dreams of men.

The great Oak had once been small—indeed, an acorn had been its cradle. According to human computation, it was now in its fourth century. It was the greatest and best tree in the forest; its crown towered far above all the other trees, and could be descried from afar across the sea, so that it served as a landmark to the sailors: the Tree had no idea how many eyes were in the habit of seeking it. High up in its green summit the wood-pigeon built her nest, and the cuckoo sat in its boughs and sang his song; and in autumn, when the leaves looked like thin plates of copper, the birds of passage came and rested there, before they flew away across the sea; but now it was winter, and the Tree stood there leafless, so that every one could see how

"In heaven, in the better land, it can be imagined, and it is possible!" the reply sounded through the air.

And the old Tree, who grew on and on, felt how his roots were tearing themselves free from the ground.

"That's right! that's better than ail!" said the Tree. "No more fetters hold me! I can fly up now, to the very highest, in glory and in light! And all my beloved ones are with me, great and small—all of them, all!"

That was the dream of the old Oak Tree, and while he dreamed thus a mighty storm came rushing over land and sea—at the holy Christmastide. The sea rolled great billows towards the shore, and there was a cracking and crashing in the tree—his root was torn out of the ground in the very moment while he was dreaming that his root freed itself from the earth. He fell. His three hundred and sixty-five years were now as the single day of the Ephemera.

On the morning of the Christmas festival, when the sun rose the storm had subsided. From all the churches sounded the festive bells, and from every hearth, even from the smallest hut arose the smoke in blue clouds like the smoke from the altars of the Druids of old at the feast of thank offerings. The sea became gradually calm, and on board a great ship in the offing, that had fought successfully with the tempest, all the flags were displayed as a token of joy sustable to the festive day.

"The Tree is down—the old Oak Tree, our landmark on the coast!" said the sailors. "It fell in the storm of last night. What can replace it? No one can."

This was the funeral oration, short but well meant, that was given to the Tree which lay stretched on the snowy covering on the sea-shore; and over its prostrate form sounded the notes of a song from the ship, a carol of the joys of Christmas, and of the redemption of the soul of man by His blood, and of eternal life.

"Sing, sing aloud, for blessed morn—
It is fulfilled—and He is born,
Oh, joy without measure!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Thus sounded the old psalm tune, and every one on board the ship felt lifted up in his own way, through the song and the prayer, just as the old Tree had felt lifted up in its last, its most beautiful dream in the Christmas night.

well known gentle eyes, eyes of children, eyes of lovers, who had met beneath his boughs.

It was a marvellous spectacle, and one full of happiness and joy! And yet amid all this happiness the Tree felt a longing, a yearning desire that all other trees of the wood beneath him, and all the bushes, and herbs, and flowers, might be able to rise with him, that they too might see this splendour and experience this joy. The great majestic Oak was not quite happy in his happiness, while he had not them all, great and little, about him; and this feeling of yearning trembled through his every twig, through his every leaf, warmly and fervently as through a human heart.

The crown of the Tree waved to and fro, as if he sought something in his silent longing, and he looked down. Then he felt the fragrance of thyme, and soon afterwards the more powerful scent of honeysuckle and violets; and he fancied he heard the cuckoo answering him.

Yes, through the clouds the green summits of the forest came peering up, and under himself the Oak saw the other trees, as they grew and raised themselves aloft. Bushes and herbs shot up high, and some tore themselves up bodily by the roots to rise the quicker. The birch was the quickest of all. Like a white streak of lightning, its slender stem shot upwards in a zigzag line, and the branches spread around it like green gauze and like banners; the whole woodland natives, even to the brown-plumed rushes, grew up with the rest, and the birds came too, and sang; and on the grass blade that fluttered aloft like a long silken ribbon into the air, sat the grasshopper cleaning his wings with his leg; the May beetles hummed, and the bees murmured, and every bird sang in his appointed manner; all was song and sound of gladness up into the high heaven.

"But the little blue flower by the water-side, where is that?" said the Oak; "and the purple bell-flower and the daisy?" for, you see, the old Oak Tree wanted to have them all about him.

"We are here! we are here!" was shouted and sung in reply.

"But the beautiful thyme of last summer—and in the last year there was certainly a place here covered with lilies of the valley! and the wild apple tree that blossomed so splendidly! and all the glory of the wood that came year by year—if that had only just been born, it might have been here now!"

"We are here! we are here!" replied voices still higher in the air. It seemed as if they had flown on before.

"Why, that is beautiful, indescribably beautiful!" exclaimed the old Oak Tree, rejoicingly. "I have them all around me, great and small; not one has been forgotten! How can so much happiness be imagined? How can it be possible?"

"In heaven, in the better land, it can be imagined, and it is possible!" the reply sounded through the air.

And the old Tree, who grew on and on, felt how his roots were tearing themselves free from the ground.

"That's right! that's better than all!" said the Tree. "Now no fetters hold me! I can fly up now, to the very highest, in glory and in light! And all my beloved ones are with me, great and small—all of them, all!"

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THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

domestic hearth. She gave herself up to her grief, and grief to her to and fro as the sea tosses a ship without compass or rule. So the day of the funeral passed away, and similar days followed of dark, wearying pain. With moist eyes and mournful glances the sorrowing daughters and the afflicted husband looked at her who would not hear their words of comfort, and, indeed, words of comfort could they speak to her, when they themselves were heavily bowed down?



The Mother at the Grave

It seemed as though she knew Sleep no more; and yet he who now have been her best friend, who would have strengthened her body, and poured peace into her soul. They persuaded her to seek her couch, and she lay still there, like one who slept. At night her husband was listening, as he often did, to her breath, and fully believed that she had now found rest and relief. He folded his arms and prayed, and soon sank into a deep sleep.

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE



HERE was mourning in the house, sorrow in every heart. The youngest child, a boy four years old, the joy and hope of his parents, had died. There still remained them two daughters, the elder of whom was about to be confirmed, good, charming girls both, but the child that one has lost always seems the dearest; and here it was the youngest, and a son. The sisters mourned as young hearts can, and were especially moved at the sight of their parents' sorrow. The father was bowed down, and the mother completely struck down by the great grief. Day and night she had been busy about the sick child, and had tended, lifted, and carried it; she had felt how it was a part of herself. She could not realize that the child was dead, and that it must be laid in a coffin and sleep in the ground. She thought God *could not* take this child from her; and when it was so, nevertheless, and there could be no more doubt on the subject, she said in her feverish pain, "God did not know it. He has heartless servants here on earth, who do according to their own liking, and hear not the prayers of a mother."

In her grief she fell away from God, and then there came dark thoughts, thoughts of death, of everlasting death—that man was but dust in the dust, and that with this life all was ended. But these thoughts gave her no stay, nothing on which she could take hold; and she sank into the fathomless abyss of despair. In her heaviest hours she could weep no more, and she thought of the young daughters who were still left to her. The tears of her husband fell upon her forehead, but she did not look at them, being were fixed upon it, to call back every remembrance of the little one, every innocent childish word it had uttered. The day of the funeral came. For nights before the mother had not slept; but in the morning twilight she now slept, overcome by weariness; and in the meantime the coffin was carried to a distant room, and there nailed down, that she might not feel the blows of the hammer.

When she awoke, and wanted to see her child, the husband would not have nailed down the coffin. It was necessary to do so. "When God is hard towards me, how should men be better?" The coffin was carried to the grave. The disconsolate mother did not see them, for her thoughts were no longer busy at the

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

sleep; and thus he did not notice that his wife arose, threw her clothes, and silently glided from the house, to go where her thoughts always lingered—to the grave which held her child. She stepped through the garden of the house, and over the field where a path led to the churchyard. No one saw her on her walk—she had seen nobody, for her eyes were fixed upon the one goal of her journey.

It was a lovely starlight night; the air was still mild; it was in the beginning of September. She entered the churchyard, and stood by the little grave, which looked like a great nosegay of fragrant flowers. She sat down, and bowed her head low over the grave, as if she could have seen her child through the intervening earth, her little boy, whose smile rose so vividly before her—the gentle expression of whose eyes, even on the sick-bed, she could never forget. How eloquent had that glance been, when she had bent over him and seized his delicate hand, which he had no longer strength to raise! As she had sat by his crib, so she now sat by his grave, but here her tears had free course, and fell thick upon the grave.

"Thou wouldst gladly go down and be with thy child," said a voice quite close to her, a voice that sounded so clear and deep, it went straight to her heart.

She looked up, and near her stood a man wrapped in a black cloak, with a hood drawn closely down over his face. But she glanced keenly up and saw his face under his hood. It was stern, but yet awakened confidence, and his eyes beamed with the radiance of youth.

"Down to my child!" she repeated; and a despairing supplication spoke out of her words.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the form. "I am Death."

And she bowed her head in acquiescence. Then suddenly it seemed as though all the stars were shining with the radiance of the full moon; she saw the varied colours of the flowers on the grave, and the covering of earth was gradually withdrawn like a hanging drapery; and she sank down, and the apparition covered her with a black cloak; night closed around her, the night of the churchyard was as a roof over her head.

The cloak was removed, and she stood in a great loneliness in a moment her child appeared, and was pressed to her, smiling at her in greater beauty than he had ever possessed. She uttered a cry, but it was inaudible. A glorious swelling strain sounded in the distance, and then near to her, and then from beyond the great dark curtain fallen on her ears; from the great land of eternity beyond.

"Sweet darling mother!" she heard her child say.

that the laughing Athenians may well appreciate the likeness between himself and the caricature on the stage there he stands before them, towering high above them all.



The King of Feds.

Thou juicy, green, poisonous hemlock, throw thy shadow over Athens—not thou, olive tree of fame!

Seven cities contended for the honour of giving birth to Homer—that is to stay, they contended after his death! Let us look at him as he was in his life-time. He wanders on foot through the cities, and recites his verses for a livelihood; the thought for the morrow turns his hair grey! He, the great seer, is blind, and painfully pursues his way—the sharp thorn tears the mantle

Here in dark nights sits the man who measured the mountains in the moon; he who forced his way out into the endless space, among stars and planets; he, the mighty man who understood the spirit of nature, and felt the earth moving beneath his feet—Galileo. Blind and deaf he sits—an old man thrust through with the spear of suffering, and amid the torments of neglect, scarcely able to lift his foot—that foot with which, in the anguish of his soul, when men denied the truth, he stamped upon the ground with the exclamation, "Yet it moves!"

Here stands a woman of childlike mind, yet full of faith and inspiration; she carries the banner in front of the combating army, and brings victory and salvation to her fatherland. The sound of shouting arises, and the pile flames up—they are burning the witch, Joan of Arc! Yes, and a future century jeers at the White Lily. Voltaire, the satyr of human intellect, writes "*La Pucelle*."

At the *Thing* or Assembly at Viborg, the Danish Nobles burn the laws of the King—they flame up high, illuminating the period and the lawgiver, and throw a glow into the dark prison tower, where an old man is growing grey and bent. With his finger he marks out a groove in the stone table. It is the popular King who sits there, once the ruler of three kingdoms, the friend of the citizen and the peasant: it is Christian the Second. Enemies wrote his history. Let us remember his improvements of seven and twenty years, if we cannot forget his crime.

A ship sails away, quitting the Danish shores—a man leans against the mast, casting a last glance towards the Island Queen. It is Tycho Brahe. He raised the name of Denmark to the stars, and was rewarded with injury, loss, and sorrow. He is going to a strange country.

"The vault of heaven is above me everywhere," he says, "and what do I want more?"

And away sails the famous Dane, the astronomer, to live honoured and free in a strange land.

"Ay, free, if only from the unbearable sufferings of the body!" comes in a sigh through time, and strikes upon our ear. What a picture! Griffenfeldt, a Danish Prometheus, bound to the rocky island of Munkholm.

We are in America, on the margin of one of the largest rivers; an innumerable crowd has gathered, for it is said that a ship is to sail against wind and weather, bidding defiance to the elements, the man who thinks he can solve the problem is named Robert Fulton. The ship begins its passage, but suddenly it stops. The crowd begins to laugh and whistle and hiss—the very father of the man whistles with the rest.

"Conceit! Foolery!" is the cry. "It has happened just as he deserved: put the crack-brain under lock and key!"

Then suddenly a little nail breaks, which had stopped the

of the king of poets. His song yet lives, and through that alone live all the heroes and gods of antiquity.

One picture after another springs up from the east, from the west, far removed from each other in time and place, and yet each one forming a portion of the thorny road of honour, on which the thistle's richest displays a flower, but only to adorn the grave.

The caravans pass along under the palm trees; they are richly laden with gold and other treasures of price, sent by the ruler of the land to him whose songs are the delight of the people, the fame of the country. He whom envy and falsehood have driven into exile has been found, and the caravan approaches the little town in which he has taken refuge. A pile of corpse is carried out of the town gate, and the funeral procession causes the caravan to halt. The dead man is he whom they have been sent to seek.

Furdas, who has wandered the thorny road of honour even to the end.

The African, with blunt features, thick lips, and woolly hair, sits on the marble steps of the palace in the capital of Portugal, and begs. He is the submissive slave of Camoens, and but for him, and for the copper coin thrown to him by the passers by, his master, the poet of the "Lusad," would die of hunger. Now a costly monument marks the grave of Camoens.

There is a new picture.

Behind the iron grating a man appears, pale as death, with long unkempt beard.

"I have made a discovery," he says, "the greatest that has been made for centuries; and they have kept me locked up here for more than twenty years!"

Who is the man?

"A madman," replies the keeper of the madhouse. "What whimsical ideas these lunatics have! He imagines that one can propel things by means of steam."

It is Solomon de Cares, the discoverer of the power of steam, whose theory, expressed in dark words, is not understood by Richelieu—and he dies in the madhouse!

Here stands Columbus, whom the street boys used once to follow and jeer, because he wanted to discover a new world—and he has discovered it. Shouts of joy greet him from the breasts of all, and the clash of bells sounds to celebrate his triumphant return; but the clash of the bells of envy soon drowns the others. The discoverer of a world, he who lifted the American gold land from the sea, and gave it to his King—he is rewarded with iron chains. He wishes that these chains may be placed in his coffin, for they witness to the world of the way in which a man's contemporaries reward good service.

One picture after another comes crowding on: the thorny path of honour and of fame is over-filled.

the gleam was brightest, the natives came in crowds, wonderful to behold in their rough, hairy, fur dresses, and they rode in sledges formed of blocks of ice, and brought them with furs and peltry in great bundles, so that the snow houses were furnished with warm carpets, and, in turn, the furs also served for coverlets when the sailors went to bed under their roofs of snow, while outside it froze in far different fashion than here with us in the winter. In our regions it was still the late autumn time, and they thought of that up yonder, and often pictured to themselves the yellow leaves on the trees of home. The clock showed that it was evening, and time to go to sleep, and in the huts two men had already stretched themselves out, seeking rest. The younger of these had his best, dearest treasure, that he had brought from



The Young Sailor's Treasure

home—the Bible, which his grandmother had given him on his departure. Every night the sacred volume rested beneath his head, and he knew from his childish years what was written in it. Every day he read in the book, and often the holy words came into his mind where it is written, "If I take the wings of the morning, and flee into the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thou art with me, and Thy right hand shall uphold me," and under the influence of the eternal Word and of the true faith, he closed his eyes, and sleep came upon him, and dreams—the manifestation of Providence to the spirit. The soul lived and was working while the body was enjoying its rest—he felt this life, and it seemed to him as if dear old well known melodies were sounding, as if the mild breezes of summer were playing around him, and over his bed he beheld a brightness, as if some

machine for a few moments; and now the wheels turn again, the floats break the force of the waters, and the ship continues *its course*—and the beam of the steam engine shortens the distance between far lands from hours into minutes.

O human race, canst thou grasp the happiness of such a minute of consciousness, this penetration of the soul by its mission, the moment in which all dejection, and every wound—even those caused by own fault—is changed into health and strength and clearness—when discord is converted to harmony—the minute in which men seem to recognize the manifestation of the heavenly grace in one man, and feel how this one imparts it to all?

Thus the thorny path of honour shows itself as a glory, surrounding the earth with its beams: thrice happy he who is chosen to be a wanderer there, and, without merit of his own, to be placed between the builder of the bridge and the earth, between Providence and the human race!

On mighty wings the spirit of history floats through the ages, and shows—giving courage and comfort, and awakening gentle thoughts—on the dark nightly background, but in gleaming pictures, the thorny path of honour; which does not, like a fairy tale, end in brilliancy and joy here on earth, but stretches out beyond all time, even into eternity!

IN THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE SEA.

GREAT ships had been sent up towards the North Pole, to explore the most distant coasts, and to try how far men might penetrate up yonder. For more than a year they had already been pushing their way among ice, and snow, and mist, and their crews had endured many hardships; and now the winter was come, and the sun had entirely disappeared from those regions. For many many weeks there would now be a long night. All around, as far as the eye could reach, was a single field of ice; the ships had been made fast to it, and the snow had piled itself up in great masses, and these huts had been built in the form of bee-hives, some of them spacious as the old "Huns' Graves," others only containing room enough to hold two or four men. But it was not dark, for the Northern Lights flamed red and blue, like a great continual firework; and the snow glistened and gleamed, so that the night here was one long, flaming twilight hour. When

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O human race, canst thou grasp the happiness of such a minute of quiet business, this penetration of the soul by its mission, the moment in which all dejection, and every wound *even those caused by own fault*—is changed into health and strength and clearness—when discord is converted to harmony—the minute in which men seem to recognize the manifestation of the heavenly grace in one man, and feel how this one imparts it to all?

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thing were shining in through the crust of snow. His head, and behold, the bright gleam was no ripple the snowy roof, but came from the mighty pinions of into whose beaming face he was gazing. As if from the lily the angel arose from among the leaves of the stretching out his arm, the walls of the snow hut around, as though they had been a light airy veil of green meadows and hills of home, and its ruddy spread around him in the quiet sunshine of a beautiful day; the nest of the stork was empty, but ripe fruit still the wild apple tree, although the leaves had fallen, the gleamed, and the magpie whistled in the green cage window of the peasant's cottage that was his home; the whistled the tune that had been taught him, and the grating hung green food around the cage, as he, the grandson, accustomed to do; and the daughter of the blacksmith young and fair, stood by the well drawing water, and not the grandame, and the old woman nodded to her, and her a letter that had come from a long way off. That very the letter had arrived from the cold regions of the there where the grandson was resting in the hand of God they smiled and they wept; and he, far away among the snow, under the pinions of the angel, he, too, smiled at with them in spirit, for he saw them and heard them. At the letter they read aloud the words of Holy Writ, that uttermost parts of the sea His right hand would be a safety. And the sound of a beautiful hymn welled around; and the angel spread his wings like a veil on sleeping youth. The vision had fled, and it grew dark snow hut; but the Bible rested beneath his head, and faith hope dwelt in his soul. God was with him; and he carried about with him in his heart, even in the uttermost parts of the sea.



